# MOTHERS OF MAINE

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*"I cannot tell how the truth may be;*
*I say the tale as 'twas said to me."*

# MOTHERS OF MAINE

BY

HELEN COFFIN BEEDY

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TO THE

DAUGHTERS OF MAINE,

"MOTHERS OF MAINE"

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

Dear Mothers of the long ago!
Your children's lullabies,
By cradles that the ages know
Ascended to the skies.
You sang the song of hope and faith,
Of courage and content —
A song that sweetly echoeth
Across the continent.

Dear Daughters of the grand to-day!
We sing the song to you.
O listen well, and watch, and pray —
Strive nobler deeds to do,
And when the years to hundreds swing
And other centuries come,
May new grand-daughters better sing
The Mother and the Home.

# PREFACE

IT would be difficult to define the motive that first led the writer of these pages to the study of ancestry. There has always been to her a fascination about the dear old Grandmothers.

In preparation for a paper, The Pioneer Women of Maine, read before the first annual meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Skowhegan, October 9, 1893, she found in the state and local histories a few thrilling experiences of women recorded but very little of their lives of heroism. Addressing letters to many of the representative men and women of Maine, asking them if they would kindly give her items of interest in regard to their maternal ancestors, she received such ready responses containing so much valuable matter that she was led to continue the research.

Many avenues were opened to her. She traveled many miles, searched many records and interviewed many people. The material collected seemed too valuable to be lost and, at the earnest solicitation of friends, she consented to give it to the public, hesitating only because of its incompleteness. It has been her purpose, as far as possible, to let the mothers speak for themselves.

An old letter, a leaf from a diary, or sayings cherished in the heart of a friend, have been incorporated when possible.

The "Mothers of Maine" includes many of the women who have aided in laying the foundations of the institutions on which the Commonwealth of Maine stands to-day.

The writer desires to express here her personal thanks to all those who have so kindly assisted her, especially to librarians who have been untiring in their efforts to advance the work.

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*The new woman came to Maine with the first family. She has been the new woman ever since — strong in the oldness of her newness.*

# INTRODUCTION

IN these days when Maine is heralded as the summer playground of all America, when there comes trooping to her shores, mountains and lakes tourists from every part of the broad domain, when poets and novelists find here their immortal themes, artists scenes unrivalled in beauty, when her homesick sons and daughters in their exile are sighing,

O Motherland of Maine,

it becomes the home children to rise up and call her blessed, doubling their diligence to rescue from oblivion the memory of those worthy pioneers whose names are not found in the records of her history.

There are many stories of the early pioneer life in Maine cherished in the memories of those who are rapidly passing beyond human questioning. These should be sought out and preserved.

There have been developed in the woods of Maine lives of noble daring, self sacrifice and devotion that only the winds have breathed, the rocks echoed and the birds sung —

The heroic in common life.

Rapid transit has annihilated distance. The tourist who takes her seat in a parlor car in Boston and speeds eastward along the Atlantic, beside lakes, among valleys, through thriving farm lands and cities, with here and there only a scanty pine grove, can form but a faint idea of what a journey to Maine meant in the days of her grandmothers. Or if she continue still eastward from Bangor and note the massive stump fences, which for nearly a century have remained as now, she gets only a hint of the monarchs of the forest that once gave character to the Pine Tree State.

# DUSKY MOTHERS

# I

# DUSKY MOTHERS

*The path she is treading*
*Shall soon be our own.*

WHITTIER

*Vain was the chief's, the sage's, pride ;*
*They had no poet, and they died.*

OF the native women of Maine — the dusky mothers — we know but little. They were the burden-bearers of the tribes. It may be questioned whether their lives were always "lives of hardship."

The Indian brave had his duties, hunting, fishing and fighting. He would have thought his squaw out of place with a gun or fishing-rod.

The women constructed the wigwams, cultivated the corn, prepared the food and reared the children. They were skilled in the manufacture of baskets and snowshoes; they braided mats and embroidered in beads; they made small cradles into which

they strapped their young. These they bound upon their backs when they journeyed, often resting themselves by leaning cradle, "baby and all," against a tree. The story is told that a tired squaw, entering a house, left her pack outside, and that the neighbor who followed found the baby in its strapped cradle, with its head downward. They often hung these rude cradles upon the branches of the trees. To this custom we owe our cradle song:

> Rock-a-by baby upon the tree top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock.

The Indian women were the business agents — having the direction of the trade. The English noticed that whenever the Indians came with their furs, they were accompanied by a squaw, at whose nod the traffic was stayed or progressed. The women always had the care of the money.

The first Portland mother of which there is any record is the dusky queen spoken of in the diary of Christopher Levett, who built the first house within the limits of Falmouth. He spent the winter of 1623 on an island in Portland Harbor. He says: "I found here a king and a queen who accompanied me to York." The queen bade him welcome, drinking to his health. He adds: "She drank also to her husband and bade him welcome

to her country, for you must understand that her father was sagamore of this place and left it to her at his death, having no more children."

"She was queen not only of Casco, but of York."

As early as 1640, Sir John Jocelyn wrote of the Indian women, whom he had observed at Black Point, in the vicinity of Portland:

> The women, many of them, have very good features, all of them black eyed, having even, short teeth and very white; their hair black, thick and long; broad breasted; handsome, straight bodies and slender, considering their constant loose habit; their limbs cleanly straight and of a convenient stature; generally as plump as partridges and, saving here and there one, of a modest deportment.
>
> Their garments are a pair of sleeves of deer or moose skin dressed and drawn with lines of several colors into arabesque work, with buskins of the same; a short mantle of trading cloth, either blue or red, fastened with a knot under the chin and girt about the middle with a zone wrought with white and blue beads into pretty works. Of these beads they have bracelets for their neck and arms and links to hang in their ears, and a fair table curiously made up with beads likewise, to wear before their breasts. Their hair they comb backward and tie it up short with a border about two handfuls broad wrought in works as the other with beads.

The mother-love was not wanting in these dark-browed women.

As the wife of Squando, the last of the native Sokokis, was floating quietly down the Saco River

in a canoe, with her baby, some English sailors, for the fun of seeing an Indian papoose swim, overturned the canoe. The baby soon sunk to the bottom of the river. The mother plunged in to rescue her child, which did not survive the shock. Can that mother be blamed if over the lifeless form of her murdered babe she begged Squando to avenge her great wrong?

There is a legend that the Passamaquoddy tribe originated in the claim of equal rights on the part of a Penobscot squaw. She married a St. John brave but refused to be taken to his tribe, and he declined to accept the invitation to join hers. They compromised by settling on the banks of the St. Croix, and became the progenitors of a new tribe, the Passamaquoddy.

Hannah Susup, the wife of Pierpole, the last of the natives upon the Sandy River, was a daughter of the Norridgewocks and partook of their proud spirit.

> Wisest squaw of all the Sandy
> Best of all the forest women,

was Pierpole's estimate of her. She perpetuated her family name in that of her daughter, whom she called Molly Susup Pierpole. Like other Indian women, she would not learn the language of the

English and always looked upon the settlers with distrust. When she had watched two of her dark-browed daughters fade and die, she believed the curse of God was upon them and begged Pierpole to leave the river.

"Cursed of God,"
Said Hannah Susup,
"Cursed of God, oh will you hear me,
Will you go to your own people?
Will you leave the pale-faced robbers?
Pierpole, I will go without you."

"We will go,"
Said Pierpole sadly,
"If the curse of God be on us,
We will leave the fatal valley,
We will go, I say not whither."

Then the sad-faced, broken Pierpole,
Strong and brave as he was gentle,
Made canoes from birch and willow,
Placed his Hannah and the children
By his side, and down the river
Floated, chanting as he floated.
Down the current Pierpole floated
And beyond the settler's vision
Vanished his canoe forever.

A steamer on the Rangeley Lakes bears the name of Molly Chunkomunk, the wife of Metalluck, the last remaining Indian of the Umbagog

and perhaps of the Rangeleys. 'Tis said: "after her death her husband took her body to Canada on a hand-sled, that it might rest in consecrated ground," that while he waited for the roads to admit of travel he smoked the body to preserve it.

In the ethnological collection of the Maine Historical Society may be seen a birch-bark box made by Molly Locket. Beside it is a small case made of porcupine quills which bears the inscription:

Old Moll Locket
Made this pocket.
She was a Pequawket
And last on the docket.

She is said to be the last squaw to leave Poland Springs. Mrs. Wentworth Ricker treated her with great kindness, often administering to her ailments.

The following story is recorded in the Poland Springs circular of 1891:

On returning from a long journey to Canada, where she had been to consult with a priest about having her husband (sanap) removed from purgatory, she related the following: The priest told her to put down her money, which she did without retaining any for herself. He then prayed for her husband. When he had concluded, Moll asked:

"Is he out?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

She then snatched up the coins and started to leave.

"Hold!" cried the priest, "if you take that money I'll pray your husband back into purgatory."

With a twinkle in her eye she answered:

"Oh no; my sanap cunning! Whenever he got into a bad place, he always stuck up a stick."

On the shore of the beautiful lake, Moosehead, lived an Indian and his wife.

Their boy Kineo was the pride of his mother.

The brave became very cruel and deserted his wife and son.

The youth was devoted to his mother, but as he grew older began to develop the characteristics of his father. He neglected his mother and finally left her, making his home on the lofty rock that rises so precipitously above the lake, and now bears his name, Kineo.

Kineo

But wrathful, jealous, quick to strife,
He lived a passion-darkened life;
Even Maquaso, his mother, fled
His baneful lodge in mortal dread.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

His mother waited and watched, but could hear no tidings from him. Broken hearted, she found

her way to the smaller eminence near the lake, and there kept her fire burning, hoping for the return of her son.

Long years afterward Kineo espied the distant light, and thoughts of his lone mother filled him with remorse. He resolved to go in search of her, but found her too late. She only lived to recognize him.

Poor Kineo! he lifted up his voice and wept, filling the land with his tears, and now there springs up, wherever they fell, the pure white Indian-pipe, and the mountain is known as Squaw Mountain to this day.

Molly Polassis, of the Penobscot tribe, was a familiar figure throughout the state for an entire century. She claimed to be one hundred and twenty years old at her death.

In advanced life she became very corpulent weighing nearly three hundred pounds.

Her tribe often camped in the vicinity of Fryeburg, where Molly and the other women became famous for their baskets and cheese drainers.

Molly was much sought after as a fortune-teller. She also taught children to dance, the girls delighting to be called *minance* and the boys *skenosis*.

As she became feeble with age she was an object

of veneration in Bangor, where she was always known by the sweeter name, Molasses.

Gen. Samuel Veazie instructed his conductors on the Old Town railroad: "Let old Molly ride free." Benevolent individuals did not think of passing her without depositing in her hand the piece of silver she had learned to expect, and which she thankfully received.

She was urged to have her picture taken, but could never be induced to do so, having a superstition that it would be the signal for her death. The picture now owned by the Tarratine Club of Bangor is that of her daughter, Sally Polassis.

Maria Neptune was a woman of great force of character, and as the daughter of the governor was greatly respected by the Penobscots.

Longfellow has immortalized the daughters of Madockawando.

These women of the Tarratines in their native haunts on the shores of the Penobscot were

> Glorious as queens
> And beautiful beyond belief,
> And so soft the tones of their native tongue,
> The words are not spoken, they are sung.

The home of Baron Castine and his swarthy wife is described as a long, low, irregular building, constructed partly of wood and partly of stone. The windows were small and quite high, so that no one could look in from the outside. The fort surrounding it contained twelve guns, a well, a chapel with a bell, and several outbuildings. A garden containing quite a number of fruit trees was attached to it. This was located on the peninsula of Castine, near the site of D'Aulney's fort.

Longfellow makes the Baron take his bride to his ancestral home in the Pyrenees.

As the curate waits her coming he looks

> To see a painted savage stride
> Into the room with shoulders bare
> And eagle feathers in her hair
> And around her a robe of panther's hide.
> Instead he beholds with secret shame
> A form of beauty undefined,
> A loveliness without a name,
> Not of degree but more of kind,
> Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,
> But a new mingling of them all.

On the shore of Lake Megantic, near the border line of Maine and Canada, lived an Indian family.

The two daughters engaged with their father and mother in the fur trade. They were skilled in

trapping mink, otter, sable and other small fur-bearing animals, and hunted the bear, deer and moose.

They sometimes acted as guides to hunting parties. They were familiar with the haunts of the animals. Fatigue was unknown to them.

They often took the journey to Dead River to exchange their furs for family supplies. One of these maidens left her home with a heavy pack of furs and set out alone for that region. She seemed like a thing of the forest as she bounded away in all her native grace and beauty. The family waited long in vain for her return. She came not. In their anxiety they went in search of her. They found the little cabin, in which she was wont to spend the night when on the journey, in ashes. Their worst fears were realized when in the small pond near by, several rods from the shore, her body was found, weighted with a stone to conceal it in the shallow water.

There were evidences that she had been foully dealt with. The perpetrator of the deed has never been discovered. Her name has never been vindicated. Let it be written here as The Noble Indian Maiden who defended her honor even unto death.

There is hardly an overhanging cliff, projecting headland or lofty boulder on our coast or beside our lakes that has not its legend of some Indian maiden, with aspirations beyond her environments, who met her fate by plunging into the foaming waters below — the rock ever after known as Lover's Leap.

Caroline Dana Howe is authority for the following statement:

> It is recorded in history than an Indian maiden, forsaken by her lover and broken-hearted with grief, climbed to the top of Jockey Cap and threw herself into Lovewell's Pond.

When we consider that Jockey Cap is a huge boulder rising two hundred feet from the pine plains of Fryeburg, and that Lovewell's Pond is one mile and a half distant, it must be regarded as a stupendous leap even for a forest maiden.

# FRENCH MOTHERS

## II

## FRENCH MOTHERS

*Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?*
YOUNG.

THE first French woman known to be directly associated with the early history of Maine is Madame de Guercheville.

In 1603 De Monts received from Henry IV. of France a patent securing to him all the territory in America between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees north latitude. This was the Acadia of the French. De Monts, being unsuccessful in his attempts at colonization, surrendered his grant to Madame de Guercheville. She was a lady of wealth and a favorite in the courtly circle.

The king confirmed her in her right, making her proprietor of a large part of Maine.

By the aid of Maria de' Medici and other ladies of the French court, she fitted out an expedition in 1613 to take possession of her lands.

Madame de Guercheville was a devout Catholic, and partook of the religious spirit that characterized the early French missionaries.

She determined to send the gospel to the Indians on the Penobscot.

The expedition, delayed by adverse winds and storms, failed to reach the river, and was obliged to land at Mt. Desert. Here they planted the cross and named the place St. Saviour. This colony was entirely uprooted by the English.

The first woman of rank who came to Maine and entered personally into the bitter contests of the rival claimants for the possession of Acadia was the beautiful and accomplished Madame La Tour. Her husband's claim was disputed by D'Aulney, who had fortified himself at Castine.

Acadia then extended from the Penobscot to the St. John River. La Tour was obliged to build his fort at the eastern extremity.

Madame La Tour was a woman of undaunted courage. She took her place beside the men in the feeble garrison and, it is said, quadrupled its strength by her intrepidity. She undertook an ocean voyage to Europe in behalf of their cause.

On her return she took passage on an English vessel, stipulating that she should be landed at St. John.

Regardless of the compact, after a circuitous voyage and a long and tedious passage, she was taken to Boston.

Knowing that she could not reach St. John without being exposed to capture by D'Aulney, she at once commenced suit against the captain and merchants who had chartered the ship, for unnecessary detention of nearly six months.

She was successful and procured damages of two thousand pounds, enabling her to employ three ships to take her to St. John. On her arrival she found the garrison weak and disheartened, her husband having been absent for days.

She immediately took command of the fort and when D'Aulney, who had closely watched her movements, landed his force for an attack, she defended it so skilfully that after twenty of his men had been killed and others wounded he withdrew his remaining forces to his ships.

The following year he succeeded in taking the fort, plundered it and carried the garrison prisoners to Castine.

D'Aulney had chosen his opportunity, knowing La Tour again to be absent from the fort in quest of supplies.

On his arrival at Castine with his proud prisoner, D'Aulney introduced her to his wife as his greatest enemy.

Alone, crushed in spirit, a prisoner in the hands of D'Aulney, Madame La Tour survived her captivity only a few weeks.

D'Aulney lived but a short time after this event.

La Tour reconciled the rival claims by marrying Madame D'Aulney. He is said to have wooed her with the argument: "Your husband and my wife could never agree — let us live in peace."

# LOYALISTS

## III

## LOYALISTS

*We have been slow to learn that the greatest thing in the world is love.*

THE Loyalists believed that "the powers that be are ordained of God." Patriotism to them meant loyalty to the king of England.

"The Declaration of Independence changed the meaning of the word."

They could not change, and sacrificed their homes and estates to what they considered patriotism.

The spirit of '76 had very little sympathy with the Loyalists. In many cases their property was confiscated and offered to the State as though the owners were dead.

The first settlers of Kittery were Mr. and Mrs. John Bray, who, in consequence of religious persecution, came from Plymouth, England, in 1660, bringing with them their infant daughter, Margery.

In her wilderness home, under the careful

guidance of a wise mother, the child grew to be an attractive young lady.

On the Isles of Shoals were a company of fishermen, among them a young Englishman, William Pepperell.

He often had occasion to go to Kittery Point in the interests of his business, Mr. Bray being a shipwright.

The beautiful Margery was an object of great admiration to him. It may be questioned whether the boats always needed the repairs for which they were ostensibly brought.

When Margery had attained to her seventeenth year he ventured to ask her father if he might become her suitor. Mr. Bray objected on the ground of her tender years, and hinted that the young man lacked the fortune requisite in the husband of his daughter.

William Pepperell, knowing that "a faint heart never won a fair lady," did not repine, but devoted himself more closely to business. He purchased a right in the Muscongus Waldo Patent and became a proprietor of large tracts of land in Maine. He constantly kept an eye to all vessels or boats needing repairs and attended to the matter personally.

Margery Bray became his bride, her father presenting him with the site of the present Pepperell

mansion, which he built and which was ever after their home.

Here were born their seven children, Mary, Margery, Joanna, Miriam, Dorothy, Jane and William.

The daughters were early trained in domestic duties, which were far more numerous than at present, each household being a community of its own and supplying all its wants.

Mrs. Pepperell inherited a large estate in her own right, which enabled her to employ graduates from Harvard as teachers in her household. One of these, Rev. John Newmarch, subsequently married one of her daughters.

Encouraged by their father, the girls became interested in trade. Probably each young lady had her boat or canoe, which she paddled independently over the Piscataqua as she trafficked for furs, fish and other articles. These they sent on some of their father's numerous vessels to Europe or the West Indies, receiving in exchange choice fruits from the West Indies and rich garments from London. Several of these daughters became owners of vessels; bills of sale of which are still preserved.

Madam Margery Pepperell died April 30, 1741, surviving her husband seven years.

She is spoken of through the whole course of her life as "exemplary for unaffected piety and amiable virtue — especially her charity, her courteous affability, her prudence, meekness, patience and her unweariedness in well-doing."

The son William, afterward Sir William, like his sisters, was well educated. He was associated with his father in business, which often took him to the more thickly settled parts of the country. He was a welcome guest in the most cultured families.

William Pepperell married Mary Hirst of Boston, a young lady of culture and refinement.

The Pepperell mansion was enlarged and both families lived under the same roof.

The story of Louisburg — the conquest of Cape Breton — which gave peace to Europe, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which has so recently been celebrated (June 17, 1895), is too familiar to need repeating here. Sir William waited long for the tardy honors — the monument and the medals.

Sir William Pepperell died July 6, 1759, leaving by will to his wife one-half of his real estate; four negroes; use of all the furniture during her natural life; increase of all live stock on all his farms; his chariot, a chaise; her choice of two

horses; all the wines and other liquors, and one thousand pounds sterling.

She built for herself a smaller house near her daughter's and the church in the village, where she resided, much loved and respected for her deeds of mercy during the thirty years of her widowhood.

Both of these houses are now standing in Kittery.

When Victoria, England's honored queen, was recently presented with a medal struck from the old cannon used by Sir William in the defense of her ancestral domains, in her woman heart she read another story, the patriotism and devotion to high ideals of the woman at Kittery Point, who bade her husband Godspeed in his perilous enterprise; who defended the home-altar they together had reared; who waited, watched and at last welcomed him back, receiving at his hand the title of Lady, which she so proudly honored during her long life.

The princely fortune of the Pepperell's that required a century to construct, was in a brief hour overthrown and demolished and its fragments broadcast by the confiscation act of 1778.

Sir William's plate was given to his grandson, Sir William, and was allowed in the confiscation act to be taken away from the dwelling at Kittery. Col. Moulton of York, with six sol-

diers, guarded its conveyance to Boston, whence it was shipped to England.

It is written of Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir William and Mary, who, like her brother Andrew, had been well educated, that few, if any belles of her day possessed equal attractions. An heiress of rare accomplishments and winning manners; high-bred maternal connections; the only daughter of a distinguished merchant, high in official station, military, political and judicial; of commanding influence, and above all a lady of sound religious principles and abounding in Christian graces—she was truly "a gem of the first water."

It is further said that "many were the admirers that clustered around her, ambitiously courting her benignant smiles."

She married Nathaniel Sparhawk, a son of Mrs. Samuel Waldo by a previous marriage. They made their home in Kittery.

Hannah Waldo, the mother of Lucy Knox, was the heroine of one of the most interesting romances of the early history of Maine.

She was betrothed to Andrew Pepperell, the only son of Sir William and Mary Pepperell. In 1748, according to the custom, they were published, but for various reasons, sickness and loss of property, the young man postponed the marriage.

Again the wedding-day was fixed. Miss Waldo had made elaborate preparations at her Boston home.

A few days before the time she received a letter from young Pepperell stating that another day, which he named, would be more convenient for him. To this Miss Waldo made no reply and kept her own counsel.

When the time arrived, Andrew Pepperell, accompanied by a retinue of friends, presented himself at the luxurious home of Miss Waldo. Preparations for the wedding had been made in princely style, befitting the rank of two of the wealthiest families in America. Young Pepperell had built an elegant house for his bride near his father's, at Kittery.

When the hour for the ceremony arrived, Miss Waldo met her lover, not to be his wife, but to tell him before the assembled company that the young man who had twice deferred their wedding-day could not have the regard necessary to their future happiness, and that she could never be his wife.

After the first postponement of the marriage, Gen. Samuel Waldo wrote to Sir William Pepperell:

> As to the long talked of affair between Mr. Pepperell and my daughter, I am at a loss what to think about it. You know

matches are made in heaven and what's appointed must be. It is not best for any to be anxious, but to govern with prudence, on which head no caution is necessary to you. I am very much obliged to Lady Pepperell, as well as yourself, for your good liking of my daughter, and more especially that she should become yours. The proposed union gave me great pleasure, and the more so as I knew she could not fail to be happy in your family, and I promised myself it was not in her power to misbehave. I had never, sir, any reason to doubt of yours or your lady's heartiness in the affair; but if there be not a mutual good liking between the young people it will not be best they should come together, but I leave the affair to them.

In less than six months Hannah Waldo became the bride of Mr. Flucker, the royal secretary of Province of Massachusetts.

Very little is written of Mrs. Joan Cleeves, the first white woman to settle in Portland. She probably came from England with her husband bringing her only child, Elizabeth, in 1637. This daughter married Michael Mitton to whom her father gave Peak's Island as a marriage dower. She conveyed the island to John Phillips of Boston, the father of Mary Munjoy.

The colonial dames had their own appropriate costume; high headdress, rich stomachers, brocade gowns of ample folds with ruffles at their elbows and necks and scarlet or

crimson cloaks. This was the dress of the women in the homes of the wealthy proprietors in the earliest days.

The gentlemen who accompanied them were arrayed in cocked hat — often laced — flowing wigs, ruffles at their necks and wrists, embroidered vests, rich small clothes with ornamented buckles at the knee and on the shoes, and gold-headed canes, short scarlet cloaks.

# THE REAL MOTHERS OF MAINE

## IV

## THE REAL MOTHERS OF MAINE

*Domestic happiness, thou only bliss*
*Of Paradise that has survived the fall!*

COWPER.

THE Real Mothers of Maine, those who gave character to the state and permanently affected its institutions, were the women who one by one found their homes within its borders. They were often the silent force controlling an entire expedition. Wherever they set foot there was a center of light and whatever of comfort the wilderness afforded.

History records but few of their deeds. It is not unusual to read of the early pioneers that *he* came to the woods of Maine; *he* felled the trees; *he* cleared his five-acre lot; *he* built his log cabin; *he* reared his large family of children, and *he* died. Not even the name of the mother recorded. In the lonely churchyard, near his grave, you must kneel to brush away the overgrowing grass that on

the lowly tombstone you may read: "Here lies the relict of such a man!"

Happy mother! that in those other mansions thou art thine own sweet self and not the remnant of another. Happy, too, art thou, if thy life-work is recorded in the hearts of thy loved ones, and happy the day when thy descendants recognize thy great worth and teach their children to lisp thy name, preserved through many generations!

Sad it is — but it is true — there are living in Maine to-day men and women who do not know the names of their grandmothers nor aught of these lives of self-abnegation.

The wives and daughters of the first settlers of Gorham shared in all the toils and perils of their husbands and fathers. They labored in the fields and forests, carried burdens, went to mill, gathered the harvest, assisted in the defense of their households and property, and when the men were called to defend the province, they womaned the fort. In the annals of Calais we read:

> All the houses of these people were constructed of logs, and were destitute of brick chimneys. They contained very little furniture and few if any glass windows. Their chairs, tables, beds, culinary utensils, were of the most primitive style. Yet these rude homes were comfortable and rendered pleasant by the presence of loving, faithful wives and mothers.

'Tis said that the noble-spirited women who first penetrated the forests of Maine were as much gratified on their arrival at their log cabins with the prospect before them, as is a bride of to-day with all the wealth and luxury of her modern mansion. For —

> Every place whereon they rested grew
> Happier for pure and gracious womanhood.

Home is where the heart is. Here were true and loving hearts. These women made homes. Their log cabins were converted into abodes of comfort, unaided by the cabinet-maker or the upholsterer.

> All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.
>
> THEODORE PARKER.

The little clearing soon produced corn, which they ground in mortars hollowed in the rocks. The intervales furnished sustenance for the cow, which in turn yielded food for the household.

The pioneer woman found pleasure in her care of the domestic animals.

Many women lived their pure lives and reflected their intelligence in the remotest corners of the state, while there grew up at the more thickly set-

tled centers a cultured society that has never since been surpassed.

These early mothers were royal entertainers. The ornaments of their homes were the strangers who frequented them.

Eleanor Fostor Coffin, who died in Portland in 1832, is spoken of as a lady of the old school. One whose amiable temper and graceful and dignified manners inspired universal respect and regard. Both she and her husband were remarkable for their great personal beauty.

King Street, Portland, seems to have been famous for the beauty and grace of the members of the Coffin, the Tucker, and the Weeks families.

It is not a matter of wonder that the Maine people possess great personal beauty. It was the handsome people from Massachusetts and other parts of New England who emigrated to Maine. And they grew handsome as they grew older in its sunshine and invigorating breezes.

The grandmother of Senator Frye was one of the famous beauties of her day. No less beautiful in life and character.

Mary Robinson came from Andover as the bride of Joseph Frye, and it was said of them, as of

many others: They were the handsomest couple that entered the church.

Mrs. Sarah B. Purington, one of Maine's worthy daughters, writes:

> There were many sweet lives in the old days, both men and women. One of my great-grandfathers walked three miles to buy a piece of white ribbon for his daughter, my grandmother, to wear at a school exhibition. And my mother has told me of his love for flowers, that he always gave her roses when they were in bloom.

Much has been written, and justly so, of the courage and heroism of Mrs. Peary, who accompanied her husband in a finely equipped expedition to the Arctic regions. We admire the daring and bravery of Mrs. French Sheldon, in her explorations of Africa; but when we consider that Mrs. Sheldon's sedan-chair afforded ample room for herself and maid, that it could be easily converted into a sleeping apartment, that she was attended by fifty native porters, and that these journeys were taken not from necessity, but for the love of adventure, the true heroism of the pioneer women of Maine, who turned sad but brave faces to an alien land, to make homes in the heart of its wilderness, stands out all the more grandly.

# INDIAN DEPREDATIONS

## V

## INDIAN DEPREDATIONS

*If trouble comes not, our fears are vain,*
*If it does, fear but augments the pain.*

SCATTERED throughout the state, one hundred years before the Revolution, there were in Maine six thousand inhabitants.

So treacherously had the early voyagers dealt with the Indians, they had become the deadly enemy of the early pioneers. How great were the sufferings of the women in consequence of their constant invasions we, at this day, can but feebly comprehend. They were wily foes and delighted most in attacking the weak and defenseless. They were wont to lurk stealthily about the log cabin in the absence of the husband and father and intimidate the wife until she attended to their demands.

The Indians found a ready market in Quebec and Montreal for their women captives, who were

sought after as houshold servants. Mothers often saw their homes desolated, husbands and children slain, while they were forced to take the long and weary journey to Canada, to become the slaves of those who were enemies to their people.

To this period belongs the story of Hannah Swarton, who lived near the fort in Falmouth, 1690. The family was surprised, the husband murdered, the children separated from her, and she was made to carry a heavy burden through the woods to Quebec. This is only a single picture of the many that may be found in the early pioneer life of Maine.

The mothers did not run when an opportunity for self-defense was afforded them. In these stirring times women became adepts with the musket, defending themselves and the children, even winning the respect of their savage captors.

Maine had her Hannah Dustans. Yet many and many a Maine woman fell beneath the savage tomahawk. Our poet governor, Lincoln, in his "Complaint of an Indian Chief," makes him defiantly say:

The fair tresses which hung in our cabins can tell
How deeply you 've felt for the wrongs we have borne;
By the death-dealing blows of Revenge as they fell,
From your wives and your children these tresses were torn.

It was a common thing in the Kennebec Valley for women during attacks by Indians to melt pewter platters, and in some cases the silver (though requiring such a different degree of temperature), for bullets. One woman gathered up the bullets that had been fired into the house and remolded them. The mothers were not without their bullet molds, and they rendered efficient service in times of sudden attack.

In those olden days of Indian wars in Maine, implying unforeseen dangers, sufferings and deprivation, the courage displayed by the mothers in their home life would reflect honor upon the bravest soldiers.

As early as 1725, during that terrible Indian warfare, when Lovewell's Pond ran red with the blood of the slain, Jonathan L. Dresser left his home to the care of his brave wife while he joined Lovewell's expedition against the Indians.

Elizabeth Walker Dresser did not yield herself to fear; she had dealt kindly with the natives, feeding them freely and receiving at their hand many favors. One night as she was preparing the evening meal for her children, she saw five dusky faces peering in upon them. With a single glance at the men, she interpreted their hostile intent.

She hurried her children up the ladder into the loft, according to plans arranged in case of danger, and then turned to face her intruders alone. They came in with fierce demands for food and gestures that threatened trouble. With small supplies she immediately began preparation for their supper, giving them even her children's bread.

The savages gathered around the large, open fireplace, and their huge dog stretched himself along the hearth, waiting for the repast.

As she went back and forth from the fireplace preparing the food, she accidently trod upon the outstretched foot of the animal. Instantly he sprang upon her and bore her down to the floor; his still more enraged master rushed forward and with his tomahawk would have ended her life, had not one Indian leaped forward and caught his uplifted arm while another dragged back the infuriated dog.

A terrible struggle ensued before the dog could be pacified, and when another savage lifted the trembling woman to her feet, his eyes glared upon them both dangerously. It was a narrow escape from a terrible death, and it was long before their uncouth jargon seemed to convince the owner that she meant no injury to his dog.

During the next hour she was in constant terror from his threatening looks, and for many years afterwards did not feel safe from an attack by hostile savages.

Elizabeth Walker Dresser lived to care for her twelve children many years after the death of her husband. In her daughter Elizabeth she perpetuated a name which comes down to us to-day in that of her granddaughter, Caroline Elizabeth Dana Howe.

The first settlement of Bethel had been entirely destroyed. The Indians had murdered the brave pioneers, burned the homes and taken wives captives to Canada. Again the little cabins were planted upon the ashes of former homes.

David Marshall, with his frail little wife Lucy, had hoped that the Indian depredations were over. It was a lovely June morning. Mr. Marshall had gone to the clearing while his wife prepared the morning meal. In the cradle was a baby only a few days old, and beside her played a boy of three years.

All the earth seemed to be in tune.

Lucy Marshall had no thought of fear. Her own physical weakness was forgotten, as she

listened to the prattle of her boy and the sweet songs of birds through the open door.

A breathless messenger rushed into her cabin and bade her flee for her life as the Indians were again on the war-path, and were fast approaching the settlement. She protested that it would be utterly impossible without the aid of her husband; but the messenger assured her the only safety was in immediate flight, and in the meantime he would alarm her husband.

She caught the baby from the cradle, seized the hand of her boy and rushed from her home; but in her alarm Lucy Marshall was not unmindful of their future wants. She snatched also the spider-cake browning before the open fire.

Her husband soon overtook her, and finding her strength unequal to further flight concealed her and the children in a thicket while he climbed a tree near by. The terrible war-whoop of the Indians drew nearer, but Lucy Marshall was hardly conscious of their presence as she poured out her soul before God, that He would keep the babies from crying, that their hiding-place might not be revealed.

The Indians passed so near they might have heard the least wail of the children, but Lucy Marshall prayed. When the immediate danger

was over Mr. Marshall signaled from the tree that the Indians must return by the same path at night, and that they must remain in concealment the entire day. And Lucy Marshall continued in prayer.

Paris was twenty miles distant. The family did not deem it safe to return to their home, but immediately set out for this settlement. They had not journeyed far before Mrs. Marshall's strength failed. The flesh was weak but the spirit strong. And still Lucy Marshall prayed.

She now had to be carried in her husband's arms; he going on before with their clothing and little David, would place him upon the bundle and tell him to keep still till papa comes back with mama and the baby.

They were making slow but sure progress when Mr. Marshall discovered, in the open space before them, a horse. He never questioned that the horse had been provided for his special need. He placed his wife and the children upon it and slowly guided it to their desired haven. The family afterwards settled in Hebron.

Mr. Marshall built a mill and for years sawed all the lumber that went into the large, strongly-built houses of Shepherdstown, as Hebron was then called. They educated their children at the

Hebron Academy, and in her prosperity Lucy Marshall still prayed.

The story of Mrs. Elizabeth McLellan has been graphically told by one of her descendants. The reader is referred to "Good Old Times," by Elijah Kellogg. He calls it "Grandfather's Struggle for a Household," but in the self-sacrifice, daring and perseverance of Elizabeth McLellan we have a picture of a worthy Mother of Maine in the early days of our pioneer life.

In the days of the French and Indian wars, previous to 1759, Woolwich was known as Monsweag or Nauseag. Near the sawmill a garrison house had been built to which all the people fled in time of sudden alarm. The older women and children remained there, while the men and some of the women went out to work during the day.

The Indians had been watching their opportunity for a sudden attack upon the garrison. Frances Gray's unerring eye discovered them from her station in the watchtower. She gave the alarm, but only one man succeeded in reaching the little fort.

Then did the true heroism of the mothers manifest itself. They bravely aided in defending

the garrison, loading the guns as fast as the man could fire them.

Mary Brookings Gray sat all night in the watch-tower with her baby Martha in her arms, giving the alarm whenever she discovered the approach of the Indians.

The garrison was relieved in a short time by a party of friends who had come to their rescue. It was found that the chief of the tribe, Sagadahara, had been killed. His body was thrown into the brook near by, and the spot is known to this day as Sagadahara's Hole.

Martha Gray, "the baby in the watchtower," married Daniel Leeman of Edgecomb. Her husband became a Revolutionary soldier, and Martha defended the home in his absence as bravely as her mother had defended the garrison. She was left a widow in 1813, with the care of six children. She was a woman of marked integrity, strictly religious, a consistent member of the Congregational church of Newcastle, the same church of which Mrs. Abigail Goodhue Bailey was a member, and which made itself immortal in its generous gift of three hundred dollars toward the establishment of the Bangor Theological Seminary.

In her advanced life Mrs. Leeman entertained her great-grandchildren by narrating to them

many incidents of her early life. When a girl of eighteen, visiting her sister, who was married and lived in Dresden, she stood upon the banks of the Kennebec and watched Arnold's expedition as, in glittering array, its ten transports moved up the river to Fort Weston. She heard the music as it floated over the water, and saw the troops as they disembarked from their boats on the opposite shore. Mrs. Leeman lived to be ninety-seven years old.

Mrs. Joseph Weston was the first white woman that lived in Somerset County. She came with her husband and eight children (the youngest but a year old) from Lancaster, Massachusetts, to Fort Halifax, now Winslow, in the fall of 1771, and spent the winter in the blockhouse and vicinity.

In April, 1772, they proceeded up the Kennebec River by boat, landing near the present town of Skowhegan where they made the first permanent settlement in Somerset County, bearing bravely the hardships of pioneer life.

Mr. Weston tanned the hides of his cattle, and made leather breeches for himself and boys and shoes for all the family. He died in 1775, from a fever caused by exposure in assisting Arnold's expedition to pass the falls at Skowhegan.

Mrs. Weston, left a widow with a large family, toiled on with hope and courage, amid great trials and dangers, often driven by hostile Indians to the blockhouse, built on an island in the river. She raised a family that became an honor to the county.

Her son, Benjamin Weston, was one of the first settlers in Madison. At his death he tilled a farm of nearly one thousand acres.

Among the descendants of this worthy pioneer mother were the Westons, the Flints, the Spauldings, the Coburns and many others who have greatly honored the Pine Tree State. Gov. Abner Coburn who served the state so ably in 1863 was her great-grandson.

Miss Ann Collins, of Philadelphia, married Edward Cloutman (Cloudman), and came with him to Gorham. There were then eighteen families in the little settlement.

In consequence of the invasions of the Indians, many of these had given up their homes and were crowded into the garrison, where they were obliged to remain four years. The Reeds, the Bryants, the Cloutmans, and a few others braved the dangers outside, preferring the quiet of their own log cabins to the turbulent garrison.

In the spring of 1746 they were surprised by the Indians, many of them killed, others taken prisoners, among them Mr. Cloutman. Mrs. Cloutman struggled on alone, caring for her little family and eagerly watching for the return of her husband. With the end of the war he did not come, and she was forced to the conclusion that he must have perished in his attempt to escape from his captors. She subsequently married Abraham Anderson and spent the remainder of her life in Windham.

It is related of her that she sold the wedding-dress that had served on the occasion of her two marriages, and with the proceeds bought land, which she divided equally between her Cloudman and Anderson sons. The land is retained in the families to-day.

MOTHER AND LADY PHIPS

# VI

## MOTHER AND LADY PHIPS

*They did the duty that they saw;*
*Each wrought at God's supreme designs,*
*And under love's eternal law*
*Each life with equal beauty shines.*

FROM "MISTRESS OF THE MANSE."

MAINE was very much mothered in Mrs. Phips. Cotton Mather styles her the fruitful mother of Sir William Phips. Her family consisted of twenty-six children, of whom twenty-one were sons. She was left a widow, with the care of the family.

Sir William was born February 2, 1651, and remained with her until he was eighteen years old. Though she found no time to teach him to read and write, we may be very sure it was her training that led him into habits of industry and virtue. In consequence of these habits he was enabled to perform the deeds for which he was knighted by the king of England, and afterward made

governor of the united provinces of Maine and Massachusetts.

While yet a boy he aided in the support of the numerous family with his meager income received for tending sheep.

He longed to become a sailor; made a few short voyages, then apprenticed himself to a ship-builder. He soon established himself in the business at Sheepscott. With the assistance of some Boston merchants he built a vessel, which he engaged to load with lumber in return for the aid received. The vessel was launched on the day of one of those terrible Indian massacres, that drove the people in despair from their homes to the ocean.

Their only place of refuge was the vessel owned by William Phips. This great-hearted man received them all, and soon bore them beyond the reach of Indian depredations. Among those who left Maine for Boston at this time was Mother Phips and her family. There is no record that she ever returned.

Mary Fairfield Brookings and her four children were also among the passengers. Her husband was shot through the open door of the log cabin as he was kindling the fire on the hearth in the morning.

Mary Brookings fled with her children, and

reached the vessel in safety. She afterward returned to Woolwich, where she enjoyed a peaceful old age, surrounded by children's children.

Cotton Mather says of William Phips:

When sailing near the Kennebec with his soldiers he pointed to the little home in Woolwich, and said: "Young men, it was on that hill that I kept sheep a few years ago, and since you see that Almighty God has brought me to something, do you learn to fear God and be honest and mind your business, and follow no bad courses, and you don't know what you may come to."

While yet a boy, penniless and unlettered, William Phips met his affinity in Mrs. Hull, a widowed daughter of Captain Roger Spencer of Saco. She was older than he, and possessed of some fortune. Their affections seem to have been mutual. Her faith in her boy-lover never faltered. She listened to his prophetic visions of a bright future that awaited them, and which he never doubted. 'T is said:

She entertained these passages with a sufficient incredulity, but he had so serious and positive expectation of them it is not easy to say what was the original thereof. He was of an enterprising genius, and naturally disdained littleness.

He often assured her he should yet be captain of a king's ship; that he should come to have the command of better men than he was now accounted himself; that he would build for her a fair brick house in Green Lane of North Boston, and

that may be this would not be all that the Providence of God would bring him to.

Her faith was more than realized. On his return from England, having commanded the king's ship, and being knighted by the king for having brought vast treasures into the kingdom in the time of great need, he proudly conferred on her the title of Lady Phips, she being the first of Maine's daughters to wear the honor. He also presented her with a golden cup, valued at five thousand dollars, sent to her by the Duke of Albemarle as an acknowledgment of the honesty of her husband.

The fair house — the first one made of brick in Boston — was built in Green Lane, and from it went forth a hospitality, gentle and sweet as the character of the lady who presided over it.

Cotton Mather further says :

> But if other people found him so kind a neighbor, we may easily infer what a husband he was to his Lady.
>
> The love, even the fondness with which he always treated her, was a matter not of observation, but even of admiration — that every one said the age afforded not a kinder husband.
>
> This kindness appeared not only in his making it no less his delightful study to render his whole conversation agreeable to her, but also and perhaps chiefly in the satisfaction which it gave him to have his interests in her keeping.
>
> Before he first went abroad upon "wrack designs," he, to

make his long absence easier to her, made her his promise, that what estate the God of heaven would then bestow upon him should be entirely at her disposal, in case she survived him — and when Almighty God accordingly bestowed upon him a fair estate he not only rejoiced seeing so many acts of charity done every day by her bountiful hand, but he also, not having any children, adopted a nephew of hers to be their heir, leaving his large fortune entirely at her disposal during her life.

From these glimpses of her character we may learn that Lady Phips' influence was very marked upon the troublous times in which she lived.

It is related that "while Governor Phips was absent in Maine his kind-hearted wife signed an order for the release of a lady who had been imprisoned for witchcraft."

So great was the excitement that she herself was accused of being a witch for the act. When the governor returned his eyes were opened to the enormity of the great evil, and it is said to have been this reflection upon the character of his wife that led Governor Phips to perform his greatest deed of mercy. A writer says :

By wise counsel he relieved the country from the terrible delusion of witchcraft.

# FOREST NEIGHBORS

## VII

## FOREST NEIGHBORS

*So delicate with her needle.*
*An admirable musician;*
*O she could sing the savageness out of a bear*
*Of so high and plenteous wit and invention.*

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE must have had in view, women of Maine when he drew his ideal woman.

The recent death of Rev. Samuel Wheeler, the oldest minister of the Free Will Baptist denomination in the United States, recalls an incident of the wonderful presence of mind and brave daring of his mother.

Charity Linscott Wheeler's home was in the woods of Chesterville. On a bright morning in May, 1801, having provided for her husband during her absence, she set out alone, with her baby,

Samuel, in her arms, to visit her mother, two miles away. She had gone through the woods one mile when to her horror she saw in the narrow path in front of her a large bear.

It did not take Charity long to decide what to do. She had heard that there was a power in the human voice before which even bears quailed. Instead of attempting to run, which would have been sure death to herself and child, she faced Bruin and set up a loud halloo, shouting at the top of her voice. The bear slowly moved into the bushes near by and she, hugging her baby still closer, bounded past the spot. She visited with her mother during the day and was accompanied to her home at night by her brother.

One of the attractive features of Lincoln Park, Chicago, is the bear pit. Partaking of the general enthusiasm of the Columbian year, one of the bears scaled the walls of the pit, and in the early dawn of the spring morning found its way out of the park to a neighboring residence. It had climbed to the open window in the second story, when the family were aroused by a scream. They rushed to the chamber to find its occupant in a fainting condition, and the bear quietly looking on from a tree near by.

We do not wonder that the modern woman of Chicago should faint at the sight of even a civilized bear, intruding itself into her chamber window. But the pioneer women of Maine could not faint when their own and the lives of their little ones were at the mercy of a savage bear.

Mr. Paul Sawyer, of Durham, now (1895) ninety-five years old, says:

> Women were more courageous in my youth than they are to-day. My mother in my father's absence used to get up in the middle of the night to drive the bears out of the corn.

One night, when her husband was away and she alone with her children, Mrs. John Dow, of Dover, was alarmed to see the hog spring into her cabin and hide itself behind the big stone fireplace. She soon discovered that it was pursued by a bear. She could not shut him out as only a quilt separated her from the forest.

With her womanly forethought she had provided an ample supply of wood, and her only means of protecting her family was the blazing fire, which she piled high during the entire night, so frightening the bear that he dare not enter, though he prowled about until the day dawned.

Mrs. Dow spent her last days in Sebec, living to be ninety-seven years old.

The inventive power of the mothers was unlimited. While Mr. Pitts fretted that he had no bullets with which to kill the bear that was prowling around destroying his young cattle and trampling his corn, his good wife, Mary Ellis Pitts, came to his relief. She cut up her pewter spoons, with which her husband loaded his gun and killed the bear.

One of the first white women to enter the Sandy River Valley was Mrs. Elizabeth Titcomb. In 1784 she came from Massachusetts with her husband to Hallowell, where she spent the winter while he prepared their future home at Farmington. During his absence she exchanged her wedding dress for sheep, which they drove before them in the spring as they found their way on horseback by means of spotted trees to their log cabin. Beside many of their household goods, which were packed about the saddle, she carried in her arms her babe less than one year old.

Her descendants recall that she often expressed her delight at the first view of the Sandy River Valley, then as now, with its sparkling waters, banked on either side by green intervales dotted here and there with graceful elms. From her daughter, known in Farmington as Aunt Lydia Titcomb, the writer learned the following story:

One day when her husband was working in the clearing, beyond the reach of her voice, she heard an unusual commotion among the sheep, and looked to behold an immense bear about to enter the pen. A woman who could sacrifice her wedding-gown for sheep, upon which depended the future clothing of her household, would not yield them up to a savage bear without a struggle. She bravely defended them, keeping the bear at bay until the return of her husband.

Mrs. Titcomb's sisters greatly deplored her isolation in the woods of the Sandy River, but her husband assured them that he had a path bushed out for her all the way to Bath, a distance of about sixty miles.

To their query: "Sister, how did you feel to enter that howling wilderness?" her reply was characteristic: "Oh, I felt like a queen!" And never queens ruled over more loyal subjects than did these royal mothers.

# REVOLUTIONARY DAMES

# VIII

## REVOLUTIONARY DAMES

*Where's the coward that would not dare*
*To fight for such a land.*

SCOTT.

MOST Maine women during those stirring times were Revolutionary Dames. Around their hearthstones they taught the same patriotism their husbands and sons enforced upon the battle-field. A new impetus was given to emigration to Maine at the close of the Revolution. Many of the citizen soldiers were obliged to accept "land in Maine," in return for their military services, and to the state these noble heroes brought other Revolutionary Dames.

Kata Nixon, daughter of Colonel Thomas Nixon, of Framingham, Massachusetts, was born 1758. She was a girl of rare intelligence, culture and courage. At the time of the battle of Bunker Hill she went out on the Boston Heights and witnessed

the contest in which her father and lover were engaged. She also witnessed the hanging of two men and a woman. She was full of daring, and often had experiences of like nature.

In 1780 she married William Stowell of Worcester, Massachusetts, and two years later came to Maine to live in a home prepared by her husband on land grants of 1771, afterward South Paris. Her first house was built of logs, but with her higher culture and wonderful adaptability to circumstances, by papering it throughout with birch bark and fitting it up tastefully, she succeeded in making it a home of refinement quite unusual to early log-cabin life.

She was a fine rider and often visited her friends in Framingham and Worcester. When ready to return she would cut a whip from some favorite tree, to plant at her new home. At the present time (1894) there are several beautiful trees standing, to commemorate her visits. She was very fond of flowers. Years after her body had mingled with the dust beautiful flowers bloomed on the site of her log-cabin home — where she had planted them in her youth.

Unlike most of the early settlers she retained her aristocratic notions, never allowing herself to be affected by her environments. She brought

her servants with her, applying her own social code to her household. She was fond of fine clothes, and always had rich silks and other beautiful garments, in which she delighted to array herself. She was a woman of superior beauty. At the time of her death, having attained to fourscore and four years, she was said to have the complexion of a child.

Few names are spoken more kindly in connection with the early history of the Kennebec than that of General Henry Dearborn. He made his home for a short time on the eastern side, now called Pittston.

His wife, Dorcas Osgood, is spoken of as a woman of culture and sweet manners. There were also, members of the family at this time, two daughters by a previous marriage. The youngest, Augusta, was very beautiful. She so won the hearts of the people that the name Harrington, which had been the incorporated name of the town for two months, was changed to Augusta. This is said to have been done at the suggestion of Judge Cony.

The mother of Augusta was Mary Bartlette Dearborn of Newbury. She never came to Maine.

General Dearborn was much loved by the Indi-

ans, and when their chief, learning that a new baby had come to the household, asked that he might name it, General Dearborn complied with his request, and the musical cognomen of Julia Caskalina was conferred upon the child in honor of his squaw, Caskalina. The name is retained in the family, being worn to-day by that baby's great-granddaughter, Octavia Caskalina Carroll.

Julia Caskalina married Joshua Wingate and lived in Portland; she was famed for her hospitality.

When LaFayette visited Portland in June, 1825, he requested the honor of calling on Madam Julia C. Wingate, in memory of her father, whom he greatly respected. Madam Wingate invited her lady friends, and the courteous Frenchman was greatly pleased to be introduced to the fair daughters of Portland.

General Dearborn's third wife was Sarah Bowdoin. She was the widow of the patron of Bowdoin College. The writer is impressed that she never lived in Maine, but includes her name as the wife of one whom Maine delights to honor.

The portrait of Mrs. Sarah Dearborn may be seen in the Stuart collection of the Bowdoin Art Gallery. It is an attractive face, partially hidden by the profusion of lace that forms the head-dress and drapes the bust.

Sally Kingsbury Hale came with her husband to Turner in 1802. The sailing vessel that brought them from Boston to Falmouth was three weeks on the passage.

The spirit of the early mothers is strikingly illustrated in the view she took of what her granddaughter to-day would consider a long and almost unendurable journey to Europe. To her the memory of her ocean voyage was a constant delight, and she ever after attributed to it her improved health. As no means could be devised for taking the children with them through the woods, they were obliged to leave two little girls of five and seven years at Falmouth.

Like so many of the pioneer women she brought to her wilderness home a well-developed mind. She was familiar with the story of the Revolution, in which her brother Joseph Kingsbury, afterward Doctor Kingsbury, was a soldier. Years afterward her grandchildren sat around her, entranced as she described to them the battles of the Revolution, giving the plans and maneuvers as well as results, and the situation of the forts and the distribution of the soldiers.

She loved the trees and flowers. Her husband, thinking to gratify her with a more extended view, cut away some beautiful trees, saying to her as he entered the house: "Now you can see Buckfield."

In relating the incident to her granddaughter years afterward she said: "I thought with tears in my eyes that I would rather see those beautiful trees than all Buckfield."

"Singing she wrought." In her advanced life she was fond of minor tunes, especially Hallowell, and if the old house could be made phonographic to-day one could hear ringing within its walls,

> As on some lonely building top
> The sparrow tells her moan,
> Far from the tents of joy and hope
> I sit and grieve alone.

Senator Eugene Hale says of her:

> My grandmother was a woman of marked character, domestic and religious in her tendencies, and brought up a large family upon whom her influence was great.

General Frye, known as the "Indian Fighter," brought his wife, Mehitable Poor Frye, to "the Hills" in the town which now bears his name, Fryeburg. When he located his farm he said he wanted the best man in town for his next neighbor, and the adjoining farm was given to Reverend William Fessenden.

Mehitable Poor Frye braved the hardships of the early pioneers with a Christian heroism. She so influenced the lives of her children that her own

integrity and uprightness of character are reflected in the legislative halls of the nation to-day, in the person of her great-great-grandson, Maine's much honored senator, Hon. William P. Frye.

Mary Gordon Frye, the wife of Samuel Frye, is spoken of as a lovely Christian character — a woman of refinement and of unusual attainments for her days. She taught her children to read from the family Bible, and gave them careful religious instruction. She was greatly beloved by them. The late Dr. William Greene, of Portland, was one of her descendants. She was also the maternal ancestor of Jane Frye Coolidge, who writes of another ancestor, Isabella Stark Sterling:

> It was while living in Fryeburg she saw a deer and taking a gun she went out and shot it and dressed it herself.

She often shot small game for the family. There were times when food was scarce, and these mothers knew what hunger was. She often practiced shooting with her three officer-brothers, one of whom was the famous General John Stark; and 't is claimed that she never failed to hit the "bull's eye," being a better marksman than either of her brothers.

Mrs. Etta Osgood, of Portland, the first president of the Maine Federation of Woman's Clubs is a

great-granddaughter of this famous shooter. No wonder she goes straight to the mark.

Susanna Curtis Cony, the daughter of a clergyman, was reared in a home of culture and refinement. She married Dr. Daniel Cony, better known in Maine as Judge Cony. Soon after their marriage (November 14, 1776) her husband joined General Gates at Saratoga as adjutant of the regiment, and she early learned the deprivations and loneliness of a soldier's wife. Two years later they came to Hallowell, then Fort Weston, on the Kennebec, where they acquired a large estate. Mrs. Cony's first great sorrow came to her in the loss of her only child, an infant daughter. In time, other daughters came to brighten the heart of this devoted mother. She was a quiet home-woman, happy to reflect her husband's fame and to train her four daughters, whose names are familiar in the history of Maine. She was much loved by the poor and unfortunate, who found in her a kind sympathizer and a constant friend. After fifty-seven years of married life she died having attained fourscore and one years. She lived to see her daughters well married: Susan Bowdoin to General Cony; Abigail Gould to Rev. Joseph Ingraham; Paulina Bass to Judge Weston; and Sarah Lowell

to Hon. Ruel Williams. They are all remembered as fine conversationalists. Their father being judge of the district, they greatly aided him in entertaining the distinguished guests who often came to the capitol during the session of court.

Mrs. Ruel Williams gave a party in honor of Chancellor Kent, at which her father was present. The judge was very stately and dignified and must have been greatly shocked as the merry chancellor slapped him upon the shoulder in a manner quite unfamiliar to the judge, saying: "You ought to be proud to be the father of four such daughters." After his daughters were educated, Judge Cony founded in Augusta the Cony Female Academy for the benefit of the daughters of others less favored than his.

The grandchildren to-day revere the memory of Grandma Cony. They speak of her as the loveliest, sweetest old lady, who always had a pocket and that pocket was never without sweetmeats for them. Never a grandma more modest and beautiful.

Another worthy member of the Cony family who came to live at Fort Weston was Priscilla Cony, a sister of the judge, who married Thomas Sewall. She is the grandmother so lovingly referred to by Mrs. Priscilla Webster Sewall Page in her "Personal Reminiscences." She says maidens were

more thrifty in those days than now. Grandma's spare room was fitted up with bed-curtains and counterpane of white linen spun, woven, bleached and embroidered with her own hands.

Rebecca Gould Sewall was married to John Ordway Webster in 1802. They resided for several years at Vassalboro, afterward removing to Gardiner, on the Kennebec. She was the mother of nine children, of whom Mrs. Priscilla Sewall Webster Page was the youngest.

Mrs. Page writes of her mother:

With all her cares my mother always found some time for reading. Our library was not extensive; it contained "The Pilgrim's Progress," Young's "Night Thoughts," Milton's Poems, some biographical and historical works — perhaps twenty volumes in all. My mother's connection with the Episcopal church gave her access to a pretty good library and her friends, who were people of refinement and culture, were always ready to supply her with reading matter. After the children were tucked in bed at night, she used to sit with one candle close to the dying fire and read for an hour or two before retiring.

As she possessed a most retentive memory she never forgot what she read and could repeat any number of hymns and pages of poetry, as well as give a most interesting account of such characters as she had made herself acquainted with through books. Beside these evening readings my mother always kept a book with which to employ herself while giving the baby its refreshment, as at such times she could neither

knit nor sew. Time did not hang heavily upon her hands in those days, you may be sure. Clothes to make and mend; food to be prepared; the house to be kept clean and orderly — for my mother was a most particular housekeeper — and always baby to be attended to But she was strong and healthy, brave and full of courage, never neglecting a duty and finding time amid all her cares to visit and comfort the sick, and means to administer to the wants of the poor and destitute, of whom there were many around her.

Mrs. Page has given to her descendants a priceless legacy in her "Reminiscences." She has preserved for the future student many delightful glimpses of the cultured homes on the banks of the Kennebec: the Conys, Sewalls, the Websters, the Allens, the Evans, Swans, and many others.

Mrs. Hallowell Gardiner and her five daughters are spoken of as remarkably lovely women.

SARAH EMERY MERRILL

# IX

## SARAH EMERY MERRILL

*The reason firm, the temperate will,*
*Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;*
*A perfect woman, nobly planned*
*To warn, to comfort and command.*

WORDSWORTH.

SARAH EMERY was born at West Newbury, Massachusetts, July 14, 1753, and was married to Ezekiel Merrill, of the same place, June 1, 1773.

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Mr. Merrill enlisted in the Continental army, in which he served by repeated enlistments throughout the war. He participated in the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

About 1787 a company was formed, composed principally of those who had been comrades in arms, who determined to emigrate to Maine, where land was cheap and plenty, offering with its fertile

soil greater inducements than could be found in any other part of the United States.

A party of explorers went as far east as Belfast. On their return they visited Sudbury, now Bethel, and were told of the beauties of the Ellis River. They spied out the land and afterward purchased it.

In 1788 Deacon Merrill moved his family of seven children to Maine. The road ended at Fryeburg. He then made up a train of sixteen sleds, drawn by men, and reached Bethel, thirty miles away. Here the family remained fourteen months, while Mr. Merrill penetrated the forest and built his camp on the site of their future home.

In May, 1789, with a fleet of birch canoes, paddled by Indians, the family were taken down the Androscoggin to the mouth of the Ellis River, where they encamped for the night. The next day they paddled up against the current to the forks, where they were hospitably received by the friendly Indians, whose canoes had been hired for the journey.

The next morning Mrs. Merrill and the older children threaded their way two miles through the woods, but the little ones were landed from canoes only a short distance from their home.

For two years Mrs. Merrill was the only white

woman in the place. They were beyond the reach of manufactured articles of all kinds; transportation was almost an impossibility, and they were obliged to make out of the crude material what they most needed. For many years every article used in Andover was made there. Even in 1831, when Henry Varnum Poor, Mrs. Merrill's grandson, left to enter Bowdoin College, every article he wore had been made from the raw material in his native town, and largely on his father's farm.

The experiences of the Merrills were not unlike those of Robinson Crusoe. The roof of their log-cabin was covered with bark. The chinks were filled with moss. The huge fireplace was built of stones. The windows had no glass, and were closed when necessary by slides made of splints. Pins of wood took the place of nails. No boards could be obtained.

Their household utensils were largely made of birch bark, the bedcord from the bark of the elm. Their food was procured with difficulty.

They had no domestic animals. A cow was hired from Bethel the first summer, but as they had no hay it was driven back through the woods in the late fall. The sables took up their abode in the camp and made themselves useful in catching rats and mice.

The family lived largely on fish and game in summer and on cross-bills in the winter. These birds, about the size of a robin, were caught in nets made of twine, operated by Mrs. Merrill and the children, by means of a cord carried into the cabin through an aperture in the wall. The roots of the wild hop, horsement and watercress were used for seasoning. Many wild herbs were used for "greens." The twigs and bark of the bass wood were boiled in milk for puddings. The Indian women explained the uses of many of these things to Mrs. Merrill. When the first crop of corn matured it was pounded in a mortar, hollowed in a stump, with a stone for a pestle.

Mrs. Merrill, beside being a woman of dauntless courage, had refined tastes and social and religious aspirations. She lived cheerfully and contentedly, aiding her husband in many ways. She found time to teach her children in all the rudiments of knowledge. Her practical common-sense and sound judgment led her to bring up the children to assist their parents in the struggle they were making to establish a home in the wilderness.

Metalluck, the "Lone Indian of the Magalloway," had great admiration for Mrs. Merrill and taught her many of the Indian arts. He was very proud of his pupil, when he saw the garments she

had manufactured out of the skins of animals he had taught her to tan.

Mrs. Merrill had been in her wilderness home a little more than a year when there was born to her a daughter, July 13, 1790. The Indian women showed great kindness in their care of her at this time; but she trembled as they took her helpless babe in their arms, fearing it would not endure the treatment to which they subjected their own; but the baby Susan lived, grew to noble womanhood, and became the comforter of her mother's declining years.

There were now eight children in the Merrill family, and the father and mother could not contemplate for a moment the idea of their children being deprived of any educational advantages within their reach. Roger, fifteen years of age, and Sarah the next oldest, were sent to Fryeburg to school. Deacon Merrill took the two children in a birch canoe down the Ellis River to Bethel. From this place the father and son walked to Fryeburg, leading a horse which carried the daughter and a pack of furs, the proceeds of which were to pay the board and tuition of the children.

In 1791 other settlers moved in. Roads were soon opened, mills built and comfortable homes erected. The Merrill homestead, a fine specimen

of colonial architecture, still standing at Andover, was built at this time. The new country produced an inexhaustible supply of the finest timber, as may be seen in the width of the boards of the wainscoting of the house. The other materials were collected with much difficulty. Mrs. Merrill set every pane of glass in the windows, and it is believed did much of the paneling of the mantelpieces and the casements of the doors and windows.

In the large hall of the new house, Indians were often permitted to lie stretched along the floor, wrapped in blankets, with their heads toward the great brick fireplace. The Merrill home was never closed against the needy of any race or color. Mrs. Merrill had borne with cheerfulness the hardships of her early pioneer life. She now appeared to equal advantage as the mistress of a large and ever-open mansion.

It is related of Mrs. Merrill that on one occasion, when a horse could not be procured in Bethel, she walked the entire distance of twenty miles on snowshoes, so great was her anxiety for her children, who had been left alone for several days.

Another instance of her courage is shown in her defense of her home against some drunken Indians, who insisted upon entering, finding her alone with her children.

The family were subjected to few perils of this nature, in consequence of the friendship of Metal-luck, who was unchanging in his devotion, and was never weary of serving the Merrill family.

Deacon and Mrs. Merrill were the founders of the Congregational Church in 1800. The church edifice was built in 1830.

In consideration of Mrs. Merrill's services in encouraging the settlement of the town, she was assigned a lot of land in her own right. This she afterwards sold, and with the proceeds purchased eight handsome Bibles, which she presented to her children. One of these can be seen at the old homestead, owned by her great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Merrill lived to see all of her eight children married and settled in homes of their own. Deacon Merrill died March 30, 1830. His wife survived him eighteen years, having reached the age of nearly ninty-five years. Courage and industry have rarely been better illustrated than in the life of this noble, energetic and Christian woman. Her life was rounded out with good words and works. She will ever be held in loving remembrance by children's children through many generations.

The oldest daughter of Deacon and Sarah Merrill, Sarah, married Peregrine Bartlette of Bethel.

Susan Merrill married Nathan Adams. They made their home on the banks of the Androscoggin, at Rumford, ten miles from Andover. The sudden death of her husband left Mrs. Adams a widow with six children, the oldest being only ten years of age. She had inherited many of her mother's virtues.

Mrs. Adams showed great skill, prudence and sagacity in the management of her affairs which excited universal admiration. All of her business interests prospered so that she was enabled to provide for the education of her children. She was a member and liberal supporter of the church her parents had founded and fostered. She passed to the higher life in 1868. Her son, John Milton Adams has long been known as the popular editor of the Portland Eastern Argus.

The daughter Mary, married Dr. Sylvanus Poor. Her grandson, Henry Varnum Poor, now owns the Merrill homestead, which overlooks a beautiful valley — the abode of comfort and refinement. It is to-day one of the most intelligent communities in New England.

# DEEDS OF DARING

# X

## DEEDS OF DARING

*The bravest are the tenderest,*
*The loving are the daring.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE women of Maine never faltered in devotion to their country. Urging their husbands and sons to the common defense, they turned brave faces to their desolated homes, often encompassed by dangers; even manning the forts when the men were stricken down.

A Maine girl of fifteen years may be termed the heroine of King Philip's war. Her name and family are unknown, but her noble deed should be recorded among the annals of the brave.

The little settlement in which she lived, near the mouth of the Kennebec, had been surprised and destroyed by the Indians. All about her were the burning cabins, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. She thought of other settlements still farther down the river, and determined

to warn them of their danger. She had started on her way when she was pursued by an Indian and taken back. As he saw her trembling with fear he told her she was safe, but her desire for the safety of others was greater than for her own safety.

Watching her opportunity she again stole away on the perilous journey. She eluded her pursuers and traveled fifteen miles through the woods to Sheepscott. She had little difficulty in convincing the people of their danger. They immediately left their homes and fled to the fort at Cape Newaggan, where they were saved from the terrible massacre to which all the other inhabitants were exposed. They had abundant reason for gratitude to their youthful deliverer.

Jonathan Keys of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and his wife Sarah (Taylor) Keys, were the first settlers of Rumford. This locality was often visited by roving bands of Indians on their way to and from Canada. During the absence of her husband a party of painted savages approached the house. Mrs. Keys went out and asked whether they were for peace or war. They answered, "Peace." "Then," said she, "hand me your guns." They obeyed, and having received the weapons she gave the savages bread and maple

sugar. After they had eaten they took their guns and passed along. Her husband, on his return, not liking the aspect of things, took his family and started at once for New Gloucester; a wise precaution, probably, as the Indians made raids into Livermore and Bethel about this time. Mrs. Keys, the great-grandmother of Judge W. W. Virgin and the maternal ancestor of the Keyses of North Jay, a prominent family of Franklin County, several of whom, like Judge Virgin, were heroes of the late war — as ready to face their country's foe as was their great-grandmother to hold at bay Indians in war-paint and feathers.

Machias was the scene of the first naval engagement of the Revolution. Captain John O'Brien had erected a liberty-pole. The captain of the Margaretta, an armed British schooner in the harbor, had ordered that it be taken down. Indignation meetings were held and messengers were sent to the Pleasant River settlement — now Jonesboro — for assistance in its defense.

Hannah Weston of Jonesboro was a great-granddaughter of Hannah Dustan, and inherited much of the fortitude and heroism of her worthy ancestor. When the call came to Jonesboro she assisted her husband and brothers in their hasty prepara-

tion for the defense of Machias, and encouraged the women as they bade the little band Godspeed. The men had but a few charges of powder, and one powder-horn could not be found. She urged them to proceed, and immediately set herself to gather up all the powder, pewter and lead, going from house to house throughout the settlement. Only one able-bodied man had remained at home. Hannah Weston had her eye on him, but when her load of forty pounds was ready he was not to be found. What should she do? What would any brave Maine woman, to-day, do? Carry it herself!

Nothing daunted this heroic woman, taking as a companion her husband's sister, a girl of sixteen, found her way through the woods, following the path marked out by the spotted trees, a distance of sixteen miles. The Margaretta had been taken before she reached Machias, but the ammunition she carried was used in a subsequent engagement. For this brave deed Hannah Weston was presented with twelve yards of camlet at four shillings per yard, six of which she gave to her companion.

The islands of the Maine coast very early attracted settlers. On Rutherford's Island lived Sylvanus and Mary Williams Coombs. She was

of Welsh descent; a woman remarkable for her bravery and patriotism. The British often called at the island for supplies. On one occasion she overheard a conversation and learned that they were to seize an American schooner. Like Lydia Darrah, she determined to thwart the enemy's plans. She communicated the intelligence to her husband, who being closely watched by the British did not dare to absent himself.

In order to reach the cove where the vessel lay at anchor, it was necessary to travel through a dense wilderness inhabited by wild beasts. Even this circumstances did not daunt the intrepid spirit of Mary Coombs. She took the journey in the darkness of the night, informing her friends in time for them to strip the vessel, rendering it useless to the enemy.

Four children gladdened the island home of Mary and Sylvanus Coombs. The mother was highly domestic, but did not fail to educate and train her children to habits of industry and virtue. For many years she practiced as midwife and nurse, being the only physician of the region, often traveling miles in the darkness of midnight to administer relief to the suffering.

Her son, Captain Samuel Coombs, received from France, as a mark of respect and honor, a coat of

arms bearing the motto: "*Vincit omnia veritas.*" ("Truth conquers all things.") His wife, Hannah Coombs, was eminent in her domestic virtues. The care of her seven children devolved largely upon her in consequence of the necessary absence of her husband. Both Mary and Hannah Coombs witnessed the contest between the Boxer and Enterprise.

Among the names of those who defended their homes, even at the point of the bayonet, should be written that of Mrs. Sophia Dorman of Harrington.

In the early thirties Sophia Rice Baker, with her husband and three children, accompanied an expedition from Massachusetts to the St. John River. They traveled a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, their only means of conveyance being two birch canoes, which the men carried from river to river on their backs. Mr. and Mrs. Baker selected for their home a site on the north bank of the St. John, near a small stream now called Baker Brook, six miles below Fort Kent. As the boundary line between the United States and British territory was unsettled, they afterward purchased the land from Coffin and Irish, land agents for Maine and Massachusetts.

Mrs. Baker was a woman of commanding presence, benevolent, intelligent, broad-minded, kind and affectionate; a faithful wife and mother.

Loyal to the United States, Mrs. Baker determined to "show her colors"; but alas! she had no flag. How should she obtain one? The nearest trading-post, Grand Falls, was many miles away. The only means of conveyance was a pirogue, a boat made by digging out a log. Mrs. Baker ventured. Thirty miles down the river in a log, accompanied only by a single oarsman, was no obstacle to her patriotism.

Bunting was not a commodity of the St. John River of that day, but with womanly instinct she selected the red, the white and the blue.

Again thirty miles on the river, now against the current. There is a legend that on her return Mrs. Baker poled the log boat alone. With skilful fingers the triad of colors was woven into the starry flag. Aided by her husband she flung it to the breeze on the Fourth of July.

This act was thought, by those in sympathy with Great Britain, to be disloyal, and out of it grew the Aroostook war and the final settlement of the northern and eastern boundary line of the United States.

Even to extreme old age Sophia Baker loved

her country's flag. At the sight of it her countenance would light up with patriotic enthusiasm. To her it was "Old Glory."

Her daughter, Mrs. Adeline Slocombe, partakes very largely of her mother's patriotic spirit. She inherits her loyalty to the starry banner. She partakes also of her mother's faith. She is a Baptist in religion, as loyal to her church as to her flag. After her marriage she resided a while at Baker Brook, but settled permanently at Fort Fairfield. Here she tenderly cared for her mother, left a widow in her declining years.

Mrs. Baker lived through a century save two years, being ninety-eight years of age at her death. She was buried at Fort Fairfield. It was a constant source of grief to Mrs. Slocombe that her father's body rested on alien soil. Through her efforts, even at fourscore, aided by her son-in-law, Captain Scates, the legislature of 1894 and 1895 appropriated two hundred and fifty dollars for the removal of Mr. Baker's remains, and the erection of a suitable monument at Fort Fairfield to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Baker. This was unveiled, with appropriate ceremony, October 3, 1895. It bears the inscription:

JOHN BAKER, Jan. 17, 1796 — Mar. 10, 1868.
SOPHIA, his wife, Mar. 17, 1785 — Feb. 23, 1883.

The story of the flag is recorded in song by one of Maine's worthy sons — the Hon. John D. Long, ex-governor of Massachusetts:

They pitched their tent at last, and dwelt
Just on the British border-belt,
But in her heart rose all the higher
Her country's love, the patriot's fire;
And when the clouds of war arose,
Right under the British lion's nose,
With scanty means, but loving hand,
She wrought the flag of her native land,
And on the Independence morn,
Fearless of neighbor's hate or scorn,
The starry banner she flung abroad
In liege to country and to God.

The penalties of treason fell:
Her husband thrust in a felon's cell;
But when they threatened her goods and home,
They met a matron straight from Rome,
Who, braving the mob and the British throne,
With but a broomstick held her own.

. . . . . .

Immortal woman of Fredericktown,
Let Sophia Baker share your crown!
Of patriot heroines not the least
This Barbara Freitchie of the East.

During the war of 1812 the coast towns and settlements on the large rivers were in constant danger of an attack by the British fleet. Eastport,

Machias, Castine, Belfast and Portland were constantly menaced. Many families left their homes and suffered great hardships. The British officers were often outgeneraled by the Maine women. They buried their silver and other valuables. At Hampden the men were all taken prisoners and carried to Castine; their houses were plundered; their wives insulted and subjected to many indignities. One of the officers ransacked the home of Mrs. Rebecca C. S. Wheeler, and finding she had concealed most of her valuable articles he seized her feather bed and started for his boat; but Mrs. Wheeler followed and demanded its restoration. 'T is said the officer was glad to drop it and run.

Mrs. Sarah Wheeler Crosby sent most of her children to the home of a friend in a remote part of the town. She kept her boy, Daniel, with her. One little girl, more delicate than the others, she put to bed — it is thought the bed contained many valuables — and hung out a flag of sickness, refusing to leave the house till the officer in command gave her a guard.

The boy was terribly frightened, and begged his mother to leave, but she stood firm until she saw the guard stationed. Balls were whizzing through the air as she went to look after the safety of her other children.

Even the carefully prepared trousseau of her daughter Sarah fell into the hands of the marauders. The linens were homespun, but her gowns had been brought from abroad in General Crosby's ships.

Their home was completely stripped; what could not be removed was mutilated. Many valuable articles were thrown into the hopper of the mill and ground; heads were knocked out of barrels containing molasses and other liquids. So thorough was the destruction that when the pillage was over Mrs. Crosby and her daughters were obliged to borrow clothing of their friends in Bangor till they could spin the thread, have the cloth woven, and make new garments.

When Mrs. Crosby and her children returned to their desolated home the girls were heartsick, but this brave Maine mother was equal to the emergency.

Among the legacies cherished in the family is Mrs. Crosby's counsel on this occasion:

> Well, girls! This is no time for crying or mourning! Our work is before us, and we must set about it with a will.

On his return from Castine General Crosby brought back a part of Sarah's bridal outfit.

The following letter, addressed to Mrs. Evelyn

Whitehouse by her cousin, contains a mental photograph of their grandmother, Mrs. Crosby, too valuable to be abridged:

Topeka, Kansas, Oct. 6, 1895.

My Dear Cousin : — Your letter has just reached me and I hasten to tell the little I know of our grandmother.

Her maiden name was Sallie Wheeler. She married our grandfather, General John Crosby, at Hampden about 1785. I think Hampden was her native place, as the Wheelers were among the pioneer settlers in Penobscot County.

My father was a reticent man and talked but little of his early life. I have dim memories of stories that gave us children the impression that his mother was the embodiment of goodness and courage. Alas ! they are too indistinct to be of much use !

I can remember being told of her running bullets all night before the famous Hampden battle. I have often heard the story of her rowing, when only a girl, by the light of a pine torch on a dark night, five or six miles for the doctor, there being no one else to go.

I am sure she was a large-hearted, noble woman, much given to hospitality. One chamber in her home went by the name of the " Prophet's Room " and was seldom without its guest.

Our grandfather was an active member of the Congregational church and deacon for many years. I presume his wife had the same faith.

My mother used to often say that the poor and distressed always applied to grandmother for aid, and were never refused, and that her good deeds were done in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner.

There are stories too of her independence and energy that

show she was equal to any call upon her time and strength.

I am not able to give particular cases, and have only a general idea of a strong, energetic, kind-hearted woman, whom we may be proud to call our grandmother.

Affectionately yours,

E. K. Crosby.

Many of the deprivations of the early Maine mothers were repeated in the experiences of the Swedish women of the first colony to New Sweden, Aroostook County. There were fifty-one colonists, eleven of whom were women. They are described as industrious and expert in the use of the spinning wheel and the loom.

A visit to the thriving village which has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary impresses one with the industry and integrity of these adopted citizens. But there are tales of heroic endurance and patient suffering known only to the mothers whose diffidence and modesty induced them to bear all things without complaining.

The story of the bunch of shingles has been made familiar in prose and verse. It is briefly told:

A Swedish woman, whose husband was sick, found that her provisions were almost out, and she, instead of obtaining aid from the authorities, went into the woods, cut the rift, and with her own hands shaved a bunch of shingles, and taking them upon her back walked to the store of Sawin & Teague, a distance of three and one-half miles, where she exchanged them for medicine and provisions.

This bunch of shingles can be seen in the State House at Augusta, but the name of the woman has never been given; and now comes the remarkable circumstance. After repeated efforts to obtain the name in full, the following letter was received:

NEW SWEDEN, Oct. 8, 1895.

MY DEAR MADAM: — Yours of the 7th inst. is at hand, regarding the inquiry of the lady who made and carried a bunch of shingles five miles for the purpose of procuring medicine for her sick husband. The woman's name is Mrs. John Carlson. Her Christian name being Kerstin. She is a lady of good health and of fine muscular development, and if pushed by any emergency would not hesitate a moment to perform the task over again. (Remember this is my judgment in the case.) I have had several inquiries of late in regard to this.

As a matter of course I instituted some search, and would you believe, Madam, there are over a dozen claimants for the honor, and I believe every one tells the truth. Some even claim to have made several thousand shingles and carried them further than the party in question.

Yours very respectfully,

F. O. LANDGRAVE.

During the Civil war there lived in Eastern Maine an aged couple whose political views differed widely. The mother had given her sons at the country's call, and followed them with all the yearnings of a mother's heart; but the father, a devout religionist, given to long and loud prayers, had always been a sympathizer with slavery.

One day, in that dark period when many stout hearts quailed and questioned, the husband had shut himself into the barn and was praying. For him to pray was to shout and to weep. He importuned God that he would bless the cause of the South — that he would send confusion into the camp of their enemies The good mother endured the prayer as long as she could, then caught her broom and hastened to the spot. Bringing it down in no light manner on the head of the suppliant she vehemently cried: "I'll strike one blow for my country, you old rebel!"

O, what a broomstick unexpected!

GOETHE IN FAUST.

LUCY KNOX

# XI

## LUCY KNOX

*Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men.*

JOHN ADAMS TO ABIGAIL ADAMS, July 3, 1776.

BEFORE the Revolution the London Book Store on Cornhill, Boston, kept by Henry Knox, was a fashionable resort for British officers and Tory ladies of literary tastes. Henry Knox was of Boston birth and culture, which made him a favorite with the scholars of that day.

Lucy Flucker, the daughter of Hannah Waldo and Secretary Flucker, was a "high-toned loyalist of great family pretensions." As a young lady she developed literary tastes, and was permitted to inspect the books of the young merchant at her pleasure. As Lucy studied books Henry Knox studied Lucy, and evidently thought though she be

The daughter of a hundred earls

she is the one to be desired.

They were married on the sixteenth of June, 1774, and both espoused the cause of the Revolution. Her family opposed and bitterly deplored her marriage, predicting that she would eat the bread of poverty and dependence.

During the exciting days of 1775 and 1776 all her family friends left Boston for Halifax, and subsequently made their home in England. Lucy Knox turned from all that had before been dear to her to follow the fortunes of her husband.

When General Gage denounced as rebels all who were found aiding the cause of the colonists, and forbade any one to leave Boston without permission, Mr. and Mrs. Knox quietly quitted the town, Mrs. Knox preserving her husband's sword by quilting it between the linings of her cloak.

They joined the American camp at Cambridge. 'T is said of Lucy Knox:

> She followed the army, and her presence and cheerful manners did much to diffuse contentment and enliven scenes.

The soldiers could not murmur at privations which she endured without complaint.

"Sad it is," says Mrs. Ellet in her history of "Women of the Revolution," that "no record remains of the ministrations of women in thus softening war's grim features." The good they did,

however, was at the time acknowledged with respectful gratitude. There is reason to believe that General Knox often deferred to his wife's judgment, regarding her as a superior being, and it is said that her influence and superiority were owned by Washington himself."

As the wife of the brilliant secretary of war, Lucy Knox ranked next to Mrs. Washington in the social scale of the nation.

Lucy Knox inherited from her grandfather, Samuel Waldo, a part of the famous "Waldo Patent." General Knox, by purchase, secured the remaining shares. Their estate comprised the greater part of the present counties of Penobscot, Waldo and Knox.

In 1795 they established their home at Thomaston, selecting a charming sport on the banks of the George's River.

In the Old South Meeting-house, Boston, may be seen a pen and ink sketch of Montpelier, the home of General and Madam Knox. It is to be regretted that a building so famous in the early history of the nation should have been permitted to fall into decay.

This French villa, with its grand staircase, and broad halls with open fireplaces and carved woodwork was the scene of many festivities. The hos-

pitality of General and Madam Knox was unlimited, and many distinguished visitors were among their guests. Louis Philippe and Talleyrand brought letters of introduction to General Knox, and were made welcome beneath his roof.

It was not unusual for shiploads of people from Philadelphia and other cities to arrive at Montpelier. At one time the entire tribe of Penobscot Indians were their guests.

How Lucy Knox managed her cuisine we are not told, but of their larder Sullivan tells us: "An ox and twenty sheep were killed every Monday morning." A hundred beds were made up daily in the house. In the stable were twenty saddle-horses and several pairs of carriage-horses. No finer equipage was seen on the streets of Boston than that of Lucy Knox.

In those early days when the roads of Maine would hardly admit of land travel from Thomaston to Boston, she must have taken horses, carriage, coachman and footman on board of the sailing vessel on which she herself embarked, reaching Boston only after days upon the ocean.

The busy, gay life at Montpelier was brief. General Knox died in 1806, leaving Madam Knox greatly embarrassed financially. Of twelve children only three survived their father.

Lucy Knox is remembered by her neighbors as a woman of commanding presence. Even at threescore she had brilliant black eyes and a florid countenance. They always deferred to her intellectual superiority, but had very little sympathy with her aristocratic pretensions. She often deplored death, mourning most of all that her head must lie as low as others. Her manner of living was severely criticised by the clergy, and yet many ministers were among her guests. Though restricted in means, Lucy Knox continued active in her charities and in the exercise of her generous hospitality during the eighteen years of her widowhood.

# BUSINESS WOMEN

# XII

## BUSINESS WOMEN

*Methinks we see thee as in olden time —*
*Simple in garb majestic.*
*Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste*
*Life in inglorious sloth.*

SIGOURNEY.

AMONG the business women of Portland before the Revolution, we find the names of Barbara Robinson, Mary Moody, Mary Bradbury, Mary Woodbury and Esther Woodbury.

Mrs. Mary Phillips Munjoy, of the early days of Portland, was a Boston woman of great strength of character. After the death of her husband, George Munjoy, the title to her lands was questioned. Mary Munjoy, as a business woman, appealed to the general government of Massachusetts. The selectmen of the town of Casco were induced to grant her claim. It was agreed that the "Said Mary shall have, retain and enjoy the easterly end of said Neck of land whereupon her husband's

house stood, also House Island and other small islands."

Mary Munjoy established her home upon the hill that bears her name to-day.

Mrs. Mehitable Bangs Preble impressed herself upon the business community of Portland as a woman of energy, well fitted for the arduous duties that devolved upon her. Under her wise management the business interests of the family were largely increased and property improved, while her husband was called to attend to his various political and military duties. When the town of Falmouth was burned by Mowatt, he gave the people a few hours in which to remove their goods. Mrs. Preble even thought of the pigs, and liberated them with her own hands, saying: "It would be a shame to leave dumb creatures to be burned."

She outlived the stormy period of the Revolution, surviving her husband many years. She died in 1805, one of the few women of that early time who made her will. She divided her property equally among her seven children, leaving a legacy for the benefit of the poor widows of Portland.

Madam Dorcas Milk Deering of Portland managed the business interests of the family during

the Revolution, while her husband was called to sacrifice his home to the welfare of the nation.

She gave personal attention to the details of the business in the little store at Clay Cove. She is spoken of as sagacious, shrewd and enterprising. After the death of her husband she maintained the dignity of her mansion-house, which occupied the site of the present post-office.

Madam Preble, so often spoken of in the later history of Portland, was Mary Deering Preble, daughter of Madam Dorcas Deering, and the wife of Commodore Preble. An interesting letter is published in Gould's "Portland of the Past," written by Commodore Preble to his future mother-in-law, showing that the young men who would win the daughters must first conciliate the mothers. It is a dignified epistle and worthy the attention of all young men with like aspirations.

Mrs. Sarah Fairfield Hamilton, of Saco, kindly furnishes the following sketch of her mother, Anna Paine Fairfield. Her family name was Thornton. She was named for her aunt, Anna Paine Cutts, a sister of Dolly Paine Madison.

My mother was a person of strong character — a singularly retiring person — her real personality

was known only by her own family and a few friends. She was really a very genial, fun-loving woman; but when a stranger entered her home life, she seemed to retire within herself; and occasionally was seen, what is not rare with reserved persons, a sort of hide-and-go-seek of the two personalities. When occasional glimpses of the genial wit made the desire for more too decided upon the part of the visitor, the jocose, playful woman disappeared, and the reserved manner was thrown over her like a veil. In later years the real woman gained the victory, and the forbidding aspect melted away into a genial, sunny old age.

My mother was the daughter of Thomas G. Thornton, who held the office of marshal of Maine (when Maine was a district of Massachusetts) for many years, and until his death. Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Thomas Cutts, the landed proprietor of this region, who, it was said, could travel on horseback from Saco to Canada and sleep in his own house, on his own land, every night. My mother was reared in luxury that only the few, even, knew at that day. She was the especial favorite of her father, and often accompanied him on his long drives. He spoke of her facetiously, as one who had good "attic furniture."

At her father's death she inherited, with eleven

brothers and sisters, what was considered at that time a comfortable little sum of money. But she knew nothing of it herself. At her marriage it was given to my father by her guardian, and she never really knew the exact sum herself. It probably occurred to none of them that there was any other way to dispose of her money. Later it was all lost with so much other capital in the state in the "Eastern Land speculation."

My father was very early in life singled out as one to sacrifice his private life and interests to the good of his town, state or country. It left my mother with the care of a family on a less income than his regular law practice would have brought to them. A letter is in my possession in which he urges a friend of larger means to allow himself to become the candidate for governor, in which he says, "I with my little growing family, cannot afford to take it. You must take it." His friend replied, "You are the man, the people demand you;" and four times he was chosen governor.

At the time of his first election, before the days of telegraphs or even railroads in Maine, a courier was sent by night from Portland to Saco with the news of the election. My mother went to the door to enquire the cause of a visitor at that time of night. Upon learning his errand she simply

thanked him, and concluded that a good night's rest was worth more to her sleeping husband than the announcement of his governorship at that hour. So she returned to her slumbers, and in the morning quietly, but with a little sly fun, informed him of his election.

After his first entrance into public life until his death, at the age of fifty, in 1847, he was absent from home a large part of the time. My father and mother had purchased a farm, thinking it a better place for rearing a family of children.

My father's death was the result of an unsuccessful operation upon his knee, by the culpable carelessness of an intoxicated physician in Washington. The news of his death came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky to my mother. She was left a widow with eight children, the eldest in college and the youngest a baby in her arms, with a farm to cultivate, and less than three hundred dollars income.

The first evening, after the tidings of my father's death in the morning, my mother was alone with her children, the remembrance of her quietly putting out one wick of a common oil-lamp, saying, "Children, we cannot afford to burn two wicks of the lamp when one will answer," has always been vivid in my mind; but the grim pathos of the act

was only appreciated in mature years. That same fortitude and calm acceptance of the present situation always characterized her. In the long struggle before her she needed it all.

My father's death occurred three weeks after the opening of the session of Congress at Washington. He left a letter to my mother telling her of the intended operation, leaving it to finish after it was over, to thus save her an anxious moment. The letter was never finished.

It seems strange now in these days of pensions and lavish expenditures of money that my father's salary through that session of Congress was not paid. It ceased at his death, and although he had sacrificed himself and family in a pecuniary way, for what his party considered the good of his country, no pecuniary recognition was made of it to his family.

The same spirit my mother showed when she picked down one wick of the lamp was carried out through all her affairs. Had she been a man she would have been a great financier. She kept her family together; gave much personal supervision to her farm; gave such attention to details that there were no leakages from bad management that were not discovered and the plans changed. She lived thirty-five years after my father's death, and

having educated her family and seen them married and settled in life, by wise management and investments, she died leaving a larger property than my father left to her.

She was economical in the unessentials — often depriving herself of what to other people seemed comforts that she might give to those more needy than herself. As children we were always taught to think of other people and not ourselves. She made little calico bags to carry on our arms to school, which she filled with apples, to give to the school children who had none. If we remonstrated, as we sometimes did, as the road was long and the apples heavy, and the bag not handsome, she would say very quietly, "Then go without apples yourself until you know how much other children like them who have none"; and with flowers the same, we were always sent with baskets of flowers.

As I look back, we seemed to be a kind of a flower and fruit mission all by ourselves.

We were all early taught to work, as my mother said she knew the disadvantage of the lack of the knowledge herself. It has helped us all over many hard places, and made us people ready for emergencies.

Mrs. Sophia Brewer was a business woman of Calais. She owned the first chaise ever seen upon its streets. Her husband introduced the first wagon, but the chaise was sent as a present to Mrs. Brewer after the death of her husband.

Sally Cobb Robinson of Orrington blended many noble traits of character. In 1798 she came, a bride, from Wrentham, Massachusetts, to the woody banks of the Penobscot, where her husband owned broad acres. She is described as a little woman with bright black eyes, such as may be seen in her descendants throughout Maine to-day. In her little kitchen, ten by fifteen, she was mother of the household, teacher of her own and the children of the scattered neighborhood, secretary to her husband and lawyer to the town. Her services were much sought after as nurse and physician.

When Sally essayed to go to market or to the store, several miles away along the bridle-path, she placed upon her horse the saddle, fastening to it behind her butter and eggs. In front on one side she hung by a strap through the handle the molasses jug. Taking her three-year-old boy in her arms, Sally mounted and went on her peaceful errand, following the banks of the Segeunkedunk

to Brewer — a ride not so famed as John Gilpin's but fraught with consequences far greater.

Sally was no timid rein's woman, and when the path would admit of it the molasses jug was made to move in rhythm with the legs of her boy, balancing it on the other side of the saddle.

Sally Robinson was born July 14, 1772, and was married April 18, 1798. Seven children were born to her.

Mr. Robinson was the first selectman of the town for many years. The town books were entrusted to Sally's supervision. Mr. Robinson always managed that the last meeting before town-meeting day should be at his house, where the town accounts were straightened out, not by the three officials who sat by, but by Sally Cobb Robinson.

Mary Cooke Coffin, with her husband Richard Coffin, came from Nantucket to Pleasant River about 1770. In the same vessel with them came also Barnabas Coffin and his widowed mother, both of them Quakers.

Mary Coffin was the mother of eight children. Her son Temple married Anna Thorndike. She was born in Portland, and is remembered as a brilliant girl, having had superior educational advan-

tages. While on a visit to her sister in Milbridge, then a part of Harrington, or No. 5, she first met Temple Coffin, who fell desperately in love with her.

After their marriage they made their home in Harrington, on the western side of the little stream, their farm including nearly all the land occupied by that part of the village at the present time.

Temple Coffin built a carding mill, and for many years was the leading business man of that section of country, greatly respected for his integrity and uprightness of character wherever known.

Anna Coffin was never fond of domestic service. She early trained her daughters to the work of the household and gave herself to business which she heartily enjoyed. Through her executive ability the family were helped over many hard places. She raised large quantities of flax, which she manufactured into household linen, providing each one of her four daughters, Sophia, Charlotte, Jane and Betsey, with a wedding outfit manufactured from the raw material by her own hands. She cared personally for the sheep, wrought the wool into yarn, and was known to knit a pair of mittens in a day. She was a fine rider and often took journeys through the woods on horseback, her only guide

being the spotted trees. She had very little respect for the tariff laws on the eastern border of the state, and delighted to take the goods she had manufactured "over the lines," a distance of nearly eighty miles, and smuggle home articles that were luxuries to the early pioneers. She did this at the risk of great personal danger. One of her granddaughters says she has worn many a gown smuggled over the lines by her grandmother.

Three miles from her home in Mill River lived her friend, Joanna Roberts Strout, who like herself had found her way from Portland to this section of the country. The two women had great pleasure in their friendly visits as they sipped tea out of choice china — the little round turnback table being drawn up before the big open fire — and recalled their girlhood days in "dear old Pooduck." One of their granddaughters remembers the marvelous stories of Indian depredations and witchcraft these dear old ladies talked over long after the hour for retiring. The butter of a neighbor had refused to come; believing it to be bewitched she had dropped a red-hot horseshoe into the churn, which broke the spell, and they were not at all astonished that a certain woman was burned and ever after bore the mark of a horseshoe upon her.

Joanna Strout was much loved and respected by the poor and unfortunate, who were constant recipients of her bounty. The home of Aunt Joie and Uncle Ben was one of the stopping-places for the ministers who were obliged to journey through that part of the state. They made long days on the road that they might rest beneath this friendly roof. 'Tis said that even the horses knew that Uncle Ben's barns brimmed with plenty.

Mary Rust and Jonathan Pulsifer were among the pioneer settlers of what was then known as Poland Empire. They, with their two children, came in a vessel from Cape Ann, Massachusetts, to Yarmouth. They brought with them a horse, two cows, and their household goods. From Yarmouth they were obliged to find their way by the spotted trees, then the only means of indicating a path through the woods. To Mrs. Pulsifer the ride was a very trying one — it was with great difficulty she kept her seat upon the horse's back, and held the two children.

The motion of the animal increased the disagreeable sensation she continued to experience from the tossing of the vessel. Had it not been for the care of her husband, who walked beside her, she must have fallen.

They at first made their home under the same roof with Mr. Pulsifer's father, who with three sons had preceded them. There were really three families in a small house. The land was soon after divided among the sons, by lot.

Mary Pulsifer was a strong, energetic woman. She entered upon her new life in the spirit of the true pioneer. With characteristic foresight she saved the seeds of the apples brought with them from Cape Ann. These she planted and cared for, and in a few years supplied her family with fruit of her raising.

Her husband soon learned to entrust the business of the household and farm to her supervision.

She considereth a field and buyeth it.

A cousin to Rufus Choate, she had inherited with him a legal mind, which the training of a cultured home and early school advantages had developed and strengthened.

She did the work of a farmer's wife of that day, even providing her firewood that the work of the men in clearing the farm might not be interrupted. The spinning-wheel and loom were in constant use. She manufactured the household goods in woolen, cotton and linen. She was fond of embroidery, and many specimens of her needlework are in the possession of her descendants to-day.

She made on a quill very delicate lace buttons for her husband's shirts. He was known in the gates for his fine linen.

She was obliged to practice the strictest economy in her household. If the table was provided with cheese, the butter was withheld. One gallon of molasses brought from Yarmouth furnished the family with sweets from the fall till maple syrup was made in the spring.

With no money these pioneers cleared their farm, became independent, and gave to their two children the advantages of a liberal education.

There was in the household for many years a baby, but only a baby watched and tended by her loving care; folded all too soon by the Great Shepherd. Only two of their twelve children lived through childhood.

Rachels and Ramas, and a wailing Egypt,
'T is the old story of the long ago,
The little life just trembling in the balance,
The waiting angel, and the mother's woe;
Six thousand years that cry has been repeated,
And its eternal youth is ever new,
And shall be till the heavenly choir completed,
The last white wings shall sweep the portal through.

Mrs. Pulsifer was a devout Methodist, and the latchstring of her home was always out to the itinerant ministers of that day. Her kitchen was for

many years the meeting-house, and the white scoured floor did not fail to impress the lesson that cleanliness is next to godliness.

She was a constant student of the Bible. In advanced life she loved to quote her favorite passages and to repeat hymns learned in early womanhood. She lived to be ninety-four years old.

Mrs. Pulsifer frequently entertained her friends with stories of her pioneer life. She never forgot Betsey Gilbert, the daughter of a wealthy merchant at Cape Ann. After Mrs. Pulsifer's removal to Maine, Miss Gilbert often urged her return to Cape Ann for a visit, but she could never be induced to do so, no matter how homesick she was, until she could go in a style befitting the luxurious home of her friend.

Many years elapsed before her husband drove her up to the door of Betsey Gilbert's home — having taken the journey all the way from Poland to Cape Ann in their own "hansum kerridge," the one-horse chaise. It was a proud moment to Mary Pulsifer.

Mrs. Lydia Purrington Frye, as a girl, had the advantages of the best schools of Portland, which, added to her natural endowments and industrious habits, made her a woman of rare culture. She

married Thomas Frye, a merchant of Vassalboro, and was the mother of two children

The house of colonial architecture in which they lived is still standing — recalling the famed hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Frye. Both were elders in the Society of Friends. They entertained liberally. During the Quarterly Meeting it was not unusual for Lydia to reset her table several times. The door of their home was never closed to the poor and unfortunate who sought aid or shelter.

They were supporters of the antislavery movement, and lent a hand in the escape of fugitives through the state to Canada, when to do so was considered by some almost treason against the United States.

In person Mrs. Frye had the bearing of a trained athlete. She comprehended the whole technique of correct movements of the body.

She used the plain language correctly. The nominative thou was never sacrificed to the objective thee. She was one of the original trustees of the Oak Grove Seminary, now Bailey Institute, Vassalboro, proving herself a wise counselor. Her executive ability was acknowledged by her associates. Even after the death of her husband she continued her interest in the school. Her home was open to the students, who found in her a faith-

ful friend. She encouraged boys in saving their pennies by promising to add five to every dollar they would put in the bank.

Mrs. Frye had a remarkable intuition and insight to character. She replied to one of her young friends who waxed impatient over the stupidity of a public functionary, "My dear, thou canst never make an oak ax-handle out of a piece of pine."

On one of her yearly visits to the Annual Meeting at Newport, Rhode Island, stopping over night on the way, her trunk was stolen from the station. It was carried into a field and rifled of its contents. The rich silk shawls, with Quaker gowns and bonnets to match, all of Philadelphia make, was too great a loss for Mrs. Frye to sustain without an effort to secure justice. She brought suit against the railroad. They withstood her claim. After two years her opponents were obliged to acknowledge that Mrs. Frye knew too much law for them. She won her case.

# SOCIAL CUSTOMS

# XIII

## SOCIAL CUSTOMS

*How long we live, not years but actions tell.*

WATKINS.

THE social life of Portland from 1765 to 1795 centered in the tavern kept by Alice Ross Greele. A pen and ink sketch of this plain, unadorned building can be seen in the library of the Maine Historical Society. Alice Ross as a girl evinced great strength of character. She shrank from no hardship. It is recorded that Alice Ross was paid four dollars per week for her services as nurse when Portland was suffering from the scourge of small pox.

Says Willis:

It was common for clubs and social parties to meet at the tavern in those days, and Mrs. Greele's, on Congress street, was a place of most fashionable resort both for old and young wags before and after the Revolution. It was the East-cheap

of Portland and was as famous for its baked beans as Boar's Head for sack. We would by no means compare honest Dame Greele with the more celebrated, though less deserving, hostess of Falstaff and Poins, Dame Quickly.

When Falmouth was bombarded by Mowatt, October 18, 1775, rendering nearly three-fourths of the people homeless, when many men and women fled in despair from the town (Reverend Thomas Smith records, "I went to Windham just before the firing began as did Mrs. Smith yesterday,") Alice Ross Greele stood at her post.

Her house, located upon the corner of Hampshire and Congress Streets, then Greele's Lane and Back Street, was surrounded by burning buildings. Shell, cannon-ball and grape-shot filled the air. The torch of the incendiary aided in completing the work of destruction. Amid it all Alice Greele defended her home. It was repeatedly set on fire; but braving all danger with a heroism worthy a trained veteran, she succeeded in extinguishing the flames and saved the little hostelry, which proved a welcome retreat to many of the homeless citizens.

The story is told that as the hot balls were falling around the house Mrs. Greele gathered them up in a tin pan and threw them into the street, remarking that Mowatt couldn't fire much longer, that he must be getting short of ammunition as he

could not wait for the balls to cool but fired them hot.

As this story reflects somewhat upon the sound judgment of this brave woman, the inference is, that the messenger who reported it must have been so thoroughly scared by the bullets whizzing through the air, that he was incapable of interpreting her language correctly.

This tavern served for court house from this time, 1775 to 1784. During these dark days stormy conferences were held beneath its roof, and many men of Revolutionary fame were the guests of Alice Greele.

There was little improvement in the social life of the extreme western part of the state for many years. Women were forbidden to live there; disreputable men had brought to the islands weak women, owning them in shares as they did their boats.

It was in the interest of the moral development of the community that the following petition is recorded: That contrary to an act of court which says:

> No woman shall live in the Isles of Shoals, John Reynolds has brought hither his wife with an intention to live here and abide.

Your petitioners therefore pray that the act of court may be put in execution for the removal of all women from inhabiting there.

It were needless to add that all such efforts at colonization were failures; men alone could not make homes.

In the records of York are preserved many hints of the social customs of that early day. December 2, 1665, Joan Ford was presented to the court. She had called a constable a cowhead rogue, for which she received nine stripes at the whipping-post. Again for reviling her neighbors and abusing the constable she received ten lashes.

In Wells, in 1665, the court ordered every town to take care that there be in it a pair of stocks, a cage and couching (ducking) stool to be erected between this and next court. This stool was the old instrument for the punishment of common scolds. It consisted of a long beam, moving like a well-sweep upon a fulcrum, one end of which could be extended over the water and let down into it at the will of the operator. On this a seat was fixed, upon which the culprit was placed and then immersed in the water. To what extent this was used, if ever, in Maine, is not known.

March 8, 1725, that the wife of Sewall Banks be requested to sit as becomes a wife, in the woman's fore seat.

Voted, That the wife of Philip Adams, being somewhat thick of hearing, have liberty to move forward in the meeting-house.

We read in the journal of Reverend Thomas Smith of Portland:

February 4, 1763, Wednesday morning: — Brigadier Preble, Colonel Waldo, Captain Ross, Doctor Coffin, Nathaniel Moody, Mr. Webb and their wives and Tate sat out on a frolic at Ring's and are not yet got back.

February 11: — Our frolicers returned from Black Point, having been gone ten days.

Snowshoe parties were more select than now. In the same diary it is recorded:

I married Samuel Green and Jane Gustin. They came on snowshoes across the Cove from Captain Ilsley's to my house.

Many women witnessed the execution of Drew on Munjoy Hill. Mrs. Abigail Chase rode on a pillion behind her husband from Limington to Portland, a distance of twenty-eight miles, to see the man hang. Sad dearth of recreation when

> . . . curious thousands thronged to see
> A brother at the gallow's tree.

The early mothers were skilled in needlework. Mrs. Nancy Frost, of Wayne, though in her ninety-fourth year, is still an adept with her needle. In the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nancy Fuller, of Wilton, may be seen many articles of embroidery

and netting made recently by her. She now resides with her daughter, Mrs. L. W. Fillebrown, in Piqua, Ohio, where she does not allow the time to hang heavily on her hands, but often spends the entire day in reading and embroidering. Her work is of rare beauty and will compare favorably with that of the most famous needle guilds of the present day. Many of her friends in Maine have been made happy in receiving specimens of her delicate handiwork.

Mrs. Martha Coffin Rice, now living in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in her ninety-second year, recalls many interesting events in connection with her early home at Saco. She says the first cook-stove in Saco was owned by Ezra Haskell and wife. It was such a curiosity that people flocked to see it, and it became a common form of salutation: "Have you seen Mr. Haskell's cook-stove?"

She was at the home of her uncle, Edward Coffin, in Biddeford, when the council of ministers dined there who assisted at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Tracy, the Unitarian minister, and helped her cousins wait upon the table. They took great pains to tastefully arrange upon it the bottles of rum, brandy and gin.

She is one of the few living persons who shook

the hand of the nation's guest, General LaFayette in 1825.

The spinning-wheel and loom were in every house. The girls were early trained to their use. The family clothing and household linen were all manufactured at home. The spinning-bee was one of the merry-makings of the olden time.

We are told that in order to make soap one woman carried her material three miles, on foot, to the home of a neighbor who had the necessary utensils. Desire for companionship may have created the necessity.

In Winthrop lived the Fairbankses and the Woods, miles apart, but the two families kept up pleasant personal relations then as now. It was no hardship for Mrs. Fairbanks to saddle her horse and take a morning gallop to the home of Phebe Morton Wood.

Not having seen her friend for weeks, she induced her husband to pillion his horse and go to bring Mrs. Wood for a day's visit at their home. When Colonel Nathaniel Fairbanks arrived, Mrs. Wood was "just kneading a batch of rye and Indian bread," for this good woman looked well to the ways of her household, and they ate not the bread of idleness.

Having no one to whom she could entrust the baking of her bread, Mrs. Wood felt obliged to decline the invitation, but Mr. Fairbanks assured her that that should be no obstacle to the visit, as he could take the kneading-trough along with them; indeed, had it been necessary, he would not have hesitated to take the oven also.

Mrs. Wood mounted the pillion, and Mr. Fairbanks placed the bread-trough in front of him on the saddle, and they rode gaily along the bridle-path. The big brick oven was heated, and the bread was baked while the two women spent a happy day together. At night Mrs. Wood returned to her home in a similar manner, the trough laden with steaming loaves.

The launching of a ship was usually made the occasion for a gala-day. Men and women rode miles on horseback to witness it.

Polly Patrick lived in Gorham. She often assisted in the work of the farm, her father declaring that Polly was as much help as the boys. It was a monotonous life, with few amusements, but Polly wrought singing, and often planned feats of daring for herself and brothers. They had anticipated attending the launching at Stroudwater for days. When the time arrived they were told that they

could not have the horses. But Polly was not to be daunted. She secretly arranged that her older brother should bring from the pasture a horse and colt, and saddle them behind the barn. She agreed to ride the colt if her brother would only saddle it. When they had stolen off their time was limited, and Polly proposed that they ride "cross lots," leaping walls and ditches. This they did, and bounding away at such a rate they reach Stroudwater just as the ship

> Decked with flags and streamers gay,
> In honor of her marriage day
> . . . . . .
> . . leaps into the ocean's arms.

Jane Woodbridge was the daughter of Reverend John Woodbridge, and Mercy Dudley, who was descended from Governor Dudley of Massachusetts. She was born at Newcastle in 1787, and married Jotham Donnell, a farmer and ship-builder. As a young wife she cheerfully set herself to the various tasks awaiting her, attending to the farm and at the same time receiving to her well-laden table many of the carpenters engaged in the shipyard. Near her lived her friend Nancy.

It was a proud moment when the two young ship-builders launched their staunch vessel, bear-

ing the names of their wives on her colors: "The Nancy Jane."

Mrs. Donnell was a fearless rider. One day as she was going to a quilting alone on horseback, the horse, being balky, stopped so suddenly that she was thrown forward, and landed on the top of her head. She soon remounted and continued her journey. As she incidentally told the company of her adventure they were inclined to doubt that such a thing could happen without more serious consequences. Mrs. Donnell referred them to her bonnet in evidence. This was of white drawn muslin. They were convinced when they found the top of it covered with grass stains.

Her friends recall her fortitude in submitting to a surgical operation before the days of anæsthetics. One of the surgeons fainted during the removal of a tumor from her throat, but she submitted to the trying ordeal without flinching, and when it was over, with her throat bandaged, prepared the dinner for the surgeons.

After she was eighty years of age she stamped two tons of butter, four thousand pounds. The mothers did not need creameries. They were institutions in themselves.

This woman attained to the age of ninety-two years.

# EARLY RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS

# XIV

## EARLY RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS

*The old, unhappy, far-off things.*

WORDSWORTH.

*Truths that wake to perish never.*

WORDSWORTH.

DOUGLAS JERROLD pictures Mr. Job Caudle as one of the few men whom "Nature in casual bounty to women sends into the world as patient listeners." What might not this famous wit with his "flashing insight" have said of the listening mothers? Mrs. Caudle's harangues must have been music to the ninthlies and tenthlies, so familiar to their ears.

In the year 1770 there were only thirty-five settled ministers in Maine. These were all of the "standing order" except two Episcopalians and two Presbyterians. In those Revolutionary days, when there seemed no secure earthly foundation, the hearts of the mothers in the wilderness yearned

for the higher spiritual consolation. It is related of many women that they walked barefoot many miles through pathless woods, putting on their shoes before entering the place of worship.

Such women were Mrs. Polly Small and Mrs. Jonathan Boothby of Limington, who thought it no hardship to cross the Saco River in a dugout, sometimes even fording it, wending their way to Standish Corner, a distance of eight miles.

These frontier women were good listeners. They had to be.

> Let your women keep silence in the churches, it is not permitted them to speak. She is not fitted for speaking in public. She may have mind enough, but she wants the physical qualities, the voice and nerve which are requisite. The voice of woman, like the susceptibilities of her heart, is delightfully formed for her sphere, for the tones of love in her family, for the enlivening converse of the parlor, for the tender offices of sympathy, but is no more formed for the public assembly than the lute for the camp.

So said the church fathers. The Spartans did march to battle to the sound of the lute. They were so thrilled with military ardor the sonorous drum would have disbanded them. These early religious teachers builded better than they knew. The more highly cultured the public audience the more effective the lute.

It is related that when Colonel Foxcroft visited the settlement in the town which now bears his name, he found the pioneer, as yet, had not observed the Sabbath. At his suggestion a meeting was appointed for the following Sunday.

Singers were there; an old schoolmaster had brought a book of sermons, but the most anxious inquiry was, "Who will pray?" Not a man in Foxcroft or Dover had piety and confidence enough to perform so simple and natural a duty. Still they were not willing to omit that essential part of divine worship.

Mrs. William Mitchell, a mother in Israel, had kept up prayer in her family from the beginning of her pioneer life. She knew how to pray. She loved to pray. Notwithstanding the anathemas against woman's voice being heard in the public assembly, rightly interpreting the teaching of Paul, and hearing again the sweet voice of the Master, "Ask and it shall be given you," she consented to pray, and the Piscataquis settlement was humbly but fervently dedicated to God by Mother Mitchell's public prayer.

In her "Reminiscences of the Churches and Pastors of Kennebec County," Sarah B. Adams says:

The prayer-meetings were usually held at private houses in winter and schoolhouses in summer. Then, as now, there were some who were always present unless detained by something beyond their control, and always strictly obedient to the Pauline injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

A declaration of war could not have produced more commotion than did the rising of a sister "to speak in meeting." Indeed it was in a sense a declaration of war against an old prejudice. So strong was the feeling that in some instances, I have been told, ladies have been rebuked for venturing upon anything so unseemly.

Phebe Lord Upham, born in Kennebunk, was the wife of Thomas Cogswell Upham, professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin College from 1825 to 1867. Mr. and Mrs. Upham were wedded in mind as well as heart. They found congenial companionship in their literary research — much of his metaphysics and religious experiences published to the world was worked out at the fireside. Together they pored over the pages of Tauler, Gerson and other mystics of the middle ages; studied Madame Guyon and the Gospel of St. John.

They exemplified in their lives the truth they taught to others. Like Tauler, they associated with the "friends of God;" like Gerson, they "loved little children;" and like Madame Guyon,

Mrs. Upham, if need be, would have gone to prison for her religious opinions. Their domestic affection expressed itself in taking to their otherwise childless home six orphan children for whom they lovingly cared and to whom they were father and mother.

Mrs. Upham should be remembered to-day as a pioneer in the religious work of women. She was one of the first in the Congregational church who dared to rise in the public assembly and speak of the faith which was burning within her. The religious beauty underlying the act did not appeal to her pastor. He saw only a woman out of her sphere. Mrs. Upham became a revelation to him. When she first rose to speak the good man, in horror, waved his hand, and bade her repeatedly, "Sit down, madam! Sit down!" But Mrs. Upham did not sit down — she could not. In the counsel with other brethren over the matter her pastor, in despair, said, "I don't know what we are going to do with Mrs. Upham."

The Portland minister, on an exchange at Brunswick, was equally shocked to see a woman stand on her feet in the social meeting. As she rose, he leaned forward and said: "Short and sweet, madam!"

But Mrs. Upham's speaking in meeting was but

the surface ripple of her deep religious nature, which could not be repressed. Both she and her husband knew of the doctrine because they were constantly obeying the command: "Do the will of my Father."

Professor Upham identified himself with every movement for the advancement of the kingdom of the Master. His consistent life was an object-lesson to the young men who sought the instruction of the college. His name stands on the first temperance pledge circulated in Brunswick.

Mrs. Upham was constantly seeking opportunities for doing good. She established the first Sunday-school at the poorhouse. Miss Harriet Stanwood, who assisted her in teaching the younger classes, recalls that she gathered into the school, the children of the neighborhood, thirty in all; that she furnished them with books and assisted in clothing them.

In 1854 a Christmas tree was arranged for these poor people who never before had seen one. Mrs. Upham furnished caps for all the old ladies, which were hung for them on the tree. Some of those interested thought tracts would do for the children, but Miss Stanwood, realizing that poor children love bright, pretty things just the same as other children, proposed picture-books for them. When

she laid the matter before Mrs. Upham she said, "If you want to spend five dollars for Cock Robins, here is the money."

Mrs. Upham's charitable and philanthropic work in Brunswick ceased only with her removal from the town in 1867. Her devoted collaborator has continued her loving service at the poorhouse through thirty-seven years without an omission.

She says: "There are only a few there now, but they still anticipate my coming at Christmas time." The room remains the same as it was when she accompanied Mrs. Upham there years ago, but she sees there what others cannot, the saint-like face of Mrs. Upham, as she told her listeners the old, old story. That face was a benediction.

Mrs. Upham sent her six children to a school taught by a widow with the care of several children. That she might teach her boys to be useful she had them take their leather aprons along, instructing them to fill the woodboxes or do any work the teacher would permit them to do. The college students were often invited to Mrs. Upham's parlor for religious conference. She was greatly respected and beloved by them.

Mr. and Mrs. Upham in later life made their home in New York, where they studied and exemplified the higher Christian life.

One who knew Mr. and Mrs. Upham writes:

Professor T. C. Upham, as you are aware, was widely known as an instructor in mental philosophy and his published works are invaluable.

I think there was entire harmony between the husband and wife in all their religious belief and experience.

They had no children, but showed their great benevolence by the adoption of six children, four boys and two girls, orphans; all of whom lived to mature age except one who was drowned when young. They all exhibited in their lives the result of their careful training.

Mrs. Upham's countenance had attractive sweetness and her manner was cheerful and cordial. She was a blessing to many, and her name will be long remembered. She was several years a widow. Her end was peace. She died in New York City in the early eighties. I think she was buried in Brunswick. A handsome monument bears the name "Upham."

Brunswick, October 11, 1895.

Their religious philosophy is expressed in the following lines from Professor Upham's pen:

Going to Heaven Alone.

High in the hills the wild bird hath its nest,
And utters loud its melodies of song;
But vain its music, if no other breast
Is there to mate it and its notes prolong.

And so in Heaven think not to dwell alone,
In cold and hopeless solitude apart;
For Heaven is love; and love would leave its throne
If at its side there were no other heart.

Then heavenward soar, but carry others there,
And learn, that heaven is giving and receiving;
It hath no life, which others do not share;
Its life doth live by its great art of giving.

T. C. Upham.

# MINISTERS' WIVES

# XV

## MINISTERS' WIVES

*Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.*

SOLOMON.

MINISTERS' wives of these early days were not always permitted to develop their lute-like voice in the parlor. On them largely devolved the care of the parish farm, the care of the family and the care of the minister himself. Their homes were well-known places of resort and entertainment for clergymen and strangers who visited the place.

One of the first ministers' wives in Maine was Sarah Winter Jordan. She came from England as early as 1637, and resided with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Winter, on Richmond's Island, Portland Harbor. The Rev. Richard Gibson, the first settled Episcopal minister of the vicinity of

Portland, was often a guest at their home. It is hinted that Mr. Winter regarded him favorably as a future son-in-law. Then as now —

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley.

The fair Sarah became the wife of his successor, the Rev. Robert Jordan. They made their home at Spurwink, though their parish extended from Falmouth to Portsmouth. The large estates received from her father and the opposition to the Church of England involved her husband in many serious controversies. At one time he was imprisoned in Boston for exercising the rites of his church.

In the general massacre of 1675 it is recorded that the Rev. Robert Jordan escaped from his burning dwelling and fled to Portsmouth. Mrs. Jordan and the younger children probably accompanied him in his flight. We find the family living in Portsmouth Harbor four years later.

Mr. Jordan died in 1679, Mrs. Jordan surviving him many years.

Through nine generations one hundred and seventy-three of her descendants have borne the name Sally, or Sarah, in loving remembrance of Sarah Winter Jordan.

Rev. Thomas Smith came to Portland in 1725. Three years afterward he brought his bride, Sarah Tyng Smith, on horseback from Massachusetts. His people went out to Scarboro and escorted them to their new home, "regaling them with a very noble supper." She died in 1742, leaving a family of eight children. Her husband wrote of her:

> Never did I see in any person a more remarkable tender conscience, afraid of the least appearance of evil.
>
> The people of this place all esteemed and delighted in her beyond anything of like kind that has been known, and if their united prayers could have kept her alive she had not died.
>
> You cannot conceive the grief and mourning her death has universally caused.

A home without a mother became unedurable to the good minister. After nearly two years, with great care, he selected another companion and counselor, Mrs. Olive Jordan of Saco. She was several years his senior and the mother of seven children, the youngest of whom was eleven at the time of her marriage with Mr. Smith. The oldest of her adopted flock being about eleven and the youngest two, there was no break in the continuity of her motherhood.

For twenty years Mrs. Smith proved herself a

worthy and devoted mother to her family of fifteen children. She died January 3, 1763.

Mr. Smith's third wife was Elizabeth Wendall, who survived him. She was a lady of fine manners, well educated and dignified. At a wedding in which her husband officiated she assisted in the entertainment by dancing a minuet to the admiration of the company.

In his diary, Rev. Thomas Smith writes:

MAY 27, 1745.— I set out with my wife in our chaise for Boston.

OCTOBER 5, 1746.— I had concluded to send away my family to Harwick, but my wife negatived it.

The Rev. Samuel Deane was ordained associate pastor with the Rev. Thomas Smith over the First Parish, Portland.

He was unmarried and to "complete his happiness" sought the kindred soul among the fair maidens of his flock.

From his diary we find he was often a guest of Moses Pearson, whose daughter Eunice subsequently became his wife. He takes great pains to record that the wharf of Captain Pearson was injured by a violent storm and he no doubt called to talk it over with the family. Other records follow of "dining with the relatives of Eunice Pearson,"

"waited upon Eunice Pearson," and April 3, 1766 we find written, "My wedding — none present but relatives."

The house built by Mr. Deane and to which he took his bride, after living a short time at her father's house, is still standing on Congress Street near the church, though removed from the original foundation.

On the destruction of the town by Mowatt the family went to Gorham, where they resided seven years. Here they enjoyed the society of many distinguished visitors from abroad and exchanged many social visits with their parish. Mr. Deane sings of Pitchwood Hill as he terms the eminence near his home:

> Hither I'll turn my weary feet
> Indulging contemplation sweet —
> Seeking quiet, sought in vain
> In courts and crowds of busy men.

Among the many interesting items of Dr. Deane's diary, we read:

JULY 1, 1778.— The family met at Freeman's about appraising.

JULY 2.— In the division of plate Eunice drew the small can, buckles and snaps, the large glass, large gold ring, dozen of silver jacket buttons, gallon pot.

MAY 1, 1788.— Spinning day.

This is explained to be a festive occasion. One hundred of the ladies of the parish gathered at the parsonage for a spinning bee. Sixty spinning-wheels are said to have hummed the entire day, and at the close "Mrs. Deane was presented with two hundred and thirty-six seven-knot skeins of excellent cotton and linen yarn, the work of the day, excepting about a dozen skeins which some of the company brought in ready spun." The portrait of Eunice Deane beside that of her husband on the walls of the Parish House, with its high head-dress, folded kerchief and elbow sleeves, is a fair representation of the dress of a lady of the period in which she lived. The artist has given a hint of a genial nature in her mild, blue eyes, and love for the beautiful in the rosebud she holds in her well-rounded hand.

Having been the faithful companion and wise counselor of her husband forty-six and one-half years, Eunice Deane died October 14, 1812, at the age of eighty-five years. Her husband survived her about two years. They had no children.

Abigail Titcomb Sewall came to York from Newbury, Massachusetts, with her husband, Henry Sewall. She was a woman of marked piety and early indoctrinated her five children in the cat-

echism. Her son, Rev. Jotham Sewall, honored and loved as "Father Sewall," devoted a long life to missionary labors in Maine, under the direction of the Massachusetts Society. He says of his mother's teaching:

> The instruction thus received impressed my mind while I was very young. I recollect having had many serious inquiries respecting the existence of God, the creation of the world and my own existence when I was about three years old. And from that time forward I had more or less serious thoughts. In the absence of my father, my mother frequently prayed with us, and some of the expressions she used impressed me. When teaching us the catechism she often interspersed such remarks and exhortations as made me weep.

Mrs. Jenny Sewall, the wife of the Rev. Jotham Sewall, was a native of Bath. They were married in 1787. Previous to this Father Sewall had laid the foundation for their home by building a camp in the woods of Chesterville.

March 6, 1778, it is recorded in his diary that they arrived at night with their goods, and commenced living in a family state at their own habitation, having taken the journey from Bath with a team.

Jenny Sewall had been religiously educated, but had never received in her soul what she believed to be the witness of the spirit. This was a matter of great anxiety to her future husband.

Often did he pray with her previous to their marriage, and press the subject of religion upon her, while she would be bathed in tears.

Mrs. Sewall was fortunate in having resources within herself, as her husband's parish extended from New Brunswick to Massachusetts, taking him constantly from home, and when bodily present his mind was often weighed down with the care of souls, so much so that he yearned to be alone with God. Even when taking his wife through the wilderness to her future home in Chesterville, he says he seized a few moments for retirement on the road, and poured out his soul to God with much affection. The next morning he writes in his diary:

Got a sweet time alone this morning.

In 1801, with six living children, the youngest but a fortnight old, Mrs. Sewall was left alone with the care of the family and the farm. Her husband, kneeling by her bedside commended her to the Lord, praying that she and the children might be preserved and provided for in his absence. This was the beginning of his work as state missionary, which he continued through his life.

After fifty-four years of toil, patient watching and waiting, Jenny Sewall passed to the higher

life. Her husband was bowed in grief over her loss. His sympathy was excited in her behalf by remembering that his absence for the work of the ministry had thrown upon her the care and labor of training a numerous family, and had imposed upon her, in many respects, a heavy weight of anxiety and responsibility, which probably bent her erect form sooner than it would otherwise have stooped, and might have induced the very infirmities under which she finally sank. She attained to the age of seventy-three years. Her husband wrote of her:

> She was a discreet, prudent, faithful, patient, industrious, loving, persevering, good wife.

Rev. Paul Ruggles, with his wife Mercy Dexter, penetrated into the heart of the present town of Carmel, and made the first settlement. On their arrival they caught trout with a basket, dipping them as with a net.

Mrs. Ruggles awoke one morning to see a large white owl perched on her bedpost.

Mr. Ruggles was a famous preacher for many years, and Mother Ruggles looked well to the home and farm. She lived to be ninety-eight years old, and greatly enjoyed watching the progress and improvement of the country on whose

soil she was the first white woman "to set her foot."

Mrs. Mary Richmond Loring of Yarmouth greatly aided her husband in the affairs of their parish. She so impressed all with her quiet dignity that her people styled her "Madam Loring." She trained her ten children to habits of industry and economy.

Her family was a helpful object lesson to the flock. In warm weather they went to meeting barefooted that those who could not have shoes might not stay at home.

Rev. Isaac Rogers brought his bride, Eliza French Rogers, from Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Farmington, Maine, in a one-horse chaise. This vehicle was ever after a prominent feature in their parish work. Mother Rogers usually accompanied her husband on his pastoral visits.

Mr. Butler, in his history of Farmington, says of her:

> She was a women of remarkable intelligence, of a brilliant intellect and of great executive ability as well as deep piety. Without children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were like father and mother to all the youth of the parish, and the love given to them was deep and fervent. Mrs. Rogers died April 27, 1867.

When questioned in regard to her condition by those who lovingly watched by her dying bed, she replied: "I do not know; I have never been dying before."

Mother Rogers had the courage of her convictions. When once decided upon a conscientious course she was not easily moved from her purpose.

She was an omnivorous reader, fond of romance, believing that in these work-a-day lives of ours was needed something more to arouse the imagination and stimulate the affection than the simple routine of daily cares and duties. There was a merry twinkle in her dark blue eyes, so often mistaken for black, as she told how one of her lady parishioners had interviewed her in regard to the character of her last book, questioning whether the minister's wife ought to read a book classed among light literature. She would assume rather a supercilious pose as she imitated her questioner: "Is it a true story, Mrs. Rogers?"

In some ways she was the opposite of her husband, being in many respects more strongly orthodox than he. That she was his affinity was never questioned. He was a devoted husband and in sweet accord they pursued their chosen work. The world loves a lover still.

A leader in the social life of her people, Mrs. Rogers was always present at the sewing circle, where the younger women and children gathered about her, to listen to the story she was always ready to tell them. One of them, then a little girl, remembers that she worked on one end of a sheet, while Mother Rogers hemmed the other, and at the same time told her the story of the last book she had read.

Though lenient in many ways, she was opposed to dancing as an amusement at church circles. At one of these gatherings the young people, watching their opportunity when the older ones were busily engaged in the parlor, had shut themselves into the big kitchen, and were enjoying the mazy tread, when Mother Rogers' ever-watchful eye discovered that there was "something gone." She immediately felt the need of warming her feet by the cook-stove and went to the kitchen ostensibly for that purpose, to the dismay of the merry dancers who scattered at once.

Not inclined to be domestic, she made no pretentions to being a pattern housekeeper, yet discharged the many duties that devolved upon her cheerfully. The minister's home in those days was seldom without its guests. The hotel near her did a smaller business in consequence of her open door.

President of the Mothers' Association, she led the meetings in prayer, joined with them in singing and counseled the younger mothers in regard to the training of their children.

Of the monthly missionary meeting she was the entire institution. She was president, secretary, treasurer and collector. The meetings were held at her parlor, and if a member absented herself Mother Rogers knew the reason.

Before starting for the weekly prayer-meeting she was wont to furnish herself with matches and kindling, knowing by previous experience that the lighting of the fire in the stove might devolve upon her. This fire she might kindle, but the sacred fire in the hearts of their people could be lighted in the public assembly only by Father Rogers, however much the unspoken word might burn upon the lips of Mother Rogers.

Hannah Bridge Jewett, the wife of Rev. Henry C. Jewett, is remembered in Winslow to-day as "a delicate-looking lady, refined and gentle." The women of the town, after the manner of the times, had presented her with a new spring bonnet, but in making their purchase had consulted the prevailing style rather than the recipient. As the minister's wife she did not dare to slight the gift,

but appeared in church greatly disconcerted at the unbecoming effect of the expensive headdress.

Jerusha Bryant was a native of Newcastle. She was born in 1801. Her family removed to Bangor, where she enjoyed superior educational advantages. She was deeply religious. As a teacher in the public schools of Bangor, she impressed her strong personality upon her pupils, many of whom through her influence were attracted to the Christian life.

She was a consistent and helpful member of the First Baptist church, always in her place at the social meetings and in the Sunday-school.

In his autobiography Rev. Royal Crafts Spaulding says :

> I was married to Miss Jerusha Barstow Bryant of Bangor, October 7, 1828. So then I had a domestic home and an ecclesiastical home in the little town of Levant and there we continued and labored until 1834. In January of that year I resigned my charge at Levant and became pastor of the Baptist church of East Corinth, where we labored nine years with that dear people and formed precious friendship in both of these towns that we trust will be perpetuated in the heavenly world.

Under the auspices of the Maine Baptist Missionary Board, as pioneer missionaries, Mr. and

Mrs. Spaulding subsequently labored in Aroostook County thirty years.

How thoroughly they were coworkers may be learned from their correspondence before she was able to join him there, and from the testimony of those with whom they labored.

In one of his letters he asks her to prepare a circular letter to the Baptist sisters in Linneus, in Limerick and Houlton. She entered upon the active missionary work as soon as her family cares would admit. They always kept their "domestic home" in Houlton a quiet retreat from which they journeyed and to which they often returned for rest.

Mrs. Spaulding was an orderly housekeeper and was often quoted by mothers in encouraging faithfulness to details, in their daughters. The fact that Mrs. Spaulding, the expected guest, would like to see the work nicely done, was an incentive to well doing.

Summer and winter Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding journeyed on their mission of love. The children of the scattered neighborhoods learned to watch for their carriage. They waited for it by the roadside that they might escort to their homes these much-loved missionaries. Their visits among the people are delightful memories to-day. The little

trunk, filled with the best literature which they always carried, "was an exhaustless fountain of intellectual and moral nourishment for almost a generation of people." Nothing like a bookstore was kept in Aroostook County till twenty years after they began their work.

Over all this region in hamlet and lonely cabin in the woods the tracts, Bibles, devotional, historical and biographical books, out of this wonderful trunk, were spread with a generous hand. It was not for money returned that the work was done.

Truly Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding went about doing good. Their very presence was a benediction.

It was largely through Mrs. Spaulding's efforts that the first Baptist meeting-house in Houlton was built. Among the wealthy business men of Bangor were some of her former pupils, to whom she unfolded her plans. From them she collected the first money for the building of the church. With this she purchased the lot and logs for the lumber. With the completion of the building and a settled pastor in Houlton, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding were somewhat relieved of their active labors.

Mr. Spaulding failing in health, Mrs. Spaulding had the great privilege of "having him to herself," and of caring for him through a prolonged illness.

She survived him only a few years, and when she too went home, it was reverently said:

> This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.
>
> And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.

Rev. Cazneau Palfrey was for many years pastor of the Unitarian church at Belfast. The state conference was holding its annual session in the city. It was a large gathering. At the close of the afternoon service Mr. Palfrey, in the most cordial and impressive manner, invited all ministers and their wives and the delegates to take supper at the parsonage. This was the first intimation that Ann Crosby Palfrey, his wife, had of his intention. There was not much time for preparation. The guests might reach her home before she could get there.

Her feelings are better imagined than described. She smiled sweetly, but her friends were not slow to interpret the inner conflict between the housekeeper and the minister's wife; but every woman-heart of her parish was beating in sympathy with hers.

When did Maine women ever fail to rally to the

aid of their minister's wife in such an emergency? Mrs. Eliza Simonton White, whose home was opposite the parsonage, knew the condition of her neighbor's larder. At her suggestion the women were soon on their way to Mrs. Palfrey's home well laden with food from their own households. An hour later when the guests arrived they were welcomed by the hostess and her two daughters.

When the good minister led his company into the dining-room the well-filled tables abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season were no surprise to him. He never questioned the source.

It never dawned upon his consciousness that he was not fed like the prophet of old — by the ravens, and to the end of his life he never dreamed of the shock sustained by every woman of his parish at his untimely hospitality.

Sarah Clement, wife of the Rev. William Fessenden, of Fryeburg, Maine, was the daughter of Samuel Clement, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, where she was born April 6, 1752, O. S. She died in Portland, Maine, at the residence of her son, General Samuel Fessenden, April 7, 1835. In early life she went to Dunbarton, New Hampshire, to live with an uncle, Caleb Page, a man of note

and property for that day. Here she met her husband, who had gone there to preach, and there married him, August 4, 1774. In that year a body of pioneers had begun a settlement in the wilderness in what is now the beautiful town of Fryeburg. The settlers invited her husband to become their minister the following year, 1775. He accepted, and remained their pastor till his death in 1805.

The early years of his ministry were full of toil, hardships and privation, and imposed heavy burdens upon the young wife. Their house was built in the fashion of that day, two rooms and an entry in front, with a large kitchen and small bedroom in the rear. The kitchen, with its big fireplace, and oven on one side, was the living-room. It had its settle, where one could keep warm in the coldest weather. Here she sewed in the evening by the light of a pine torch — all the light they had, and here her husband wrote his sermons, while she sewed or spun. Behind was the dresser, with its shining pewter plates, the round table with its six legs. The dish on which the food was served was a huge pewter platter, which was afterward used in the house of one of her children, as a cover for the flour barrel.

Most of the garments were of home manufac-

ture. She spun the nicest thread, and one of her grandchildren still preserves an apron of Madam Fessenden's spinning.

In this house she bore her husband the large family of nine children, besides performing her domestic duties, rearing her children, and assisting her husband in his parish. She had no help except such as was occasionally rendered by a neighbor or friend.

The work was hard and the fare scanty, but with all the privations she did not neglect the education of her children. She taught them all to read, and to love to read and study. One who knew her said she was a born teacher. Though not having the early mental training and education of her husband, her excellent sense, native good taste and great intellectual powers soon made her a woman of cultivated mind, while her strong character made her a fit helpmate for a pioneer clergyman.

Left a widow with a large family, under trying circumstances, she reared her children in the highest principles, the accomplishments of a liberal education and the training for laborious and useful lives. Two of her sons were graduated at Dartmouth and one at Bowdoin College. All of her descendants felt the profoundest reverence for her

strong and beautiful character. Willis, the historian, speaks of her as "the wise and genial woman."

Senator Fessenden, her grandson, looked up to her with the warmest affection and respect. How she performed her part toward her children in what was a frontier village may be seen from a description of her oldest daughter in an oration delivered concerning its history:

> Reared in the wilderness, with few schools, and constantly employed in domestic concerns, what could you expect and what do you find? A mind of great native strength, well trained, and cultivated with history, theology, biography and poetry; familiar with Milton, Thomson, Young, Pope and Shakespeare. To the question, How is this possible? I answer, that her mother, Madam Fessenden, had an herculean mind, and left its impress on her offspring. To originality, strength, and vigor of intellect in her was added a taste for poetry and music, with a melodious voice of great compass. In the family circle was the best training for children and youth, the father, a warm-hearted, educated, gentlemanly man, gifted with unusual skill in leading and teaching the inquiring mind. At an early age, in addition to common studies, the children became historians, biographers, geographers, and even theologians, and mostly acquired in their leisure from their domestic and agricultural employments, not from books only, but from the oral communications of their parents.

In her old age she would teach her grandchildren to recite poetry, and would have them dance while she sang for them. On Sundays she in-

structed them in the catechism. Her memory was prodigious, and she could repeat all the psalms and hymns used in public worship. Milton was one of her favorite poets. In personal appearance she was tall and commanding, with a courteous manner, which she retained even to old age; bright gray-blue eyes, a fair complexion, and an uncommonly fine head. She was eminently religious, an omnivorous reader, yet the Bible was her companion, and daily she "entered into her closet."

The affection which this remarkable woman inspired is seen in an extract from a letter written to her by her husband on hearing she had been ill:

My Dear Companion: — Thou whom next to heaven I love. I received your kind letter yesterday, but how can I express the concern I have on account of the ill state of your health. Oh, my Sally, what is the matter with you? All that you say in your letter about your health is, that you are in a poor state. Why, oh why, did you leave me on the rack! Oh, my Sally, you can't think what anxiety of mind I am in on account of your health — that health which is so dear to me. Did you but know how much I prize you, how much I love you, you would not wonder at my uneasiness of mind when I hear that you, the beloved of my soul, are unwell. To hear that you were so well as that you were spinning, is no alleviation of my uneasiness, because I fear you spin when you are unable. Is my charmer in a poor state of health? Oh, that God in his infinite wisdom would appear to you, and remove

your illness, and restore you to health again! My mind is so perplexed I do not know what to do. One time I think I will set off and come to you immediately. My dearest wife, I charge you as you value my love to be careful of yourself. Don't be so intent on work, for I had rather go out to day labor and procure a maintenance for you, than to have you worry yourself when you are unwell. Oh, be careful of yourself, do everything that you think would be for your health. Spare no cost for anything you want, if it is comfortable. Oh, my Sally, my tenderest esteem and truest love you have, and my prayer to God is that this letter may find you well, and your love to me unaltered. I subscribe myself as I really am, your affectionate, and constant, and loving husband,

WILLIAM FESSENDEN.

The husband of this noble woman has been described in publications concerning Fryeburg as generous and hospitable to a fault. "He ever kept open doors, and always bade a hearty welcome to all the hospitalities he was able to furnish, not merely to acquaintances and friends, but to the stranger and passing traveler, and all who sought a temporary asylum under his roof." But it should be remembered that if the husband welcomed the stranger and the wanderer to his house, it fell to the wife to provide them with food and a resting-place. The care and the labor fell upon the helpmate.

Their hospitality is proved by the following incident. The family had been living for some weeks

on simple and meager fare. It was at last resolved to have a feast by sacrificing all that was left of their flock of fowls, a solitary rooster. Just as he was prepared for the oven, a minister and his wife appeared. The children were told that their guests must be fed first of all. The boys and girls watched the meal from the outside. The rooster gradually disappeared before the good appetites of their guests, until at last one of the boys announced to the others, with a cry of disappointment, "There goes the last drumstick."

The monument erected to her husband and herself bears the following inscription:

SARAH CLEMENT FESSENDEN,

wife of the Rev$^{d}$ William Fessenden. Born at Haverhill, Mass., April 6$^{th}$, 1752, O. S. Died at Portland, Maine, April 7$^{th}$, 1835. Endowed with an admirable understanding and warm affections, early impressed by religious truth, and trained in the practice of Christian virtue, she afforded through life a bright example of all that is excellent in woman. A blessing to her husband, her children and her children's children, loving and beloved to the last, she left of herself only the most refreshing memories.

Indulgent memory wakes, and lo, they live.

# MOTHERS OF LONGFELLOW

# XVI

## MOTHERS OF LONGFELLOW

ELIZABETH BARTLETTE WARDSWORTH.

ZILPAH WARDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LUCIA WARDSWORTH.

*She lives whom we call dead.*

LONGFELLOW.

ELIZABETH BARTLETTE was a Plymouth girl with a line of ancestors centering in the Mayflower. In her veins flowed the blood of John Alden and Elder Brewster.

When Peleg Wardsworth, after graduating at Harvard, taught school in Plymouth, only a short distance from his home at Duxbury, it was but natural that he should marry Elizabeth Bartlette.

Mrs. Henrietta Rowe, in her recent New England stories, has reviewed some of the experiences of Elizabeth Bartlette Wardsworth. The Portland Daughters of the Revolution have perpetuated her memory in the Elizabeth Wardsworth Chapter.

After the defeat of the Penobscot expedition in 1779, General Peleg Wardsworth was entrusted with the command of the entire District of Maine. He established his headquarters at Thomaston, having a garrison of six hundred soldiers. Mrs. Wardsworth must have joined her husband the following summer, 1780. She brought with her three children, the youngest a babe in arms, born in Boston, September 21, 1779.

She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Fenno, of Boston. They were brave women, familiar with the scenes of pioneer life. They had experienced Lexington and Bunker Hill. Mrs. Wardsworth had joined her husband, not to be cared for, but to aid and comfort him in the trying duties that devolved upon him. From her we learn how greatly distressed General Wardsworth was at being obliged to execute the penalty of the law in the case of Baum, who was hanged at Thomaston for aiding Tories to escape to Castine.

The term of service of his soldiers having expired, General Wardsworth was left with a garrison of only six men, intending to take his family to Boston in a few days. This information having reached the commander of the fort at Castine, he sent a party of twenty-five men to capture him. He was surprised, wounded, and taken prisoner in the night, February 18, 1780.

Mrs. Wardsworth concealed her three children so adroitly in the bed that, though bullets were fired in every direction and the bed searched by the soldiers, they were unharmed. Zilpah Wardsworth, afterward Mrs. Longfellow, was one of the babies in the bed when it was poked over by British bayonets. She was three years old at the time. Mrs. Pierce recalls hearing her mother tell the story as she learned it from her mother, Elizabeth Wadsworth.

General Wardsworth bravely defended his home until he was wounded in the arm; he then surrendered and was hurried away in the darkness. Mrs. Wardsworth sustained her husband through the sad parting, though she was denied the privilege of caring for his wounded arm. Neither of them then knew the fate of the children, whether they were alive even or not. It was two weeks before General Wardsworth could learn of their safety. Though she might never see him again, Elizabeth Wardsworth could not linger to watch the disappearance of her husband, as he was torn from his devastated home. The groans of the dying soldiers, the cry of the children, demanded immediate service. The windows of the house had been shattered, the doors burst from their hinges, the floor covered with blood, and to her dismay she discovered her home was on fire.

With all her added cares Mrs. Wardsworth, determined to visit her husband at Castine, where he was imprisoned. After four months the commander of the fort yielded to her importunity.

Accompanied by her friend, Miss Fenno, she remained at Fort George, Castine, two weeks, and there learned that her husband was not to be exchanged, as she had so fondly hoped, but to be taken a prisoner to England. She was not allowed to convey this intelligence to him, but bore the bitter parting for his sake with true heroism.

It was the purport of her mission to Fort George to ascertain the fate of her husband. We may be very sure that it was through her efforts that a vessel from Boston, with a flag of truce, was sent soon after by the governor, asking for the exchange of General Wardsworth, and offering a large sum of money for his release. All their efforts were unavailing. General Wardsworth and Major Benjamin Burton, who were confined in the same room, soon became aware of their fate. If sent to London they felt sure death awaited them. They effected their escape and after many perils found their way to Thomaston, in June, 1780.

After the Revolution, General Wardsworth and family made their home in Portland. He built the first brick house in Portland, 1785 and 1786. In

this house, still standing on Congress Street, centered much of the refinement and culture of the social life of that period.

General Wardsworth subsequently purchased a large tract of land in what is now the town of Hiram. Here he built a fine house which is well preserved to-day. He moved his family to Hiram in 1807.

General and Mrs. Wardsworth identified themselves with all the religious, educational and philanthropic movements for the advancement of the social life of the community. They were much loved and respected.

In the small cemetery on the home farm, Elizabeth Bartlette Wardsworth was laid to rest in 1825, General Wardsworth survived his wife only four years. Of their eleven children eight outlived the parents.

Zilpah Wardsworth Longfellow was well mothered, inheriting cheerfulness and fortitude. Born in Duxbury, Massachusetts, January 6, 1778. She was seven years old when the family came to Portland.

We have but few glimpses of her girlhood. When a young lady of twenty-one years, she was chosen by the women of Portland to present a banner to the first uniformed company of Maine.

The company was drawn up in front of her home on Congress Street for the occasion.

From this home, Zilpah Wardsworth was married to Stephen Longfellow in 1804, and to it, four years later, she returned with her two children, her father's family having moved to Hiram.

To her father's country seat, Zilpah Wardsworth Longfellow often took her children. Her letters written at this time show how truly she was in sympathy with nature in all its aspects. She would sit by a window during a thunder storm and enjoy the excitement of its splendor.

She was a constant reader of the Bible, and was especially fond of the Psalms. She commended religion by her daily walk and conversation. Familiar with military scenes in her childhood, she had no liking for war, and ever advocated peace.

Samuel Longfellow speaks of his mother as beautiful in her youth and retaining her beauty through years of invalidism, "fond of music and poetry; a kind friend and neighbor; a devoted mother to her children whose confidant she was; the sharer of their little secrets and their joys; the ready comforter of their troubles, and the patient corrector of their faults."

Her sister, Lucia Wardsworth, lived with her and was like a second mother to her children.

She is remembered by the elderly people of Portland to-day for her quiet, unostentatious manner.

Mrs. Annie Longfellow Pierce, daughter of Zilpah Longfellow and youngest sister of the poet, the only one of the family still living in the old homestead, very kindly told the writer of her sweet and gentle mother. Mrs. Pierce loved to recall her devotion to her children.

She said it was her mother's habit to go out to meet her children on their return from school, that she might know the character of the children with whom they associated. She looked well to their studies, educating them not only in classic English, but in French, being herself a fine French scholar.

In one of her letters to her brother, Mrs. Longfellow, speaking of her little Henry, then eight months old, said: "Just like all children you will say. No doubt of it, but it is the same to parents as if their child was the first in the world."

"First in the world" seems almost prophetic when we contemplate this same Henry, the first poet of America, given a place in the Poets' Corner of Westminister Abbey, loved alike in Maine, America, England and the world.

# TEMPERANCE REFORM

# XVII

## TEMPERANCE REFORM

*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* GAL. 6: 7.
*Touch not; taste not; handle not.* COL. 2: 21.

THE heroism of the Maine women impresses itself upon us when we realize to what an extent intemperance prevailed among the early pioneers. There were dark shadows over their homes. Mr. Elwell, in his History of Maine, tells us:

> The evil was confined to no class of society. The high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, fell victims to the insidious habit, and the brightest and most promising young men of the community were destroyed body and soul by it.

The launching of a vessel was usually a gala-day, and an ample supply of intoxicants was provided. The bottle was thought to be indispensable at all gatherings for cooperative work, as at raisings, huskings, log-rollings and rafting timber.

In a bill of expenses incurred at an ordination in the vicinity of Kittery, there are charged eight quarts of rum and two of brandy for the clergy.

The picture seems almost too dark when we learn that even funerals were made the occasion for circulating the intoxicating cup.

The Maine mothers brought their innate temperance principles to their forest homes. Women very early in the history of the state banished the decanter from the sideboards; refused, from principle, to offer wine to their guests, and substituted coffee and other nourishing drinks for intoxicants at raisings, huskings, and other gatherings.

There are many indications of a temperance renaissance beginning soon after Maine became a state. This was principally instituted and carried on by the women, though their influence was not then acknowledged.

The mothers of Maine anticipated the great Washingtonian movement of 1840.

The first temperance society organized in Industry was composed entirely of lady members from Industry and adjoining towns. Though the exact date of its formation is not known, it is probable that this society existed prior to 1829.

The following extract from the constitution of this society is an interesting study:

We will discountenance all addresses from any of the male sex, with a view to matrimony, if they shall be known to drink spirits, either periodically or on any public occasion.

We, as mothers, daughters and sisters, will use our influence to prevent the marriage of our friends with a man who shall habitually drink any of the ardent spirit.

Ladies' Aid and other temperance societies were established by the women in various parts of the state. There was organized in Winthrop a Martha Washington Society and a Division of the Daughters of Temperance, which rendered valuable aid in the cause of temperance.

The Hon. Neal Dow assured the writer that he inherited his temperance principles from his mother. Dorcas Allen Dow was a temperance woman.

The Dows were Quakers, and every month at the public meeting they were interrogated with: "Are Friends careful to abstain from intoxicating drinks except for a medicine?"

When young people, Neal Dow and his two sisters, Emma and Harriet, were to give a party to return the courtesy of their many young friends. The youngest sister proposed that they have no wine. The brother and older sister were very much perplexed over it, fearing it might do more harm than good, and were afraid their friends would think it shabby. The youngest sister settled it by saying:

"No matter what others may think, let us do what we think is right, and not be troubled about what people will say."

Their example was followed in many of the homes of Portland, and the young people never had occasion to regret this initiatory step in temperance reform. To their knowledge their course was never criticized. The custom was never departed from in the household.

Mrs. Cornelia Durant Dow was a woman of rare executive ability. She was an efficient manager, and for many years treasurer of the Old Ladies' Home of Portland. She identified herself with the philanthropic and temperance work of her husband, giving to him her fullest sympathy.

The women of Allen's Mills organized a Ladies' Temperance Band. It was a large society. Mrs. Elbridge Gerry was chaplain. They made a specialty of administering to the sick and needy. They worked in every line of the philanthropies of that day. Mrs. Susan Norton and Elizabeth Allen were active workers.

Many women were members of a temperance society organized in Wilton in the twenties, of whom Mary M. Allen is the only member living. Though now in her eighty-third year she recalls

that the women were asked to place their names upon the pledge; but it was not thought proper for them to have any part officially. They were to be lay members. Betsey Robbins was a member of this society.

Sarah Sutherland and William Johnston were married at their home in Miramachi, New Brunswick, and came to the States on the Sandy River. Here six children were born to them. They subsequently lived in Woodstock, New Brunswick, but settled in the Aroostook, at Fort Fairfield.

Mrs. Johnston knew all the hardships and deprivations of a pioneer life. Their house became the travelers' home, and none were refused entrance. She was often called upon to administer to the sick and suffering. Her services were never withheld, even from the most repulsive case. The drunken debauchee was cared for with all a mother's tenderness. She taught temperance by her deeds of love and mercy as well as by precept.

She was mother of ten children. Her daughter, Mrs. Agnes C. Paul, inherits much of her mother's fortitude. She is known throughout the state as a temperance worker and philanthropist.

Mrs. Susan Merrill of Buxton was an earnest advocate of temperance. She often spoke at the

schoolhouse. She was fearless in her denunciation of the evil of intemperance, and moved her audience by her eloquent appeals. In religion she was a Baptist.

During one of her addresses some boys annoyed her by laughing. She afterward learned that they understood her to say alcohorn for alcohol. When an opportunity presented itself, she assured the boys it was not an unsuitable name, for it had hooked many a man into the gutter.

One of the most effective agencies of the Washingtonian movement in Maine was the Martha Washington Cooperative Society. The Marthas were auxiliaries to the Washingtonian Society. They were very general throughout the state. The Martha Washington Society at Harrington was formed in 1842 and has continued to the present time. It celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1892. The meetings were held at first monthly, afterward fortnightly. It was a sewing and knitting circle, and has been through all the phases of a village improvement society. They built the sidewalks, purchased a hearse, and in many ways made themselves helpful in the community, besides establishing and sustaining a circulating library. The society very soon partook

of a literary nature. Readers were appointed at each meeting for the next. Addresses were given at stated times.

The following extracts are taken from the constitution of this society.

It shall be the duty of every member of this Society to present to the world an example of practical temperance and to labor for the good and promotion of Washingtonian temperance by principle.

Nothing of a party or sectarian nature shall be introduced into the deliberations of this Society.

The meetings shall be opened by reading a portion of the Bible and closed by singing.

A part of the address of the first president, Ruby Strout Coffin, given at the home of Mrs. Sophia Wilson, March 1, 1843, is appended below:

Let us picture to ourselves the situation of the inebriate's wife. Perhaps no being in the universe excites more pity than she. Doubtless she left her youthful home with high hopes and anticipations as bright as those who have escaped the vortex of intemperance. She entrusted her future happiness, her all, to one who promised to protect her through all the vicissitudes of life; but, alas, intemperance came in an unexpected hour and marked him for its prey. Imagine for a moment the feelings of that disconsolate wife, where now can she look for happiness and consolation. Her paternal roof no longer shelters her.

In the presence of this degraded lump of humanity, by intemperance made lower than the brute, with no kind voice to

salute her ear, or friend to sympathize with her, I ask can there be a more unhappy being in the universe? Those who have escaped this dreadful evil have reason for gratitude. We who have sons coming on the stage of action cannot train them too closely in the paths of temperance. Many a mother has looked upon her son with fond hopes that he would be the support of her declining years, but before she was aware, intemperance, the foe to human happiness, had been undermining her future prospects, and marked this intelligent youth for his own, leaving the devoted mother to mourn over the vices of a degraded son. Who can portray the anguish of her widowed heart?

Another grand object of this society is to benefit ourselves and children in after years. Perhaps there is no greater source from which we can derive benefit than a library. Who among us does not wish to stow her mind with useful knowledge? Information is valuable. Who does not admire a fine conversationalist? Should we succeed in our efforts to procure a library our children and a generation yet unborn will reap the reward of our doings.

There is something satisfactory in the thought, that when we are slumbering in the dust the succeeding generation will share the benefit and profit by the zeal manifested by this benevolent society.

In later years the women have been identified with all temperance movement.

The most aggressive work has been carried on through the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which very early in its history found able advocates in Maine.

The national society had hardly completed its

organization before the Maine women fell into line. The first state president was Mrs. Ruth S. Allen. She was succeded by Mrs. Susan M. Sargeant.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who had served as treasurer, was made the third president. She has continued with increasing popularity to the present time.

Mrs. Stevens was born in Dover. Her family name was Ames. She was educated at the Foxcroft Academy and Westbrook Seminary; was a teacher for several years; married Michael Titcomb Stevens in 1865. They made their home at the old homestead in Stroudwater. Here their only child, Gertrude, was born, and received the most careful training of a devoted mother.

Mrs. Stevens is a systematic housekeeper, entering into all the details of her household. She entertains with a generous hospitality. She has taken to her home and heart many homeless children. She is identified with the state philanthropies, and has filled many positions of trust in the state and nation. She is an untiring worker, a keen observer, an independent thinker, a devoted wife and mother. She is loved best by those who know her best.

# ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENT

# XVIII

# ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENT

*Mere surface shadow and sunshine!*
*While the sounding unifies all.*
*One love, one hope, one duty theirs,*
*No matter the time or ken.*
*There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men.*

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

*With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ESTHER WELD was born in Livermore. As a girl she evinced great interest in the question of slavery. She married E. P. Gibbs of Peru and found in the husband of her choice a warm sympathizer with her antislavery principles.

In 1853 a Ladies' Antislavery Society was formed at Peru, of which Mrs. Gibbs was made president. During the following two years, other societies were formed in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Franklin, Kennebec, Oxford, Somerset and

York counties, Mrs. Gibbs giving herself freely to the work wherever called. She addressed meetings at Sanford and Readfield. Conventions were held at New Portland, Milton and Peru, at all of which she presided and delivered addresses.

July 3, 1854, delegates from these societies met upon the camp-ground at East Livermore and organized a state Antislavery Society, of which Esther Gibbs was made president. On the following day, July 4, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Gibbs, was held one of the most notable gatherings ever convened in the groves of Maine. It was the first political meeting in the state at which a woman presided and was its acknowledged leader.

Mrs. Gibbs introduced Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who at that time was claimed as a Maine woman, having resided at Brunswick long enough to gain citizenship. There were present also the Rev. D. B. Randall, Prof. Calvin Stowe, Austin Willey, Dr. Pearson Peck, United States Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire, a colored orator named Gloster, and other leading abolitionists of that day. Many are now living who recall the enthusiasm of the occasion and the grace and dignity of the presiding officer.

February 22, 1855, the Ladies' Antislavery So-

ciety held a great convention in Winthrop Hall, Augusta, which was crowded to suffocation. Mrs. Gibbs was in the chair, and introduced as speaker, Miss Watkins, a colored woman, now famous as Mrs. Francis Watkins Harper, the national superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union work among colored people. The notable antislavery men and women of the state were present. The following day Mrs. Gibbs, in behalf of the Ladies' Antislavery Society, presented the governor of the state, the Hon. Anson P. Morrill, a very large and rich cake.

The Ladies' Antislavery Society existed in more or less activity till 1856, when its special work was adopted by the leading political party of the state.

It must have been the spirit of freedom which has always actuated the Maine people, that inspired Mrs. Stowe to write that "Evangel of Freedom," Uncle Tom's Cabin, of which Macaulay said: "It is the most important book of American literature." Mrs. Stowe said of the book:

> I could not control this story, it wrote itself. The Lord himself wrote it. I was but the humble instrument in his hands.

The inspiration for the great work came to Mrs. Stowe while seated at the communion service in the college chapel at Brunswick.

Elizabeth Gordon Pattee, born at Georgetown, Arrowsic Island, February 8, 1772, was a woman of unusual intelligence and force of character. She came of a long line of illustrious ancestors. The family moved to Vassalboro, when there were neither schools nor churches there. Careful instruction at home in all the common branches of study, supplemented by industrial training, fitted Elizabeth for the great work of her life. At Unity, in the midst of the woods, she says, "I taught school six months, enjoying the work, and finding much leisure for reading." Her mind at this time was awakened religiously, and Elizabeth Pattee became an ardent disciple of the Great Teacher and grew in knowledge and grace to the end of her life.

September 31, 1801, she married Rev. Daniel Lovejoy. They made their home in Albion on the old homestead, bordering Lovejoy's Pond. The farm was centrally located for the good minister's work. He was settled over three parishes, preaching in turn from Sunday to Sunday.

On Mrs. Lovejoy, devolved the care of the home and the farm. She was a constant inspiration to her husband, unfolding to him the hidden truths of the Bible as she read and pondered them in his absence. She knew the sacred book by heart, and

brought up her five sons and two daughters in compliance with its teachings. Four of her sons became clergymen and three famous abolitionists when to suggest a belief that slavery was wrong was heresy.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy gave his life for the principles of freedom taught him by his mother.

In her advanced life, Mrs. Lovejoy made her home in Princeton, Illinois, with her son Owen Lovejoy, who served his country as an antislavery leader in Congress during the stormy debates before the civil war. In his mother, he always found a wise counselor and deferred to her judgment.

The impression she made upon the grandchildren fortunate enough to remember her was wonderful, showing that she retained her remarkable personality to the last. It was not the slightest use for her gay young brood to hide their catechisms, for if she could find no book, suspecting the state of affairs, she would say mildly: "Never mind, children, I think I remember all the questions." Mrs. Lovejoy was slow to chide, tender hearted, full of thoughtful charity for all. Her granddaughter, Caro Lovejoy Andrews, unites with her many friends in bestowing upon her to-day the beautiful commendation of Scripture: — "Her price is far above rubies."

The Friends have always been advocates of reform. Men and women equally protested against slavery. Among those of Portland who were identified with the antislavery movement were several young women whose names should be written in the annals of history: Emma and Harriet Dow, Miriam and Ruth Hussey, Maria and Phebe Cobb.

A mother of Maine who "builded well" in the superstructure of state was Mrs. Elizabeth Widgery Thomas, born in New Gloucester, 1779, she possessed great personal beauty, a keen wit and a logical mind capable of comprehending the affairs of home and of state. She became the wife of Elias Thomas of Portland, September 26, 1802. Dr. Deane in his diary speaks of her as "the excellent mother of a large family of children."

Mrs. Thomas interested herself in private and public charities. Her home, her church, and her state received her first care but she was broad enough to take in with heartfelt sympathy all humanity. A colaborer with Garrison, Pillsbury, Phillips and all connected with the great antislavery conflict, her home became an important station of the underground railroad system. Many a fugitive slave did she shelter and assist on the

way to Canada. From her door in the darkness of the night, with money and food, they went forth to freedom.

In religion Mrs. Thomas was a Unitarian. Her creed was a living one, which expressed itself in food for the hungry and clothes for the naked, with a helping hand to all.

She was a fearless woman. In the stormy anti-slavery discussions she was known to take her place beside the speakers, protecting them from violence by her presence, which even the mob respected.

Mrs. Thomas had no sympathy with the maudlin sentimentality that good mothers ought not to attend to any work outside of their homes. She found time to rear her large family, help the world and cultivate her mind. It was her habit to inform herself in current events and practical economics. She argued that women should keep themselves in touch with literary and business affairs. She abhorred laziness. Her children and grandchildren were all taught to repeat:

Lose this day loitering,
'Twill be the same story:
To-morrow, and the next day
Only more dilatory.
This indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated.
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

Elizabeth Widgery Thomas inherited humor, tact and daring from her father, William Widgery. He was a judge of the Common Pleas and was elected to Congress in 1811. For his independent position in the war of 1812, he was mobbed at Newburyport. When a demand was made for his life, he came forward and said: "Gentlemen! Fire! Here is old Widgery's head! Take it!" They were so struck with awe at his courage that they did not fire, but dispersed without violence.

The descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have filled places of responsibility in the legal and medical profession; won distinction in mercantile pursuits, and have often been called to places of honor in the political affairs of their native city. All are highly musical. Their daughter, Elizabeth Thomas Varnum, the mother of twelve children, still resides in Portland, where through her long life, she has been doing good in quiet ways.

Of Mrs. Varnum it can be said her life has been one continuous song. Though an octogenarian, she still finds pleasure in her piano recitals. It is

her habit to entertain her friends and amuse herself daily with the sweet "concord of sound" that only those who are "born to music" can render.

Miss Charlotte J. Thomas exemplifies her mother's teachings in her fearlessness for the right. She is fond of the opera and the drama. Her home is a resort for all music-loving people. Her hospitality is unaffected and cordial. As a girl she was in full sympathy with the antislavery principles of her mother, and to-day advocates equal rights regardless of color or sex.

Miss Thomas is an optimist. In Women's Clubs she sees the evolution of women from petty narrowness into broader and higher thought. It would seem that she herself has discovered the fountain of perennial youth.

Mrs. Lydia Neal Dennett was born at Eliot in 1798. She was educated in a Quaker home; married Oliver Dennett and afterward lived in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Dennett were among the pioneers of the antislavery movement in Portland.

They were personal friends of Garrison, Parker, Phillips, Douglass, the Pillsburys, and many other abolitionists to whom their home was always open.

On the occasion of a lecture by the antislavery apostle, as he was termed, Stephen S. Foster, when

excitement ran high and mob violence forced him through the window of the church in which he attempted to speak, Mrs. Dennett walked on one side of him and Mrs. Elias Thomas on the other, and succeeded in escorting him to a place of safety, though his coat was badly torn from him. He was taken to the Chase House next door to the First Parish church. So violent had been the assault upon him he was prostrated, but afterward taken to the home of Mrs. Dennett, where he was carefully nursed by his wife, Abbey Kelley Foster.

Ellen Crafts, the mulatto woman, who with her colored husband was rescued from slavery, was sent from Boston to Mrs. Dennett. Mrs. Crafts found her way from the South, having her right hand bandaged so that she might not be obliged to register at the hotels. She passed off her husband as her servant. Mrs. Dennett secured their passage on the first steamer that ever sailed from Portland to England. Mrs. Crafts became the protégé of some of the nobility of England, was finely educated and after the war returned to her native land.

Mrs. Dennett's home was on Spring Street not far from Park. It was a well-known station in the underground railway system that became so effective in assisting slaves to freedom. They were

sure of rest and protection here. If search was instituted for them they were kept concealed until the excitement was over, and on some dark and stormy night started on their way with ample provision for their journey. A closed carriage with a fine pair of horses was kept by the antislavery society for this purpose.

Mrs. Dennett was left a widow in 1852. She continued her interest in philanthropy and all forms of advance for women. She died in 1881.

In appearance Mrs. Dennett was a stately woman. She was remarkable as a conversationalist; expressed herself clearly; argued eloquently; was the equal of men and women of mark. She was a fine story-teller, and possessed an unconscious power of personation that made her a rare entertainer. Whittier was among her personal friends.

# MOTHERS IN ISRAEL

# XIX

## MOTHERS IN ISRAEL

*To see her is to love her.*

BURNS.

THE Maine women were deeply versed in the Bible. They taught it to their children and gave it to their sons on leaving home, as the Spartan mother gave the shield — "With it my son." John S. C. Abbott relates that it was the presentation of a Bible by his mother as he was leaving home, that led him to become a student of the sacred volume.

Mrs. Nancy Nichols was a conspicuous figure in the early history of Monmouth. She came from New Hampshire, accompanying her husband all the way on horseback, as so many of the pioneer women delighted to do. She adopted the religious views of Jesse Lee, who visited Maine as a

missionary in 1793. She joined the first Methodist class formed in Monmouth, and for twenty years was its leader, walking circumspectly before her little flock, who learned from her example that Christianity is essentially life — the living life of consecrated men and women. She was the mother of thirteen children, and lived to be ninety-three years old. Among her many descendants are John Palmer and M. G. Palmer, well-known business men of Portland. Her daughter, Miss Irene Nichols, was the heroine of the romance, "The Kennebec Factory Girl in the Hall of the Montezumas."

Early in the century some German capitalists came to Mexico, to engage in the business of raising cotton and manufacturing it into cloth. They brought their machinery with them, but sought among the intelligent operatives of New England factories for teachers to instruct the native peons. Irene Nichols went to Mexico in the service of this company. She is described as a girl of fine physique, superior intelligence, fearless and level-headed. Among the company was a young German bookkeeper, very proud of his ancient family name, Houschild. He soon became interested in this Maine girl, as she unhesitatingly and in a true womanly manner performed her duties at the mill.

In the darkest night and the bright daylight,
In earth and sea and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will love be lurking nigh.

WILLIS.

Young Houschild was finally accepted as the lover of Irene Nichols, but to their great disappointment they learned that the marriage ceremony could not be solemnized in the land unless the parties embraced the Catholic religion. In this dilemma Irene Nichols announced her purpose to visit her home in Monmouth, having been absent several years.

Her affianced husband, with a mounted guard, escorted her a distance of seven hundred miles to Vera Cruz, placing her on board a vessel, generously feeing the officer to whose care he consigned her.

Few young ladies to-day would, perhaps, have undertaken a journey under such circumstances. But Irene Nichols had plans that she did not unfold. How honorably to marry the man of her choice was the one problem over which she brooded. That was not the day of telegraphs or telephones, but she had plans of a marriage by proxy, and left no stone unturned to effect it. After visiting her friends at home she went to

Philadelphia. Having thoroughly studied the question, and having had all the necessary papers made out for the marriage, accompanied by a friend who stood as a representative of her intended husband, she went to the altar and registered her marriage vows. She then took her bridal trip alone to Vera Cruz, where she was met by her husband, and escorted in triumph to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Houschild spent many happy years in Mexico. Three beautiful daughters came to gladden their home. The family subsequently moved to New Jersey, where Mrs. Houschild, an octogenarian, still resides.

Mrs. Nancy Woodward Caldwell is remembered to-day for her consistent Christian character. Her grandchildren have published to her memory a tribute of love in the little volume entitled, "Walking with God." Her parents were pioneers of the Maine wilderness. She married William Caldwell at the age of nineteen, and for sixty-three years they lived their peaceful lives in the town of Oxford.

Her struggle with herself in erecting her family altar; the happy cooperation of her husband; the lighting of the sacred fire that never went out in

their home, is all simply told by herself in her diary kept through many years.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Caldwell made her home with Doctor and Mrs. Clark of Portland, where she lingered only a few years. During her last sickness, when asked by Doctor Clark if her sufferings were mental, she replied, "Oh, no! not a doubt or a fear. I have not served God seventy years to have Him forsake me at the last."

Anna Leland Adams of Bangor was one of the "Mothers in Israel" who greatly aided in building up the Congregational church. Hers was a quiet, pure life, best known within the limits of her home, but whose Christian example was a blessing to the community in which she lived. She had a sweet voice, and was much loved by the circle of friends who gathered about her as she led them in song.

Mrs. Thomas Bartlette was one of the leaders in the early church history of Bangor. She had set apart for the social prayer-meeting one of the rooms of her house, which stood where the First National Bank now stands on Exchange Street. When the red-coated officers searched her house

for concealed arms, she had fastened the door of this room as a place too sacred for the ravages of the plundering soldiers. But as she obeyed the command to open it she said: "You will find here an old Bible, a few hymn books, and the sword of the Spirit."

Mrs. Coombs of Bangor is held in loving remembrance for her many Christian virtues. She felt a personal responsibility for the Christian development of the young women of the community. With the aid of her sister, known as Aunt Sarah Harrod, she was wont to gather the girls into a mission school. She cut and prepared the garments and led them through the intricacies of over-and-over, back stitching, felling and gathering. She instructed them to take great care in putting the needle in, but to pull it out quickly. Her pupils recall that she taught them to save four stitches in putting in a gusset. 'T is said of these two sisters: "They grew handsome as they grew old."

Dorcas Lord, mother of General Hodsden, was an eminently pious woman, and her long life was full of good deeds.

The grateful children of Mrs. Eliza Otis Howard Gilmore have compiled to her memory a pamphlet, "Our Mother." The Rev. Roland B. Howard and General Oliver O. Howard are among her honored sons. Of how many mothers, as of her, can it be said:

> As to the sacred and persistent heroism of her life, her sons and daughters, whom she reared and trained and imbued with her own spirit, are her witnesses.

In the bitterly cold month of January, 1804, a pioneer family consisting of father, mother and seventeen children, took the wearisome journey from Raymond, New Hampshire, to Cornville, Maine. Their principal means of transportation were sleds drawn by oxen, and hand-sleds, which could be used to much better advantage at this season of the year. We have no record of the long weary days and nights this shelterless, fearless family toiled on, neither can we imagine how it was possible for Ruth and Samuel Fogg to care for the family during the journey. Sixteen of these children lived to be heads of families, the eight sons attaining to an average age of sixty-six and one-half years, the eight daughters to seventy and one-half years.

The baby of the household, Nancy Fogg, was

four years old when the family settled in Cornville. In 1828 she married Benjamin McDaniels who died in 1878. Left a widow and bereaved of a much-loved son, at the age of eighty, Nancy McDaniels kissed the rod and, like Deborah, sung praise to the Lord the God of Israel. She was truly a "mother in Israel," loved in the community by those who knew her best for her Christian faith exemplified in noble deeds.

Her daughter, Mrs. John E. Palmer of Portland, is well known as state regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.

At Maplewood farm in Strong, one may hear to-day the simple story of the life of Eleanor Fossett, who married David Hunter, in Bristol, in 1796, and accompanied him through the wilderness to their future home. Here for more than three-quarters of a century they together wrought out the great problem of living.

Mrs. Hunter when young was very handsome and had been well educated. It was the writer's privilege to visit the aged couple when both were nearing the century line. Mrs. Hunter's voice was still musical and her eye had lost none of its brightness. There was a merry twinkle in it as she assured her guests in an undertone that her

husband was getting a little forgetful, for he had hinted, that his wife was older than he. He died at ninety-eight years of age. She outlived him a few years, attaining to nearly the same age. She was the mother of eight children, and beside these she received to her home two girls and two boys to whom she was as mother. On her wedding-day her father presented her with a horse and saddle, on which she rode to Strong. This township had been previously settled by William Reed. There were living within its limits about a dozen families when the three brothers, John, James and David Hunter made their homes there.

When David Hunter first came to Strong the prospect before him was rather discouraging. He sighed:

> Oh! for the breath of the salt sea air
> And a glimpse of the ocean blue.

It is said he would have returned to his friends on the coast, had it not been for the perseverance and courage of his wife.

This seems remarkable when we recall that she had left a luxurious home, and that her sisters had all married sea captains, whom they accompanied on foreign voyages, and that their homes were in striking contrast with her humble cabin. But Eleanor Fossett Hunter had within herself what

was of far more worth than wealth and all its attendant advantages; she had health, a brave heart and a love for independence.

Mrs. Hunter's horse was made to do good service. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter often rode many miles to attend religious service. It was their custom to make an annual visit, on horseback, to Bristol. From these visits Mrs. Hunter usually returned laden with rich stores, which her sisters had brought from foreign lands.

Mrs. Hunter was very fond of company. She often made parties, her guests coming from far and near. She was a provident hostess and her table, decorated with rare old blue china, imported by her friends, was made very attractive with its roast pig, roast goose and "fixings." Her daughter Sally McCleary, now past eighty years, says, "my mother knew how to make her girls work." Her niece speaks of her as "a smart, proud-spirited old lady." She was familiarly known as Aunt Nelly.

Travelers found a resting-place at the Hunter home, and ministers were always welcomed to their open door. The Congregational church of Strong was organized at their home, and was an object of their love and care. It can be truly said of this venerable couple that they did justly, loved mercy

and walked humbly before their God. Their many descendants are known for their lives of virtue and temperance.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were very friendly with the Indians. The state had reserved a lot in the town for Pierpole. He was often visited by his friends who found shelter and food on their way at the Hunter home. Hannah Susup, the wife of Pierpole, though distrustful of the English, had great respect for Mrs. Hunter. One of Hannah's guests had displayed a very beautiful shawl. Hannah at once recognized it as Mrs. Hunter's. She knew its bright colors had proved too great a temptation for the gay-loving squaw. She immediately took it away from her.

In the meantime Mrs. Hunter had missed her shawl and searched her house in vain for it. She valued it much as a gift from her sister. She was pleased to receive it again from the hands of her faithful friend, Hannah Susup.

Mrs. Julia Eastman Stubbs was the daughter of Jane Hiscock and Samuel Eastman. She was born in Strong, in the early part of the present century, one of a family of twelve children. Miss Eastman married Philip M. Stubbs, August 1, 1834. Her husband was a lawyer, a man of influence in the community.

Mrs. Stubbs was of commanding presence, tall, dignified, proud-spirited, but gentle and sympathetic. Her hair was always plain, almost severe, in its smoothness. She wore the surplice waist with white illusion arranged about the neck and throat, which gave a refined softness to her whole attire. To her small white headdress, in later years, she added a touch of lavender.

Mrs. Stubbs endeared herself to young and old. In her home she was queen, but her scepter was love. She was a fine conversationalist, her words and manner being always the reflection of her own affectionate nature. The portrait of "Ma chère mère," drawn by Fredrika Bremer in "The Neighbors," is, to one of her nephews, a striking likeness of Aunt Stubbs.

She died in 1894, surviving her husband but a few years.

Elias and Deborah Barrows Nelson came from Middleboro, Massachusetts, and settled in Winthrop. They were both of sturdy Pilgrim parentage and were religiously educated according to the custom of the times. Their daughter Deborah, was born in Winthrop. In 1820, she married Leonard Norcross. Of her nine children, her three daughters became successful teachers. Two

of her sons entered the ministry of the Congregational church.

Her husband Leonard Norcross, was a skilful mechanic and devised many useful articles, several of which were patented. His submarine dress, now extensively used in all parts of the world, was his chief invention. During his last years he devoted himself to missionary work.

Mrs. Norcross was a woman of great force of character. She loved virtue and truth, and hated most intensely all immorality and deception. She was self-reliant, of keen insight and good judgment. In the vicissitudes of life she never grew impatient or uncharitable, more anxious apparently at all times to promote the happiness of others than to seek her own gratification. She was faithful in every relation of life as daughter, wife, mother and friend. Perhaps her best encomium is the integrity and high moral character of the children she reared. The last years of her life were passed at the home of her son Rev. Flavius V. Norcross of Union.

Her death was a fitting close to her beautiful life, as her spirit winged its flight, those who watched by her bedside heard the testimony so often borne by dying saints. "I have not trusted my Savior so long, to have Him forsake me now."

The many friends of Mrs. Isabel Shapleigh Tobey Knowlton, cherish her name as a sweet memory to-day. She is spoken of in the community and by those who knew her, as one of the sweet singers of Israel; a woman who for the last twenty years of her life lived in serene composure of mind, unruffled by anger or malice.

Isabel Tobey was born in Eliot, where her ancestors for seven generations had lived. Her father was a ship carpenter and assisted in building vessels at Portsmouth. The care of the small farm devolved upon his wife.

In the family of eight children, Isabel was one of the oldest, and was early trained to out-of-door work. With the aid of her sisters she cultivated the garden and raised the flax from which the household linen was made. The girls also tended and cared for the sheep. Maine has had many a lovely shepherdess unchronicled in song. All of the linen and clothing of the family were manufactured from the raw material at home. It was the pride of the mother, that her daughter's wedding outfit should be largely the product of her own hands.

Living on the banks of the Piscataqua, Isabel Knowlton paddled her own canoe. The young ladies often took the products of their garden to

the commercial towns down the river. The girls were also well disciplined in all the domestic arts. The cooking for the family was done over the fire and in the brick oven. Cook-stoves were unknown. The Thanksgiving turkey and spareribs were baked and browned in a tin kitchen before the open fire, and the young lady who did not turn the spit at the right moment was unfortunate.

Notwithstanding the discomforts of sitting through two preaching services in a big, bare meeting-house without any means of heating, in the howling blasts of winter, the children were taken there and regularly disciplined to endure the Sunday worship. In this case it may be questioned if "the winds were tempered to the shorn lambs."

Isabel was married to James Knowlton, February 24, 1821. She was the mother of nine children. Upon the death of her oldest daughter she took to her home and heart the orphaned babe and tenderly reared it to womanhood.

Mrs. Knowlton united with the Methodist church, of which her husband was a member, and greatly endeared herself to all with whom she worshiped. She had the gift of song as had her mother before her. After her husband's death, in 1880, she made her home with her daughter, Mrs.

Lucy J. Frost, of Eliot. In January, 1895, at the age of ninety-five years, she ceased her earthly singing, and the sweet voice that had been heard nearly half a century in the village choir went singing through the gates of paradise.

For thirty years, from 1820 to 1850, Phebe Jacobs, a colored woman, was a familiar figure in Brunswick. She was born in slavery in 1785, but when a child, was given to Mrs. Wheelock, the wife of the president of Dartmouth College, to be an attendant of her daughter, Maria, who married President Allen of Bowdoin College. Phebe came to Brunswick with them and remained in the family until Mrs. Allen's death. She then lived in a small house near the college, where she supported herself by washing and ironing for the students.

Phebe was a devout woman and greatly respected for her piety, which was deep, fervent and practical. To her Christ was a living presence and she walked softly before Him. She was so filled with His spirit that its radiance was felt by those who entered into her inner life. One could not pass her upon the street, visit in her home, or sit beside her in the house of God, without the consciousness of the divine presence. Phebe

drank deep at the fountain of truth. Her Bible was her constant companion, and morning, noon and night she entered her closet, shut the door and talked with God.

Phebe loved the house of God. It was the very gate of heaven to her waiting soul. She would no more have thought of excusing herself from its services, which were food to her hungry spirit, than she would of neglecting to supply her physical wants. Phebe hungered and thirsted after righteousness. When in her failing health she was too feeble to walk to church, she was taken there and remained during the intermission. This was a happy hour to her. Many of her friends came before the time for service that they might enjoy a little visit with the saintly Phebe.

Says Mrs. Upham in her "Narrative of Phebe Ann Jacobs:"

> The wife of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Adams, died the same night with Phebe, and perhaps at the same hour of the night. We may think of them as ascending together to the mansions of the blessed.
>
> To die with Phebe was a privilege; and the pastor remarked on this occasion that if his wife had been permitted to choose a companion to accompany her "through the valley of the shadow of death," and into the open portals of heaven, she would have chosen Phebe.
>
> She was heard to say: "I am perfectly happy; Christ is

sufficient for all my necessities; I never supposed I could enjoy so much; there is no one on earth I would exchange places with but Phebe."

At the funeral of Phebe there was no relative, no kindred of the flesh. Those following nearest her remains were President Allen and daughter who, informed by telegraph, had come nearly two hundred miles to testify their respect and affection for the deceased.

Her remains were borne out from the church and accompanied to the grave by officers of the college and others who might have been chosen for this purpose had the most honored and most beloved among us fallen. A long procession followed her remains and gathered around her grave.

# HOMEKEEPERS

# XX

## HOMEKEEPERS

*The Lord cannot be everywhere, so He made Mothers*

JEWISH RABBI.

THERE are no truer pen-pictures of the home life of western Maine one hundred years ago than are found in the letters of Eliza Southgate Bourne. Mrs. Eliza Southgate, the wife of Doctor Southgate, of Scarboro, was a worthy Maine mother.

Mrs. Sally Procter Burr came from Salem to Brewer a bride. She was a cultured, dainty little woman, having been tenderly reared in a city home. To her the banks of the Penobscot were "woodsy, wild and lonesome." She could not adapt herself to the privations of her new life. After weeks of utter homesickness, in which she wept continually, her husband consented that she might return to Salem. He put her upon a small

vessel, and after a wearisome voyage of three weeks she reached her native city. But, alas! it was not the Salem of her girlhood.

Again she was homesick, and found no content until she decided to return to Brewer. Her new home on the banks of the Penobscot was transformed into the most attractive spot on earth to her, from which she never again desired to journey.

To the Burr home there came eleven children. Mrs. Burr taught her girls, while yet young, the ways of the household. They all became famous housekeepers, but the mother herself had very little love for domestic service. She was fond of embroidery, delicate needlework and reading.

Left alone with her children when the British ascended the Penobscot River in 1814, she watched the devastations of the soldiers on the opposite shore, expecting her home to suffer a similar fate. Mrs. Burr was a plucky little woman, and did not purpose to yield up her household stores to feed the plundering crew without resistance. She concealed her pans of milk, her cheeses and other articles of food under the floor of the chamber.

When the black ships were seen to leave the harbor, she proposed to the girls that they celebrate the event with a spread, making for the occa-

sion delicate biscuit out of the cream so cleverly saved. The daughter who prepared the dough was so excited and alarmed, fearing the ships might return, that though "she put therein great lumps of fat as big as my two hands," she did not stop to mould the biscuit, but baked it in one piece, making a cake which Mrs. Burr split and buttered. It was served with a cream sauce. The dish is famous in the Burr family to-day, and is styled the British shortcake.

Tea was a luxury that many of the early settlers were obliged to forego, but Mrs. Burr always managed to serve herself a cup in the buttery after the family meal.

She outlived her husband, and was constantly an object-lesson to her grandchildren in the daintiness of her attire. It was her custom to wear black silk mitts even at the table. Her granddaughter, Mrs. A. B. C. Keene, is well known through her class work in connection with women's clubs in Bangor and Deering.

Charlotte Knight Boothby, the grandmother of the genial General Passenger Agent of the Maine Central Railroad, was born in Falmouth, July 11, 1796. As a child she had superior educational advantages. She imbibed culture with her native

air. Her sunny disposition made her a favorite with her associates.

Left an orphan in her girlhood, she engaged in teaching, at the same time caring for a younger sister. She continued to teach in Bath until her marriage to Ichabod Boothby, of Saco, April 2, 1817.

In her little home, with its one room, eighteen by twenty, which served for kitchen, storehouse, dining-room, parlor and bedroom, Charlotte Knight Boothby worked out the economic problems of her day.

She was the mother of five children. One of her sons recalls to-day the busy scenes of his childhood home — the big brick oven, with its savory contents, the huge fireplace, before which hung the suspended goose or spareribs, the dripping-pan, and the apples sputtering in a row, and everywhere his mother, the sweet presiding genius. It is a happy home where boys love to congregate.

Mrs. Boothby was "Aunt Charlotte" to every boy of the neighborhood, many of whom remember the delicious flavor of her gingerbread to this day.

She was loved alike by young and old. Endowed with rare social powers, she never lacked for interesting and helpful matters for conversa-

tion. She was gifted also in song. During her short life of fifty-two years she drew about her a charmed circle of friends, who lovingly cherish her memory.

Patty Barrett was born in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, January 31, 1740. She married Benjamin Spaulding, November 29, 1764. Her husband was one of the famous minute men of Massachusetts. He engaged in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. Having become involved in a business failure, as an endorser for his brother, his entire property, which was considered a competency, was lost. He resolved to regain his fortune in the woods of Maine. He was the first settler of the town of Buckfield. After spending a winter and part of the summer, he founded a home in the woods, to which he moved his family in 1778. They came in the cold of winter and must have suffered many deprivations. The nearest mill was in New Gloucester, forty miles away, where all the corn had to be taken for grinding. We may be very sure that Mother Spaulding made many a cake from corn she had pounded in an improvised mortar. When all other food supplies failed the mothers boiled greens, made ivory tea and served them with a smile.

Squire Buck came with his family to live in the town the same year with the Spauldings. His clearing was three miles distant. The two women soon had their blazed paths through the woods and along the banks of the river, and often "ran in" to each others' homes after the labors of the day were over. The distances, the darkness of the night, the density of the forest, and the prowling animals, were no obstacles to their social intercourse. Goodwife Buck was famous for the excellent beer she concocted from the herbs of the forest.

One of the granddaughters of Patty Spaulding, who in childhood lived with her grandmother, bears testimony to-day of the high integrity and fortitude of this pioneer woman. She was generous to a fault, a failing she shared equally with her husband. Their home became the asylum for the poor and needy of the vicinity. The granddaughter declares that it was not unusual for the applicant to their bounty to take home with him a hundred weight of corn and half a cheese. Patty Barrett Spaulding died in Buckfield, October 4, 1819. All of her nine children lived to manhood and womanhood, and the many descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding to-day, reflect credit upon their worthy ancestors.

Lydia Ann Chase was born and educated in Limington. One who recalls her early womanhood says: "I do not remember to have ever looked upon a handsomer girl;" her hair of a deep, rich brown was always tastefully arranged, greatly enhancing the beauty of her fair complexion. She was a fine scholar and had the happy faculty of imparting her knowledge to others. She had a cheerful disposition and fulfilled Florence Nightingale's directions to her nurses, "Bring sunshine to the sick room when you enter."

She married Blossom Stockin. They made their home in North Yarmouth. Mrs. Stockin perpetuated the name of her father, Abner Chase, in that of her only child. She is remembered to-day for her many deeds of mercy, and for her tender sympathy with the sick and afflicted. "She went about doing good."

Dolly Hacket Beedy came from Sandwich, New Hampshire, with her family to Industry. They had been in prosperous circumstances in New Hampshire, but on account of reverses in business Daniel Beedy was obliged to try his fortune in the woods of Maine. Here they reared a large family and lived the peaceful life of a Quaker household. Dolly Hacket Beedy attained to the age of ninety-

three years. An elderly lady who knew her well said to her granddaughter: "Thy grandmother was always kind."

"Polly Everleth Beedy," says one of her daughters, "was a natural genius. "As a girl she had not been trained to the work of the household, and yet she became a fine housekeeper, their home being an object-lesson in neatness and order to all the neighborhood. Having refined taste, she decorated her house in a manner quite unusual to the early pioneers. She made paper flowers of rare beauty.

Her husband, Daniel Beedy, was a military captain, but no tailor-cut uniform ever fitted better than Captain Beedy's, manufactured from the raw material by Polly. Her husband was very proud of her skill, declaring that she could cut and make a uniform better than any one else.

Captain Beedy was a stately man, and Polly was a graceful rider. They often journeyed on horseback, attracting attention by their fine appearance. It was not unusual for them to be accompanied by several children. In attempting to cross a swollen river Polly's horse lost its balance. The only way to save the baby, which she was carrying in her arms on a pillow, was to throw pillow and baby to the shore, which she did, and barely escaped

drowning herself. She was a devout woman and kept the fire burning upon the family altar.

On opposite hills overlooking the Kennebec, in the town of Winslow, lived the Paines and the Rices, two families which greatly influenced the early life and gave tone to the cultured society that characterized Winslow.

Jane Warren Paine was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, August 20, 1777, on the old Warren homestead. She was a niece of General Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill fame, and partook of the nature of her illustrious uncle. Her family afterward moved to Foxboro.

In 1805 she married Lemuel Paine and came with him to Winslow. She naturally became a leader of the community that grew up around her.

Mrs. Paine was a small woman, remarkable for her keen wit and sharp repartee. She carefully trained and educated her three boys, of whom the Hon. Henry W. Paine was one. He is spoken of as "one of New England's greatest lawyers."

Sarah Swan Rice was born in Groton, Massachusetts, May 6, 1777. Her family lived in Otisfield during her early childhood. She grew to be an interesting young lady. Her soft blue eyes, comely form and sweet ways, led captive the heart

of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Rice. At the age of nineteen she became his wife. He was a promising young lawyer, graduated at Harvard in 1792, and soon rose to distinction. He was chosen to represent Maine in Congress from 1817 to 1821.

Mrs. Rice accompanied her husband to Washington. She bore herself with great dignity of manner, and was much admired for her beauty and social qualities. One of the gowns, a white figured silk, worn by Mrs. Rice on these occasions, is cherished as a precious relic of ye olden time by one of her relatives to-day. The ladies of that period wore the high turban and broad ruff. Mrs. Rice ever after retained her headdress, which in advanced life was the simple lace cap.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice made their home in Winslow, on a large farm sloping to the Kennebec. There was an air of comfort about the broad house, spread out upon the ground, with its open fireplace in the great central hall.

Having none of her own, Mrs. Rice took to her home and heart the children of others, to whom she became a devoted mother. Fortunate the orphaned child that grew up beneath her roof!

Among those who spent many years in her home, and who loved her as a mother, was Delia Maria Johnson, daughter of Henry Johnson, a lawyer of Clinton. Squire Rice's house was the

minister's home, and here boarded the young pastor, Rev. William May. Here he wooed and won his beautiful bride, Delia Maria Johnson, and here they were married in 1830, Rev. Thomas Adams, since known as Father Adams, performing the ceremony. The children of Mr. and Mrs. May — Sarah Rice and Julia Harris — never forgot their childhood visits to Mrs. Rice, and cherished her memory with filial affection.

Sarah Rice May, so well known as a successful Christian teacher in Franklin County, was named for Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. Rice was a devoted housekeeper, never leaving the care of her household to others. It was her custom on Thanksgiving day to invite the minister as her guest of honor, although many others gathered about her well-laden tables.

She was for many years president of the "June Meeting," an annual gathering of a society for benevolent purposes. The money raised was usually devoted to the minister's salary.

One of her nephews writes of her:

> I always regarded Aunt Rice as one of the most dignified ladies of my acquaintance, and she was most highly cultivated and thoroughly educated for the day in which she lived.

Though their homes were only half a mile distant, in their early life it was not considered safe

for Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Rice to visit each other unattended, in consequence of the bears that often haunted the forests between them.

As the wives of the leading lawyers of the community, they had many interests in common. The young law students found in them wise counselors and helpful friends. Their homes were always open to the distinguished members of the bar that frequented Maine in those days.

With all the care that devolved upon them, both of these ladies kept up their early culture, and never allowed themselves to become indifferent to the interests of the community which they had shaped and adorned.

Ruth Smith and Ebenezer Higgins were married in Bucksport in 1814 during the stormy days of the war of 1812. They immediately set out on horseback for the more peaceful section of Exeter. The path had been carefully blazed by removing patches of bark from the trees. Full of bright anticipations, the young people wended their way to the log-cabin Mr. Higgins had prepared for his bride, on his fifteen-acre lot. Their log-cabin life covered but four years. The new and spacious home was built near it.

Mrs. Higgins was a devoted mother. Her seven

children found in her a sympathetic companion. They knew that mother's word was law, and to be reproved by her was to be humiliated. Her quiet manner and calm dignity won the respect of all. She knew the ways of her household. One of her sons says:

> Mother never went to bed if any member of her family was out at night, and no matter how cold it might be we were always sure of some warm refreshment awaiting us.

The home is remembered to-day for its simple, unaffected hospitality. It was seldom without its guests. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were the founders of the Methodist Episcopal church at Exeter, and their home was the minister's home. All religious strangers were made welcome. The Bible was Mrs. Higgins daily companion. She was fond of hymns, especially those of the Wesleys. For many years every copy of the Zion's Herald was preserved. The files were complete to 1884.

Mrs. Higgins was left a widow in 1853. From that time to her death, 1884, she managed the farm. It was her custom to employ reliable men, to whom she entrusted her plans of work and then held them responsible. She always looked over with them every detail of the business.

Mrs. Higgins was a remarkably preserved woman. She retained to her eighty-ninth year

much of her youthful beauty. Her black hair was still glossy; her black eyes still bright, and her smile betrayed pearly teeth of nature's own, not the dentist's, art.

Flowers never lose their fragrance, it matters not how long or where they bloom. The odor of the "sweet grass" is often borne to us from the most miasmatic marsh. So it is with human lives. If they are odorous they must exhale their sweetness. There can be no more reliable picture of an individual than that reflected in the testimony of those who have lived beside her. Mr. Moody advised the man who did not know whether he was a Christian or not, to "ask his neighbors." Mrs. Higgins' neighbors bear loving testimony of her pure and noble womanhood. Said Colonel Frank W. Hill at the funeral of Ruth Smith Higgins:

> From a child I have known this woman. I have lived beside her sixty years, and I can truthfully say "she never had an enemy."

Anna Livermore was the fourth daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, for whom the town of Livermore was named. She was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, April 6, 1775. Her cradle lullabies were the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill. Her father was a lieutenant of the militia

of Massachusetts, and deacon of the Congregational church of Waltham, as his father had been before him. Anna was but four years of age when the family came to Maine.

In the early history of Livermore a question arose in regard to the settlement of a physician. There were two candidates for the position; one of them was Doctor Cyrus Hamlin, a young man of great promise, who had made a favorable impression upon the women. When the matter was to be decided by vote, before leaving his home, every man knew the opinion of his wife. Deacon Livermore objected to the young man, Hamlin. He was the leading man of the community, and usually his voice was law; but this time the women voted through their husbands. Deacon Livermore was overruled and the courteous Dr. Hamlin was installed as physician of Livermore, the town agreeing to board him and his horse one year gratuitously. The young physician grew in favor, and heaped coals of fire on the head of the good deacon by captivating the heart of his fair daughter, Anna.

They were married, December 4, 1797, and made their home in Livermore. Their house stood on the site of the "Norlands." After twelve years the family moved to Paris, as Doctor Ham-

lin was made Clerk of Courts of the newly formed county of Oxford. Here their son, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, was born in 1809.

Doctor Hamlin died at Paris, 1829. Mrs. Hamlin survived him nearly a quarter of a century, proving her great strength of character in the careful training of seven children.

Very few portraits of the early pioneer women of Maine are to be found. In that big bulky book, the History of Penobscot County, there are portraits of fifty-six men, but only one woman, Mrs. Frances Hill. In 1813, Mr. Hill, a young man, picked his way from Bangor on foot by a spotted line to Exeter. Two years later he brought his bride, Frances, from Castine on horseback through the woods, to the sunny cabin home he had prepared for her.

The next year Mrs. Hill visited Castine, making the journey to Bucksport, a distance of forty miles, in one day, on horseback, carrying a baby in her arms. As soon as the roads would admit, Mrs. Hill drove in her one-horse chaise. Later in life, Mr. and Mrs. Hill journeyed in their four-wheeled carriage, the finest turnout in that region; and yet they did not affect style, but lived simply. Their home was well-known for its hospitality. Mrs.

Hill was a good housekeeper and enjoyed the fruits of her industry. She was a devoted churchwoman. It was customary for the minister, after the sermon, to invite the worshipers to add a word of testimony. Mother Hill seldom failed to improve the opportunity, to enforce the lesson of the hour. She had marked ability and a happy command of language. She was listened to with great respect.

In 1864 Mr. and Mrs. Hill celebrated their golden wedding. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Lewis Barker of Bangor. One who knew Mrs. Hill well says: "She was a right-down nice old lady."

Mary Foster, the daughter of John Foster, was born in East Machias in 1788, and in her childhood and youth experienced all the hardships and privations which fall upon the pioneers of a home in a remote region of the wilderness, separated from the centers of civilization by leagues of stormy ocean and miles of roadless wilderness.

Bright and inquisitive, she gathered from the meager curriculum of the infrequent school and from the few books of the small circulating library, or those loaned by friends, a taste for good literature, which became the delight of her later life.

She knew the then English classics, Addison, Steele and Jonson, and could repeat by the page the poems of Goldsmith and Cowper. In her eager readings of these sterling authors — often stealthy and contraband, for they were stolen from hours strictly devoted to household drudgery — she had the sympathy and cooperation of her older sister, Mrs. Hovey, herself a composer of verses and a devotee of art; of the two daughters of Major Stillman, who were afterward in succession the wives of the father of George S. Hillard, the distinguished scholar and writer; and of the O'Brien girls, children of Gideon O'Brien, one of the heroes of the Margaretta capture. When these young friends visited each other they had to go by skiff some ten miles down one river and up another, or on horseback over a bridle-path a few miles less through the woods.

At the age of twenty-two Mary Foster was married to John Coffin Talbot, who occupied a prominent place in the administration of the town affairs and in business. He was a member of the House and Senate in the state legislature and president of the latter body, and for many years judge of probate for his county. This auspicious marriage was the consummation of a singular intimacy that began in the childhood of each, which became an

unconfessed, unspoken engagement, so that they never thought of the relation but in reference to each other. They were happy in the circumstance so rare among the changes of modern life, that on the morning of their wedding they moved into the house the husband had built, and in that house all their children were born and from it in their old age they were each carried out to their burial. It was an ideal house to be born in and a sacred precinct to die in. Pleasantly situated on the bank of the little river, it commanded from its windows the whole sweep of the beautiful stream, from the lakes in which it took its rise, to the estuary into which it emptied on its way to the sea. Nearly every house in the village could be seen from the terrace on which it stood.

It was the task and delight of Mrs. Talbot to adorn these grounds with trees, shrubs, and flowers, many of them of her own planting. She was an ardent lover of nature. The sunsets, the placid summer days whose silence was broken by the songs of birds and the perpetual bass of the water falling over the near mill-dam, and not less, the stern aspect of the winter skies, swept by howling storms and dimmed by sifting snows, deeply moved her æsthetic feeling. If she did not write, she lived and felt poetry. She was always sum-

moning her children or her visitors to note how beautiful the world was, and, sitting by the open window of her chamber, was wont to exclaim, under the spell of the landscape opened out before her eyes: "It is good to be alive!"

The love of literature, which had been the pas sion of her girlhood, grew stronger in her maturer years, and to her favorite authors, Pope, Goldsmith and Cowper, she was glad to add Milton, Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Without being an elocutionist she recited admirably. The sonorous diction of Milton, the rhythmic philosophy of Shakespeare, and the thrilling plots of the "Wizard of the North," as she read them, are remembered by her children to-day. She had a taste for comedy; she relished wit, and saw instantly the ludicrous side of persons and the ludicrous forms of expression and conduct.

Life was rarely dull in her atmosphere, and she had, for hosts of young people who gathered around her, unlimited resources of pleasure and instruction. She promoted charades, masquerades, and every available form of historic exhibition. She had an inexhaustible fund of riddles, rhymes, local anecdotes, and droll descriptions of the manners and speech of the earlier generations whose quaint characters, unspoiled by fashion, uncon-

ventionalized by repressive public propriety, had grown up, as it were, out of the soil in all their natural crotchedness.

For sustained, rational conversation, conversation that was not gossip nor declamation nor disputation, she might always be trusted to bear her part. Her husband, her family, surrendered to her leadership the purveyance of any intellectual entertainment that was required to make complete the hospitality of her table. No matter how distinguished or courtly or eminent the guest might be, she met him on terms of cordiality and equality. She ministered instruction to those less well equipped than herself, and always showed a flattering interest in and appreciation of those who, from a larger experience and deeper study, could bring to her new knowledge and new ideas.

In the year 1825, one of those religious revivals which characterized the earlier years of the present century, swept over the little town and embraced among its subjects a considerable part of its most prominent and intelligent citizens. Simultaneously with her husband she passed through the phases of a vivid religious experience and joined the Congregational church. Thenceforward, for all the rest of her life, religion was the

dominant influence to which all her tastes, studies and interests were subordinated.

She was not the less a lover of nature, an enthusiastic student of the best literature, busied with her garden and flowers, with her fowls and domestic animals, and bringing to the performance of her household duties an assiduous and tireless industry.

Through most of her life she had enjoyed robust health. The stories told by her children of days of domestic labor, begun before dawn and prolonged far into the night, would hardly be credited by the modern woman. She often expressed her disbelief in nerves. The time came at last when her fine physique succumbed to the common infirmity. An excrutiating neuralgia, accompanied with great debility, seized her in her fiftieth year, and for the next twenty years she lived in great patience and cheerfulness the life of an invalid. Still the family life centered about her sick chamber, and there were happily few days when she could not entertain her friends with her conversation, or by reading aloud something that had interested her. With love for all she passed away, sealing the testimony of a noble life by a heroic death.

In her last years, without changing her belief,

the rigor and hardness of the creed she had professed had been greatly modified and liberalized by the new literature she had read, and especially by the genial influence of her favorite pastor and teacher, Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D. D., now living at the age of ninety-five.

> Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats in his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him.
>
> TENNYSON.

PATTY BENJAMIN WASHBURN

## XXI

## PATTY BENJAMIN WASHBURN

"*How much the wife is dearer than the bride.*"
LORD LYTTLETON.

PATTY BENJAMIN was a genuine Maine girl, born and educated in Livermore, "Pretty Patty Benjamin," the neighbors called her. On the opposite bank of the Androscoggin was a young man of sterling worth, who had come from Massachusetts to the wilds of Maine, to make a home. He lost his heart at the first glimpse of Patty Benjamin. He wooed her in princely style. At one time when he arrived at the river, mounted and clad in knightly array, cap-a-pie, he found he could not reach the trumpet that summoned the ferryman from the opposite shore without soiling his shoes, which had been polished with great care for the occasion. He gave a boy ninepence to blow it for him. This proved lucky money for the

boy, as it was the first he had ever earned. He afterwards became a rich man, Ambrose Merrill of Hallowell.

They were married in 1812. Soon after Mr. Washburn took his wife on horseback to Raynham, Massachusetts, to visit his mother. She was one of the leaders of society and an accomplished entertainer. She was not expecting much help from this Maine girl, but was astonished to find how readily she adapted herself to her new environments. Her husband delighted to quote his mother as saying: "Martha could wait upon the company in the kitchen and entertain them in the parlor." He was always a devoted lover. Their honeymoon never waned. She was very timid and had been known to faint at the sight of a toad. Her husband usually accompanied her on her walks and with his cane guarded her path from animals.

Mrs. Washburn was the mother of eleven children. "Be sure to take the child up before it is taken down," was always her instruction to the nurse. Accordingly every Washburn baby was marshaled to the attic and made to take in the loftiest air of the house before it was taken down to the lower floor. Though not scholarly, she was a woman of fine presence and great dignity of

character. Her resources were unbounded. Upon the occasion of a visit to a neighbor, the family was found to be too large for the pie and some of the children did not receive any. She remarked: "I never saw a pie so small I could not make it go round." She could control circumstances. She would make two stitches do if she had time for no more. Having more boy than cloth, she made them short jackets, replying to their urgent appeals for coats: "If you stand at the head of your class jackets are just as good as coats." Her advice to her children was always: "Aim at the moon; if you don't hit it you will have the fun of watching your arrows go up." She lived to see all her children grown, and if their arrows did not pierce the moon, they have given to the world marvelous examples of high shooting.

One of the grandest monuments of Minneapolis, is the Washburn Home for Orphans, founded and endowed by Hon. C. C. Washburn, as a memorial to his mother, that mother from whom he inherited his broad nature and noble traits of character, which led him to do deeds worthy of her approbation.

When he, a boy of seventeen years, was about to leave his home, his mother thought the event of such importance that she sent for the minister to come, and after the other nine children were put

to bed, the parents, minister and son held religious services. These over, the father in his easy temperament, feeling that his boy was well fortified against the temptations of the world by his examples and precept had gone to his rest, but the mother still sat by her first-born son, saying of it afterward: "I could not let Cady go out from under our roof to the great world, without one more talk with him." Mrs. Washburn greatly desired that there should be an organization of the church of her choice, the Universalist, at the Norlands, but she was unable to effect it. About one year before her death she felt she could no longer defer what to her seemed the sacred rite of baptism. When the day set apart for the public ceremony arrived, she was too feeble to go to the church, but received baptism and partook of the sacrament, surrounded by her household, at her own home.

During her last days the marriage of her daughter Mary to Gustavus A. Buffon of Orono, had been deferred on account of the feeble condition of the mother. Mrs. Washburn finally insisted that they should wait no longer. On the morning of the wedding, she requested that she be left alone while the family were at breakfast. She arose, dressed herself and was sitting in state in

the parlor, waiting for the ceremony when the family arrived.

On the occasion of the dedication of the library at the Norlands, in memory of the father and mother of the Washburns, it was the pleasure of the writer to hear Hannibal Hamlin say:

The mother of the Washburns was a remarkable woman, with whom the famed Spartan mothers and the matrons of Rome fail in comparison. She taught her sons high moral integrity, self-reliance and industry, and upon that foundation they have created their great fame.

Cornelia, it is said, when asked for her jewels, triumphantly pointed to her sons. Martha Washburn could point to her sons as jewels that adorned different states in the Union, as well as the nation itself. The record of the family has no precedent. There were seven brothers. One never entered public life, but was always known as a man of strict integrity and superior business habits. In the other six brothers we find a marvelous record: two governors; four members of Congress from four different states; one secretary of state of the United States; two foreign ministers; two members of state legislature; one major general in the army, who was also military governor, and a captain of the navy. No record of such another family can be found on earth.

Indeed could Martha Washburn be justly proud of her family, but that for which she might feel the highest pride, was the fact that every son of hers, in whatever position, has discharged all his duties with distinguished ability and with an untarnished record, without even a stain upon the hem of his garments.

Mr. Washburn in his advanced age, as he recounted the deeds of his worthy sons, always began with her Patty Benjamin, and the name lingered lovingly on his lips.

# SUNDAY SCHOOLS

# XXII

# SUNDAY SCHOOLS

*What we would do*
*We should do when we would.*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE mothers were largely instrumental in establishing the Sunday-schools of the state. It was their practice to gather the children of the neighborhood about them for Bible instruction on the Sabbath day, this being the only day in which they were not occupied in their domestic duties. In many of the log cabin homes the Sabbath began on Saturday evening. As the number of children increased and exceeded the capacity of the home, other and larger rooms were provided. If there was a meeting-house the Sabbath-school was usually held in it before the religious service of the morning. Many of the first Sunday-schools began at 9 A. M. and continued till "meeting-time." At first only the Bible was

taught, the children being encouraged to commit to memory as many verses as they desired. The assembly catechism was the next stage.

The first Sunday-school of Portland was formed by a company of six young ladies, of whom Miss Mary H. Woodbury was one. She was born in North Yarmouth (now Cumberland), February 9, 1799. The family moved to Portland the same year. Miss Woodbury inherited from her mother her robust health. Both mother and daughter lived to be more than fourscore and ten years. Her long life was one of loving service. She was one of the founders of the first Sunday-schools of Portland, and continued through her active life a faithful teacher. She learned the secret of growing old gracefully.

Among the early Sunday-school workers of Portland were Mrs. Ann Quincy Pomroy, Miss Eliza Quincy, Miss Elizabeth Dix and Mrs. J. R. Brown. One of the first Sunday-schools in Portland was held in a small schoolhouse where the North schoolhouse now stands. It was established about 1824.

Mrs. Gregg, the wife of the Congregational minister, founded the first Sunday-school of Cape Elizabeth about 1823. She invited the children to her home for Bible instruction, but there not being

room enough for all who wished to attend, she took them to the church. This was a marked event in the life of the children. To receive instruction in the church with no tithing-man to watch them, was something before unknown.

Mrs. Mary R. Willard Woodbury, though less than ten years of age at the time, recalls the occasion. Mrs. Gregg arranged the children on each side of the aisle according to their height. She then entered one of the large square pews and kneeled on a chair. Mrs. Woodbury says: "I recall her sweet face, surrounded by the ruffle of her cap (she had laid aside her bonnet), and my own impression of the importance of the act that she was asking God to help her in her work for us." She arranged the children in classes of six each. Among the teachers who aided her were Mrs. Nathaniel Miller, Mrs. Mary Jordan and Miss Polly Strout. The lessons were from the Bible. Each child was to commit six verses at first. Mrs. Gregg was superintendent of this school many years.

In 1861, Miss Anna Sweetsir collected the children of Portland, into the old schoolhouse on Walnut street and formed the nucleus of the Williston Congregational Sunday-school.

Mrs. Abigail Goodhue Bailey, better known as

Mrs. Kiah Bailey, was associated with her husband in charitable and philanthropic work throughout the state. In the mind of this highly gifted woman originated the thought of the Maine Charity School, now the Bangor Theological Seminary. From her warm, sympathetic heart came the first suggestion for such a school, and to its treasury she was the first to contribute.

Mrs. Bailey wrote to Mrs. Jacob McGaw as early as 1813, urging her to make an effort to collect the children and youth of Bangor into a school on the Sabbath-day. The first teachers in this school were Martha Allen, Deacon Boyd, Eliphaz Adams, and Eliza Bryant. Mrs. Henry Call and Nancy Plummer were subsequently teachers. The first Sunday-school in Hallowell was established by Sophia Sewall and Susan Parsons. Mrs. James White of Hampden, Mrs. Stickney of Brownfield, and Mrs. Ruth Strout of Millbridge, were active in establishing Sunday-schools.

The first Sunday-school at Fort Fairfield was established by Mary Johnston, who invited the children of the little community to her father's house on the Lord's day and taught them from the Bible. She also taught them to sing.

Miss Dorothea Giddings came from New Hampshire to Maine early in the century. She jour-

neyed as far east as Thomaston on horseback, visiting the people and seeking to interest them in Sabbath-schools. She is spoken of as a steadfast, straight-forward woman, set in her opinion but set in the right direction. She was a small woman, and familiarly known as Aunt Dolly. She established herself in Brunswick, where she kept a variety store. She was never known to change the price of any article, no matter what the condition of the market might be. Her store was patronized principally by women and children, but if a man entered, she always attended to him at once, as she said, "to git rid of him." She kept constantly at hand, religious tracts which she distributed freely.

She was known for her hospitality. Her home was always open to those in need. She was a godly woman and careful in the observance of all religious services. She could not be convinced that it was reverential to sit during prayer, in the public service. Dorothea Giddings is remembered by the children of that day as the woman who always "stood alone in the meeting-house."

Miss Phebe Varnum Poor, when a girl, came from Andover, Massachusetts, all the way to Bangor, on horseback. Here she first met Jacob McGaw, a young and rising lawyer, whom she

afterward married. Mrs. McGaw was an imposing woman, with fine face and manners, a woman of strong opinions. She developed a decided Christian character and was instrumental in establishing the first Sunday-schools of Bangor. All her life she was steadfast as a leader of the woman's prayer-meeting. She cultivated the young people. Her home was an attractive center. As the wife of the first lawyer of the community, she became famed as an entertainer. Not only in Bangor, but throughout New England, her home was spoken of for its genuine hospitality. The decanter was banished from her sideboard very early in her married life. She refused from principle to serve wine to her guests.

Among her early friends was Daniel Webster, who greatly admired her. He came to visit her in Bangor, but Mrs. McGaw did not disturb the tranquility of her household a week beforehand in elaborate prepartions for the visit; neither did she deem it necessary to keep her cook from church service even to prepare dinner for Daniel Webster. He was very simple in his tastes, and a young lady, who was also Mrs. McGaw's guest, wrote her friends that Daniel Webster ate his steak just like other mortals.

Mrs. McGaw, a leader in the social life of Ban-

gor, was also a devoted churchwoman, and the chivalrous statesman, as her guest, claimed the privilege of escorting her to church, which he did morning and afternoon, followed by the household.

When the British took possession of Bangor in 1814, the best buildings of the place were taken as barracks for soldiers. Nearly two hundred of the principal men were compelled to sign a document declaring themselves prisoners of war, and stipulating not to serve against the British government until exchanged. Some of the leading men and women were held as hostages at the Hatch House, among these Mr. and Mrs. Jacob McGaw.

TEACHERS

# XXIII

## TEACHERS

*The two highest functionaries of the state are the muse and the schoolmaster.*
VICTOR HUGO.

THE Free Public School is indigenous to Maine. The log cabin soon became the schoolhouse. The mothers gathered about them the children of the neighborhood for instruction. The following word picture is worthy the canvas:

The central figure is Sally Cobb Robinson in the double duty of housewife and teacher. It is the noon hour; the aroma of dinner is in the air. Through the open door the hungry workmen are seen approaching; in the distance the sparkling Penobscot. Sally stands beside the crane swung out from the open fire. Over the brim of the big iron kettle, on a long iron fork, she balances a large piece of boiled beef. While she waits for it to drip she drills a company of children to toe

the line—a crack in the floor—and to pronounce after her the words of the spelling lesson. The accessories of the picture are the waiting dinner-table, the cradle with its sleeping baby, the chairs, bed, and all the paraphernalia of a log cabin home.

In the educational advantages of the public schools of Maine, there has been very little discrimination made between boys and girls. The first teachers employed at the public expense were men who were paid for their services in lumber. English women of culture and refinement were among the early teachers. They were ladies of great dignity of character and, like many of the pioneer women, who also were efficient teachers, are remembered for their many kindly virtues.

As early as 1760, when there were only about one thousand people in Portland, Dame Clark's was a famous school for small children, boys and girls. Stephen Longfellow's school was open on equal terms to boys and girls at 18s. 8d. per year, or 8s. by the quarter.

In a small brick schoolhouse on Spring Street, Portland, Marm Fellows taught her little flock. This was the first school that Longfellow attended.

The sisters, Alma, Hannah and Rebecca Cross taught a young ladies' school in Portland. It was

located on Park Street. It was on the monitorial plan which proved very successful under their wise guidance. They were faithful and thorough in their teaching.

The Monday morning Bible lessons were a marked feature of the school. Miss Alma made a specialty of astronomy. She built an observatory in the middle of Park Street Block, and here, with her fine telescope, she pointed out to her pupils the wonders of the starry heavens. Miss Rebecca taught needlework. Under her guidance every girl wrought a sampler. Each pupil was also taught to make a shirt for her father. Elizabeth Widgery Varnum remembers that hers was not an easy task, as her father was a large man and nineteen rows of stitching with every thread counted was thought necessary for the bosom. In gathering, the girls were taught to take up two threads and leave four between each stitch. The work was carefully criticised. Unfortunate was the girl who had taken up three threads. The work must be undone, no matter how far back the irregular stitch might be.

Miss Hannah was the housekeeper and was quite as famous for her Indian puddings as her sisters for astronomy and needlework.

Portland was highly favored in the triads of sisters

who taught in its early schools. The Misses Eliza, Martha and Mary Mayo taught successfully many years. Their home was on Mayo Street.

The Lowell sisters, Ann, Isabella and Ellen, were among the first public school teachers of Portland. They inaugurated a system of cards that proved helpful in their work. They were very conscientious in their teaching, refined and gentle in their manners.

Mrs. Allen Lambert, an English lady of note, taught the Cony School at Augusta many years. Her sister was associated with her in teaching.

Mrs. Sibyl Parker Pattee taught at Augusta and Winslow. Her husband was drowned only one month after her marriage. She anticipated the Kindergarten method in her teaching.

Miss Olive Grey of North Yarmouth and Miss Abigail Ford of Bangor, were famous teachers of the olden time.

There was something very dignified and impressive about the attire of these early teachers—many of them wore the white, full-crowned cap.

Miss Catharine Lyman taught a young ladies' school for several years in Norridgewock, soon after Maine became a state, in 1820. She was a

native of Northfield, Massachusetts. She married Rev. Thomas Adams of Vassalboro, and continued her teaching for a few years. Mrs. Adams was the mother of two children. She was a woman of superior ability, fond of historical research. She published several literary works, among them "The History of the Jews" and "Parlor Lectures on Sacred History." This last purported to be a conversation between a mother and her two sons, William and Herbert.

Rev. Thomas Adams published the Temperance Gazette at Augusta in 1840. The paper was subsequently transferred to Portland. In this work he was ably assisted by Mrs. Adams, who at the same time edited a paper for young people called The Wreath.

Miss Jane Lambert was a school teacher well known in the early part of the century. She was born in Durham in 1809, and married Nelson Dingley, Sr. Her son, the Hon. Nelson Dingley, says of her:

> My mother was a woman of very superior mind, well educated for her time and surroundings; for several years before her marriage a successful school teacher. She was a most wonderful home as well as housekeeper, deeply religious, and specially active in the social life of the communities in

which she lived. She was ambitious for, and remarkably helpful to, her children in their studies and character development. She was well rounded in all those qualities which make a noble woman. I ascribe to her very largely the molding of my own character and the inspiration to make the most of myself.

Misses Almira and Sarah H. Hawes were identified with the educational interests of Castine for nearly half a century. They were ladies of the old school, refined and gentle.

Before the writer lies the time-stained diary of Ruby Strout, containing her experiences as a country school teacher in the eastern part of the state. Ruby was the daughter of Joanna and Benjamin Strout, born in Harrington in 1814. From her girlhood she was highly religious. She must have been a youthful teacher. When only eighteen years of age she describes her journey through the woods on horseback to Beddington, where she had previously taught. She left her home April 23, "in good health and lively spirits," accompanied by her brother and a friend. They were soon overtaken by a storm of rain and snow, which dripped upon them from the trees as they found their way through the woods. She writes:

We came to a place, extremely hilly, which caused me to alight from my horse, the walking being extremely bad — the

riding no less so. The horse would frequently sink to his knees in the mud and water, and I often expected to be torn from him by the limbs of the forest.

At length the spirited animal on which she set out on her journey began to falter, and could with difficulty be urged to continue. She records the conversation between herself and the horse, which resulted in her walking through the mud and snow, encouraging the animal by friendly pats. She continues:

We arrived at the silent town of Beddington at about six o'clock, and being but little fatigued from my journey commenced my school next day. The scholars with whom I had spent the previous summer expressed a degree of pleasure at my appearance. On the countenances of all rested a smile which told me I was welcome.

She speaks of her delight in the groves, with only the birds for companions. She records, among her mercies, that she reached one of her schools in extreme cold weather and found no part of her frozen.

Ruby Strout was a sweet singer and often in her diary refers to the singing-school as among her social pleasures. In the loneliness of her life as a teacher in sparsely settled communities, she speaks of the privilege afforded her of studying herself.

Ruby Strout married John B. Coffin of Harring-

ton. Of their four children three are now living. She immediately identified herself with the social interests of the village in which she lived. She became the president of the first circle established for philanthropic and literary purposes. Her pastor remarked to the writer: "Your mother was one of the pillars of my church."

Penelope Martin remained in England seven years after the family came to America in 1783. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were distinguished for their intelligence, refinement and piety. After living awhile in Boston they made their home in North Yarmouth, Maine. Penelope was only seventeen years old when she joined the family in 1790.

In consequence of reverses of fortune, the daughters received private pupils in the home at North Yarmouth. In 1804 the family moved to Portland, where the three Martin sisters opened a school on Spring Street. Miss Penelope had had a special training for her work, though she was not aware of it at the time. In England she had been educated at the boarding-school of her aunt and was familiar with the domestic affairs of such a school and was well qualified to direct in its intellectual and ethical teachings. She entered upon her work with great diffidence, uncertain of

the result. The school grew into a fashionable boarding-school for young ladies and was finally located on India Street. It was in operation thirty years and nearly seven hundred pupils availed themselves of the instruction of these worthy women. Miss Penelope and Miss Eliza were the teachers, and Miss Catherine superintended the home.

The mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Galpine Martin, was a lady of the old school, refined and gentle, a woman of deep piety. She was fond of books, a student of the Bible, and familiar with the writers of divinity. She died in 1829 at the age of ninety years, exemplifying throughout her long life—one of her favorite sayings: "A mannerly saint is an ornament of grace." By her wise counsel and "judicious conversation" she assisted her daughters in the management of the school. Indeed, there was an harmonious action of the entire household. The father, a gentleman of culture took peculiar pleasure in the young ladies' improvement. He taught them to read with propriety choice passages from Milton and Young. After his death one of the brothers assisted.

Christian ethics formed a part of the curriculum of the school. The Bible was made a regular study on Saturday. On Monday the pupils were ques-

tioned in regard to the texts and sermons they had heard at church on the Sabbath. Even the youngest were instructed in morals and manners.

In 1832 the Misses Martin received a legacy from a relative in England, which permitted them to retire to private life. Miss Penelope died the 26th of January, 1860, at the age of eighty-seven years. The following day Catherine, who had always been the homekeeper, now that her last charge was gone, quietly fell asleep, having attained to the age of ninety-six years. Miss Penelope left a manuscript of her experience in the school. She says:

> We have found that all young ladies, even the best, require unremitting attention. There must be precept upon precept.

In 1821 she deplored that the spirit of liberty and equality is not now confined to political differences between men, but the youth and even females are brought up to partake of it.

Mrs. Ellen Martin Henrotin is in the line of descent with the Martin sisters. She was born in Portland; liberally educated at home and abroad; in 1869 married Mr. Charles Henrotin, a banker of Chicago. Mrs. Henrotin is a sweet mother, devoted to her three boys. As vice-president of the Woman's Branch of the World's

Congress Auxiliary, Mrs. Henrotin became more generally known to the women of America, the world and her native state. It was fitting that one who had so honored women at the world's great fair should receive at the hand of women's clubs—the highest honor, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America.

# PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

## XXIV

## PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

*And never tenderer hand than hers*
*Unknit the brow of ailing;*
*Her garments to the sick man's ears*
*Had music in their trailing.*

WHITTIER.

MAINE very early had her medicine women, many of whom became skilled as physicians. They were often spoken of as "she doctors," but were successful in baffling the diseases of children and indispensable as midwives.

Jerusha Austin, the wife of John Austin, came with him to Farmington among the first settlers. She was a native of Cape Ann, which gave Maine many brave women. For ten years she was the only physician on the Sandy River. Her field of practice was large, embracing Strong, Avon Stark and New Sharon. She was known as "Granny Austin." She was a fearless woman, and

shrunk from no hardship. No storm was too severe, nor night too dark, to keep her from the sick-bed to which she was summoned.

In her journeyings over the hills and through the woods she was obliged often to ford the streams. She rode as a woman should, with a foot in each stirrup — and a stirrup on each side of the horse. She died in 1804.

Mrs. Ananiah Bohannon, of Calais, was employed and highly prized as a midwife in all that region.

Madam D'Ayez practiced medicine many years in Castine and vicinity. She was original in her methods, and many quaint stories are told of her.

Bethel had its Aunt Ellingwood, who nursed a sick neighbor, more than a mile away, over a pathless mountain filled with wild beasts. She returned to her home every other day to prepare food for her family.

Mary Sullivan Tolman is spoken of "as a woman of good common sense." Her husband became insane and died, leaving her with a family of small children without any means for their sup-

port. She immediately lent her services to her neighbors, caring for the sick, that she might earn bread for her family. She became skilful as nurse and doctor, often taking long journeys at night, with only a small lantern to guide her to the homes of sick neighbors. She became famous and was sought after by the best families of New Sharon and Farmington Falls. Although a small woman, she often worked out her tax on the road. She sheared sheep and worked all day beside the men in harvest time; she could reap as much as a man in a day and received the same wages as the men. She was a good judge of seed and always had the best. It is said that "she was honorable as a business woman; paid her bills, and was as square as a brick."

With all her outside cares she did not neglect her home but carefully trained her children. She had a handsome hand, in striking contrast to those of the laborers beside whom she worked. It is not recorded that any objection was made to her presence among the laborers or that there was any reflection upon her character. She was respected by all with whom she associated, and the narrator adds: "The family she brought up was worth raising, and Aunt Mary Tolman was a shining light."

Mrs. Toothaker of Phillips, was a mother of mercy among the sick for many years in Phillips and Rangeley. She attended the birth of one hundred and sixty children. So skilful was she that only two cases gave her trouble. She rode horseback long, weary miles. While performing her professional duties she also cared for her own household.

Mehetabel Ladd married Eleazer Robbins. They came to Maine after the Revolution and settled in Winthrop. It was an intelligent home, presided over by the blue-eyed, light-haired, handsome Mehetabel. Mr. Robbins, in addition to his farm, had also a blacksmith shop, and as he pounded the anvil he pounded also some of the philosophies of the age, and when the work of the day was done and the children put to bed, Eleazer and Mehetabel "reasoned together" of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." They were Bible students. Mr. Robbins read the sacred volume through twenty times.

In 1813 the family moved to Phillips. They were obliged to take the journey on horseback. Mrs. Robbins has left a memorial of her love for flowers in the beautiful rosebush that she carried with her. It still blossoms on the old farm.

There were eight children, six girls and two boys. The daughter, Betsey, became a famous nurse. She was particularly successful with mothers of young children. It was said when good Doctor Blake was applied to for a nurse he would say: "Get Betsey Robbins if you can." She was born in 1799, a lady of the old school, but she had innate temperance principles. She taught mothers of babies that alcoholic liquors were not necessary to their restoration to health, but were positively injurious to themselves and the child. She was an advocate of total abstinence, so much so that those who did not agree with her accused her of wishing to annihilate all alcoholic stimulant.

Mrs. Olive Reynolds Macomber practiced medicine many years in Jay. Her home was on Macomber Hill. She was known throughout that region as Aunt Olive. She was a woman of fine personal appearance, with an unaffected smile for all. Her husband, Rev. John Macomber, was a Baptist preacher. She often accompanied him on his missions and advanced his work by her exemplary life and judicious counsel. Her success as nurse was due largely to her excellent disposition and rare qualities of mind. She was amiable, firm and quiet.

# PREACHERS

# XXV

## PREACHERS

*A religion in herself, warm, simple, true, with a substance that could walk on earth, and a spirit that was capable of heaven.*

THERE came to Maine, in December, 1662, three women who had been persecuted and publicly whipped in Dover, New Hampshire, in consequence of their persistence in the religious faith of the Quakers.

Anna Coleman, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose held the first Quaker meeting in Maine at York, and another soon after at Berwick. The first regular meetings of the Friends were at Eliot in 1730. Serious alarm was occasioned throughout the state, and days of fasting and prayer were kept for deliverance from the "spread of Quakerism." But sweet-faced women continued to take their lives in their hands and go forth proclaiming the truth as it was given them to see it.

In 1759, Patience Estes was granted a certificate "to travel on truth's account." The same year Mary Curby and Elizabeth Smith were permitted to preach in Portland.

Thankful Hussey was an eminent preacher of the early time. She was born in Georgetown, married Samuel F. Hussey, and lived in Portland. She often made religious journeys for the purpose of preaching. It was announced at a place where the court was in session that Thankful Hussey would preach the following Sabbath. Three young lawyers ridiculed the idea that a woman's sermon could have any intrinsic merit. They agreed to hear her that they might "catch her in her words," and compare notes afterward. They took seats together well up in front, and settled themselves to be amused over a "woman's sermon." They began to feel a little guilty, when she gave her text from Job 34: 3 — "For the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat." They felt more so when she added: "I desire that my words may be tried by every ear in this house;" and she looked at the three young lawyers with her great motherly eyes until they hung their heads. As she proceeded with her sermon they were pricked to the heart by her winged

words, and captivated by her sweet voice and manner. She so stirred their better nature that they forgot to cast glances at one another in their efforts to conceal their emotion. They confessed afterward that she revealed to them, themselves, and they never cared to compare notes. Mrs. Hussey lived ninety-two years.

Martha J. Owen, a Quaker preacher, was of Scotch descent. She was born at Leeds. She married William Hodges, also a preacher. They settled in China, and traveled to various parts of the state on their mission of love. Mrs. Hodges was greatly respected. She had a sweet voice and repeated hymns with great power. It was said of her, that she had the gift of prophecy.

Upon one occasion, when called upon to administer to a sick friend, she sat down by the bed and after a "weighty silence before the Lord," said: "this sickness is not unto death for I hear thy voice in a distant yearly meeting." The friend recovered, and in a few months took out a "minute" to attend the yearly meeting at Baltimore.

Mrs. Owen made it her special duty to visit those in prison. By her quiet Christian demeanor she won the confidence of the prison authorities who allowed her to converse freely with those "in

bonds." She was instrumental in securing the release of a young man, who, through her influence, became a devoted missionary.

Hannah Bartlett was a famous preacher among the Friends. She lived at Unity and traveled to Augusta, a distance of forty miles to preach. These journeys were taken on horseback. She was the mother of twelve children. 'Tis said her Christian example greatly influenced the life of Sibyl Jones.

Sibyl Jones was born in Brunswick in 1808. She spent her childhood in Augusta. She was a high-spirited girl, bitterly opposed to Quakerism and protested against the humble garb; but her good mother insisted upon her wearing it, as she became older. When the time arrived, the mother with great care had prepared her daughter's dress, which she had promised to wear the following Sabbath. Imagine that mother's mortification, as from the peaceful repose of her high seat in the meeting, she looked up to see her daughter enter with her bonnet reversed — the cape falling over her face.

Sibyl developed into a devoted woman, her sweet face and persuasive words winning many hearts.

She was married to Eli Jones in 1853. Very soon after they heard the "call of God" and began their religious visits, which they continued throughout their lives. They proclaimed the love of Christ throughout Europe, extending their journey even to Siberia. In 1867 they sailed from Boston to Syria, and the Holy Land. At Ramalleh, Jerusalem, they founded the Eli and Sibyl Jones Mission, which is still active and recognized even by the prejudiced Moslem as a memorial of the practical love of Christ.

Sibyl Jones was the mother of five children. Much has been written of her great executive ability. She was for many years one of the trustees of Oak Grove Seminary, now known as Bailey Institute. Whittier writes of her:

> Sibyl Jones, whose inspired eloquence and rare spirituality impressed all who knew her. In obedience to her apprehended duty she made visits of Christian love to various parts of Europe and to the west coast of Africa and Palestine.

Aunt Horton was one of the mothers of the Friends, much loved and honored in Portland. At the age of ninety-six, she is described as straight and majestic as a palm tree and in full possession of all her mental powers. She and her husband owned the first four-wheeled covered carriage ever

seen in Portland. Their orchard was where Green Street now is. She lived to be ninety-nine years old. They often accompanied the Quaker preachers in their journeys. Mrs. Horton left to the Falmouth Monthly Meeting a sum of money, now called the Sarah W. Horton Fund.

Mrs. Polly Young of Bangor, celebrated her one hundredth birthday September 4, 1883. Her descendants through five generations were present on the occasion. Mrs. Young held upon her lap her great-great-great-granddaughter, then six months old.

Mrs. Young was born in New Hampshire. She came of a long line of illustrious families. She was married at the age of seventeen years, to Benjamin Young. War and theology were discussed with equal fervor by this youthful pair. With a babe, three months old in her arms, Mrs. Young and her husband ran away from Indians and took refuge in Fort Lee. They afterwards lived in Vermont. Coming to Maine with their thirteen children, they made their home in Calais. Mrs. Young being left a widow, subsequently moved to Bangor.

She inherited a highly religious nature from her grandfather, who was a Baptist minister. Her own conversion was marked, and ever after she

allowed no opportunity to pass without bearing testimony for her Divine Master. She held meetings at her own house, preaching with great fervor to those who gladly accepted the invitations to her spiritual feasts.

In this pioneer missionary work she met with opposition, persistent and severe, from her husband's relatives, who were not religious. But Mrs. Young continued a preacher of righteousness.

She was gifted in song. At the extreme age of one hundred years she retained the memory of many of the quaint old hymns she sang in her youth and which she continued to sing until her death, sometimes singing all day long. She entertained her many relatives on the occasion of her centennial celebration by singing to them one of the songs of her girlhood.

She kept up her daily avocations in spite of increasing feebleness, saying always "I must do my work and care for myself as long as I can." Knitting became her constant occupation after she had given up more active duties. It was her ambition to knit a rug for each of her seven sons. Her granddaughters would pin her knitting-safe to her side and, the dear old lady would knit and knit. She had completed one rug and was working on the second when the summons came to fold

the work and lay it aside forever. Until within three weeks of her death, she rose early and completed her own toilet, averring if she gave up these habits, she would become a bed-ridden old woman, and she did not wish to live after that. She never complained of pain or feebleness, and peacefully fell asleep a few months after the family reunion.

Almira Prescott was born in Gorham about 1800. She married Jeremiah Bullock and lived in Limington. They were both independent thinkers, and soon separated from the Free Baptist church and established a sect known as the Bullockites. They were both ordained as preachers, and it was not unusual for them to occupy the same pulpit, one preaching in the morning and the other in the afternoon. They professed to preach the gospel unadulterated. They were deeply spiritual and opposed to all innovations.

Mrs. Bullock was a handsome woman, of fine physique, with a clear persuasive voice. It was her custom to lay aside her bonnet when preaching. This she replaced with the little cap, unadorned with ribbon. She often impressed her sermons by walking back and forth on the platform from which she spoke. Her public duties did not deter her from looking well to the ways of her

household. She was an old-time housekeeper, hospitable and mindful of the poor. Her three children were carefully reared. They are spoken of as a family of preachers. Their son Wescott became a famous preacher in the faith of his father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Bullock went about establishing churches, and for this purpose journeyed in a one-horse chaise. Their visits were anticipated by the children, who were always attracted by Mrs. Bullock's kindly face. They held meetings in the open air, in barns, or wherever an opportunity was afforded them to proclaim the gospel as they comprehended it.

One of Mrs. Bullock's friends ventured to remind her that it was not necessary for her to speak so loud — that the Lord was not deaf. "Ah," she said, "but the sinners are; and I must wake them up."

# FAMOUS HOSTESSES

# XXVI

## FAMOUS HOSTESSES

*A dinner lubricates business.*

LORD STOWELL.

MOLLY WENTWORTH married Jabez Ricker, May 14, 1761. With their ten children they settled upon the hill which bears their name to-day, in 1794. There, in the family burying-ground, they peacefully sleep, having experienced the varying changes of nearly a century.

The family had been familiar with the social life of Berwick, which, at that early day, was renowned for its culture and hospitality. The lonely hill, with its one frame house, was to the girls a howling wilderness. Our sympathy goes out to them as we learn that, homesick and weary the night of their arrival on the hill, they sat about the fire and wept. We may be very sure the mother found no time for tears. The next morning two wayworn travelers

knocked at her door. Mary Ricker little dreamed that, in sharing her family breakfast with them, she was laying the corner-stone of the renowned hostelry that crowns the hill to-day, the Poland Spring House.

Janette Bolster was born in Rumford in 1821. As a child, she had the advantages of a cultured home and the training of the best schools. While yet young she became a teacher, and proved herself the true student by continuing to pursue her studies in literature and art ever after. She was a fine botanist, an excellent musician, fond of flowers, which were objects of her loving care through life.

She married Hiram Ricker, and very soon became the popular hostess of the Mansion House on Ricker Hill. Mrs. Ricker was "to the manor born," her father's house having been famous for its hospitality to weary travelers. She soon developed great executive ability, caring for the eight or ten boarders of that day with very little help. It was the palatable dishes prepared by her own hands that captivated her guests and spurred the hungry traveler to lengthen out his day's journey, that he might sit at her table.

Janette Ricker was a woman with a nature too

broad to be limited by her household walls, even though her home was a public inn. She was much sought after by her sick neighbors, who recognized her skill in baffling disease. Her presence brought healing to many sufferers. Fortunate was the guest who fell ill under her roof.

She was deeply interested in all movements for the uplifting of humanity, especially for the develment of women.

Janette Ricker gauged her guests, not by their adornments and equipages, but by their minds and hearts. From her parents she inherited the cardinal virtues, justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, which made her strong in her religious convictions. When fully convinced of the right, she was not easily turned from her purpose. She was a devoted wife and mother, having the love and confidence of her children, who revere her memory to-day. So steadfast was she to all the duties of her home that, though living in Poland, near the lake, for forty years, she had never given herself an hour upon it until the last summer of her life.

She fell asleep September 23, 1883, at the age of sixty-two years, having exemplified all through her life that "happiness consists not in getting and receiving, but in giving and serving."

Cynthia Wheeler Bolster, the mother of Janette Bolster, was one of the early teachers of Maine. She came to Rumford from Concord, New Hampshire, where she was reared and educated. She married General Alvan Bolster, and was a warm sympathizer with all his efforts for the betterment of his fellow men. He was an earnest advocate of temperance, and identified himself with the Sons of Temperance. Janette Bolster Ricker was well mothered and fathered, inheriting her strong nature from both parents.

# AUTHORS

# XXVII

# AUTHORS

*A verse may find him who a sermon flies.*
GEORGE HERBERT.

THE Honor Roll of Maine's sweet singers is long — too long to be repeated here. "Their 'lines' have gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world." They are not only poets and writers, but they are women — whose worthy deeds, should they be chronicled, every one would fill many volumes.

The writer rejoices that one of the indications of the utility of Women's Clubs is the study and appreciation of our own writers, who have been better known to the world outside than around Maine hearthstones.

Of the eight popular songs by American women, four were written by Maine women who in literature as in all other lines of development, are representative women.

Looking down from the walls of the library of the Maine Historical Society, one may see to-day beneath her high turban headdress, the benign face of Madam Wood.

Sally Sayward Barrell Keatings Wood was born in 1759. Her childhood was spent in York at the home of her Grandfather Sayward, who ranked next in wealth to Sir William Pepperell, the richest man in Maine. She was familiar with the stories of border warfare and Indian treachery.

Her great-great-grandmother had been murdered, with several of her children, by the Indians. Another ancestor, Hannah Sayward, had been carried a captive to Quebec, where she was purchased by a noble French lady, who educated her in a nunnery, of which she afterward became Lady Abbess.

Mrs. Keating was naturally of a happy temperament. Her grandfather built a fine house at York, which he gave her as a wedding present. Three children came to gladden the home. After four short years, her husband was stricken and died.

Devoting herself to authorship, Mrs. Keating became the first writer of fiction in Maine, incidents of the period in which she lived being her themes.

In 1804, having resided with her children at her home in York twenty-one years, she married General Abiel Wood and made her home in Wiscasset, at that time a leading commercial port. Surrounded by wealth and in the society of congenial companions, Mrs. Wood continued her literary work.

After the death of General Wood she made her home in Portland, living in the Anderson house on the south side of Free Street. Here she was much respected and loved. During this period of her life she published "Tales of a Night, by a Lady of Maine." Truly she was a lady of Maine — one of Maine's mothers. Among other published works are "Julia," "The Spectator," and "The Old Man's Story."

Elizabeth Oakes Smith, poet, mother, wife and grandmother of poets, is one of the strong representative women of Maine — a pioneer in many lines of work. It is claimed that she was the first woman in America to stand upon a public platform.

Mrs. Smith was born in Portland. Her family name was Prince. She died in North Carolina in 1893.

We all love

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Out of the motherly heart it came,
Born of a sense that mothers know,
Rocking the baby to and fro,

Black or white or bronze the hue,
Always the same sweet tune is heard,
The sweetest song earth ever knew,
Happy as thrill of the nestling bird.
Mothers, content in the twilight glow
And rocking their babies to and fro.

Mothers out of the mother-heart
Fashion a song both sweet and low —
Always the same dear mother-art,
Rocking the baby to and fro ;
Always the lazy, loving tone,
Hummed in a dreamy undertone.

Many have read "Stepping Heavenward" and had their soul blest by it. Those who sing to-day,

More love to Thee, O Christ !
More love to Thee ;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bending knee ;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
More love to Thee.

remember the song but forget the singer, Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, born in Portland, where

her name is greatly revered. She was the daughter of the Rev. Edward Payson, and received careful training as a child. She was one of a little band of seven young ladies, who met together weekly for prayer and personal consecration. This band was the nucleus of the ladies' prayer-meeting of the Second Parish church at the present time.

Miss Celia Patten, one of the leading philanthropists in Portland to-day, was also one of the band of seven. She recalls that Miss Payson was always ready to do her part; that she shrank from no duty or responsibility.

At an early age Miss Payson began to write for the press. Her first contributions were to the columns of the Youth's Companion. In 1840 she accepted a position as teacher in a school at Richmond, Virginia, where she remained three years. Five of the six teachers in this school were from Maine.

Elizabeth Payson was married to Rev. George L. Prentiss, April 16, 1845. Their first pastorate was at New Bedford, Massachusetts. After six years they removed to Newark, New Jersey, thence to New York.

Mrs. Prentiss was a happy wife and mother, but her duties were not confined to her home. To

her people she was not only the pastor's wife, but also a "daughter of consolation." At her summer home in Dorset, Vermont, she gave weekly Bible readings, which were instructive and entertaining to the women of the scattered neighborhood, who often traveled miles to attend them.

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss completed the journey heavenward August 13, 1878.

Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy), born among "The Happy Hills of Strong," has wandered the wide world over, and sung many songs, but never one that has touched more hearts than

> Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
> Make me a child again just for to-night!
> Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
> Take me again to your heart as of yore;
> . . . . . .
> Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
> Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
> . . . . . .
> Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
> Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

The mother of Harriet Prescott Spofford, Sarah Bridges Prescott, is spoken of as "a beautiful, proud, intelligent girl, one of Nature's true nobility." Harriet was born in Calais. She is remem-

bered by the lumbermen on the St. Croix River as a fearless child, who found great delight in bounding from log to log, apparently unconscious of the fact that a misstep would plunge her into the swollen river.

What Harriet Prescott Spofford said of another may not inaptly apply to herself:

In her writing, in her person, in her manner, in her voice, in her dress, there is a gracious and undefinable charm.

Of Maine, her native state, she writes:

There is to me a poetry about her hills that does not belong to hills of greater height; her forests are darker and sweeter than other woods, and I shall sail the unreturning voyage before I forget the seas that girt her coasts with their flashing barriers.

On the wild piping of the autumn blast
Float out, Old Glory!

Let the sun kindle thee at morn and even
Where the storm-eagles fly
In thy far home and high,
Born of the colors of the morning sky
And dipped in dyes of Heaven.

There is no beauty like thy lofty winging.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Miss Salucia Abbott was for many years a teacher in Boston and Brunswick. Subsequently

she became the amanuensis of her brother Jacob and reviewed the Rollo Books at Few Acres, Farmington. A widowed sister, Mrs. Clara Abbott Cutler, presided over the home. She was a woman of gentle manners and greatly loved by all who knew her. Few Acres was so suggestive of the Rollo Books, the Lucy Books, and all of those wonderful series of Jacob Abbott! The house was quaint and attractive, but the rambling sheds and barn were even more so. Scrupulous neatness was noticeable everywhere. There was Lucy's Loft, to which some steps had been made over the woodpile; the venerable-looking rocking-horse with saddle-bags in place; the little gallery made for amateur musicians. There were delightful surprises for children at every turn about the grounds.

The house was low, with a large chimney in the middle. There were many rooms on the ground floor, all connected; and what made it enchanting was that, as necessity required, new rooms had been added and bay windows thrown out here and here. Mr. Abbott's room was in the long-stretching ell.

The writer recalls her visits to the venerable brother and sisters. There was a peculiar charm in their quiet, genuine hospitality.

Miss Salucia's room was suggestive of rest and comfort, with its broad Turkish couch and chairs. There was usually a fire upon the hearth. Her bright andirons were the standard for the polished brass of the neighborhood. Among the book-cases was one containing only her brother Jacob's books, in which she took a sisterly pride. As she pointed them out to the writer, Mr. Abbott, in his quiet way, remarked that he hoped some day to look them over, to see what was in them.

Maine has no sweeter singer or more devoted lover than Frances Laughton Mace, who from her home in the golden state writes:

I would give more for a dandelion from Maine than for the armfuls of roses now blossoming in my garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Mace have recently made for themselves a new home among the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The region is more elevated than San José, and near Lyndon Heights, the home of their only daughter, May Lyndon. Mrs. Mace writes of this new home, July 25, 1895:

I have called the place "Ultima Thule," believing that for both my husband and myself it would prove the last and farthest land. I am well content to journey no more, since I have given up all hope of ever being well enough to journey

again to my own country. Now, "Only Waiting," will be my own watchword.

Let me tell you a little about this last home of mine. The home is only a cottage, straw-colored with a red roof; not many nor large rooms, but two large, delightful verandas. From these the view is charming. The pretty city lies just below us; ten miles away some spires showing from a mass of green, signifying San José. The smooth-rolling Coast Range of mountains, of which Mount Hamilton is chief, is in full view. I sit out and gaze on them, and they would look beautiful to me but that I am gifted or doomed with a vision which always sees beyond the extremest limit; and so I see three thousand miles away and look on the sparkle of Portland Harbor and the blue Penobscot, and I see beloved faces missed forever from my life. I cannot forget, but I think I shall find content in this pretty little home in the hills.

Mrs. Mace was born in Orono. Her parents, Doctor and Mrs. Laughton, soon after moved to Bangor, where they still reside. Here Mrs. Mace spent her girlhood and early married life.

The most popular of Mrs. Mace's poems, the one she is singing in her western home to-day, was written in Maine, when only a girl of eighteen:

> Only waiting till the shadows
> Are a little longer grown.

In Calais Mrs. Fred Pike wrote "Ida May."

Lucy Larcom and Lydia Maria Child spent part of their girlhood in Maine.

Margaret Fuller loved to visit among her relatives in Farmington. There was a freedom about its hills in harmony with her own broad nature.

So long as

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,

Maine will cherish in loving remembrance the name of Caroline Dana Howe. Through the great law of recompense

Many are cradled into poetry by wrong
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Mrs. Howe says of "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall:"

It was written in Boston in 1856, while under the shadow of a great affliction.

The inspiration came to her as she watched the dropping of the rose petals in her friend's garden. Lying moldering in the flower-bed, they were suggestive only of decay; but Mrs. Howe's prophetic eye saw that what seemed decay was transition. The fallen rose leaves were enriching the soil for a brighter bloom. Out of the ashes of her own heart there flamed up

We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart,

and thus was ushered in one of the heart-songs that will never die. In its appeal to other hearts it will ring on adown the ages, awaking

> Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
> Through the weary, weary time,
> Budding for its blossoming
> In the spirit's silent clime.

Mrs. Howe was born in Fryeburg. She now lives in Portland, where she has spent the greater part of her life. She has for many years been identified with the literary work of the city. Her ready pen, intelligent criticism, keen wit and kindly heart, make her a favorite with all circles. Young writers find in her a helpful friend. Mrs. Howe is much sought after by her lady friends, in the vicinity of Portland, who often claim her for a week, making their homes centers for literary gatherings during her visit. Many happy groups have been entertained and instructed by the vivid and interesting recitals of her own experiences. Boys can have no more delightful entertainment than Mrs. Howe's personal reminiscences of army life. She was one of the only party of women allowed to go to the front during the late war.

Mrs. Howe is a busy woman; has written much more than she has published. Many of her songs

have been set to music. She cherishes among her personal friends many of the literary people of America. She was presented with the favorite pen of Whittier, as a testimony of the friendship between them.

Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards, the daughter of Julia Ward and Samuel Gridley Howe, was born in Boston. She was named for Laura Bridgman. A part of her babyhood was spent in Rome. She was a lovely child with a tendency toward literature; was educated in the private schools of Boston. Being a natural reader, she was often called upon to repeat ballads for the entertainment of her school and home friends.

The children of Julia Ward and Samuel G. Howe were started early in philanthrophy. When a girl of seventeen, Laura was taken by her mother to Greece, where her father and older sister were laboring in behalf of the Cretans. Her letters written home were so thrilling that her sister, now Mrs. Hall, immediately collected five hundred dollars for the sufferers. On the return of Laura and her mother, by means of a fair which they inaugurated, eighteen thousand dollars were raised and forwarded for the relief of the persecuted Cretans.

Laura Howe was married to Henry Richards in 1871. After residing in Boston a few years, they came to live in Gardiner. Here in the home of Mr. Richard's maternal ancestors, Mrs. Richards is best known and loved to-day. She is the mother of six children. To the manner born, it has been her pleasure to gather about her students interested in literary culture. To her happy home the boys flock, sure of a welcome and sympathy that only a loving mother-heart can give. Many of her nursery lullabies and merry jingles have cheered and blessed other homes through the columns of the St. Nicholas. "Capt. January" Series and the Hildegarde Books have been the delight of boys and girls.

Sarah Orne Jewett, whose charming books are read by all lovers of fine literature, has preserved for the future student many delightful pictures of her native Berwick in the olden time.

The settlers on the Piscataqua knew what was going on in the world. They bought the best books and knew the best men in other places and lived handsomely at home.

Miss Julia H. May has recently given to the world "Songs from the Woods of Maine," aromatic with the fragrance of the pine, resonant with the babbling brook, and pregnant with lessons of faith

and hope and love. Born at Strong, the daughter of a clergyman, she was carefully educated, inheriting from both parents her highly poetic nature. After graduating from Mount Holyoke Seminary, she taught in Kentucky eight years.

Associated with her sister, Miss Sarah R. May, she founded the Wendall Institute at Farmington, which had a successful career of thirteen years, embracing among its students young men and women from all parts of the state. Subsequently the sisters were induced to move their school to Strong, where it was known as the May School. To the home of their girlhood they were most cordially welcomed. A schoolhouse was built for them on the home lot near the little parsonage, and here the school grew and flourished.

Many of Miss May's saddest, sweetest songs have been written in memory of her sister, whose death in 1888, left her stricken with grief.

Miss May spends her summers in Strong, where she delights to entertain the many friends who visit her The white parsonage, with its green blinds and massive chimney in the center, is nestled among the lofty elms that tower above it in front. The broad grounds surrounded by trees, stretch behind it to the river bank, where a descending path winds far down to the little stream of water

that ripples over the rocks as it hastens on to join the Sandy River, the pride of the beautiful valley. On the almost precipitous sides of the bank grows one of the monarchs of the Maine forests — a venerable pine, in whose top the "century-living crow," through many successive centuries, "has grown old and died;" beneath its shade, Pierpole gathered his dusky warriors; on its spreading branches the cradles of many generations of Indian babies have swung. Still verdant, surrounded by a miniature forest, the old pine points its needles heavenward and imparts its fragrance. On a platform overhanging the edge of the bluff, Miss May has her retreat, and here many of her poems, so near to nature's heart, have been written. Through the opening in the trees her favorite Mount Abram can be seen. One of the most popular of Miss May's poems — one that has touched many homesick hearts — is "O Wanderers of Maine."

O Wanderer from the land of Maine! the perfume of the pine
Is mingled with your memory — Her violet vales entwine
Memorial wreaths — She calls for you — O must she call in vain?
Come back, your mother longs for you, O Wanderers of Maine.

To-day Miss May is making the world brighter and better through her pen.

# PHILANTHROPISTS

# XXVIII

# PHILANTHROPISTS

*Meek and lowly, pure and holy,*
*Chief among the "Blessed Three;"*
*Turning sadness into gladness*
*Heav'n-born art thou, Charity.*

NO woman in Bangor is better known to-day, more respected by those associated with her in the various charities of the city, or more tenderly loved by the deserving poor, than Mrs. Caroline Rogers Mason. Her family name is Fairfield. She was born April 3, 1818, at Norridgewock. In this beautiful village on the banks of the Kennebec her childhood was spent. She had the advantages of a careful home training and of the schools of her native town. Later she studied at Waterville in the school now known as the Classical Institute.

Her life-work was foreshadowed in her girlhood. Associating herself with two companions, she con-

ducted a Sunday-school, and on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday a day school for children who lived in the poor locality known as the Plains, now the French settlement of Waterville.

By the removal of her family to Bangor in 1837, she became a resident of that city. In 1840, the last day of the year, she was married to John C. Dexter of Boston. Of her two children by this marriage, a son died in infancy and a daughter, Mrs. Edwin B. Patten, now resides in Minneapolis. In 1847 she became the wife of Doctor John Mason of Bangor, where she now resides with her three sons.

During her early married life, engrossing family cares and domestic duties prevented Mrs. Mason taking an active part in organized charitable work, but she was a frequent and welcome visitor at the bedside of the sick and in the homes of the poor and unfortunate. She was a most energetic and efficient participant in the work of the Sanitary Commission during the late Civil War.

Mrs. Mason has been vice-president of the Home for Aged Women since January, 1873, that being the highest office in that institution held by a woman. Since 1846 she has been associated in the work of the Unitarian Benevolent Society, an organization that has done a vast amount of good

among the poor, and for the past twenty-two years she has had the direct charge of the same, accepting the presidency in 1873.

The Society of Associated Charities was organized in 1886. At its sixth annual meeting Mrs. Mason was unanimously chosen president, an office which she still fills with signal ability. She has also been for many years vice-president of the Female Charitable Society, one of the oldest organizations in Bangor.

A woman of exceptional intellectual gifts, a keen judge of human nature, of broad and generous sympathies, possessing a fine tact and delicacy of feeling, united to sterling common sense, Mrs. Mason is peculiarly fitted for a leader in the work of philanthrophy, to which she has devoted so large a portion of her time, strength and means.

In Yarmouth lived Mrs. Olive True Stockbridge, the ancestor of one of Maine's sweet singers, Annie Louise Cary.

> Her bounty had no winter in it,
> An autumn 't was that grew the more for reaping.

She had distributed to the poor the greater part of the new barrel of beef. When questioned by

her husband in regard to its rapid disappearance, she replied, "It has all been eaten."

One may read upon her monument to-day, "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds that she did."

Upon the honor roll of the Maine women who were messengers of light and mercy to the sick and wounded soldiers, during the Civil War, should be written the name of Sarah E. Palmer.

Under the superintendence of Dorothea L. Dix, she continued in the service as army nurse during the war. She then accepted the position of matron in the hospital for the insane at Trenton, New Jersey. Here she remained three years, devoting herself unweariedly to the care and comfort of this unfortunate class of humanity. Subsequently she returned to her home in Dover, where in her childhood and early womanhood she had enjoyed excellent educational advantages, which had fitted her for the arduous duties so faithfully discharged. She still continued her charities, conducting her business affairs economically that she might have wherewith to help others. She was a woman of superior physical and mental powers. Her death occurred at Dover, January, 19, 1894.

The following sketch is from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Park Keyes, herself a philanthropist, constantly doing good in beautiful ways. She is known throughout the state for her scholarly attainments. As preceptress at Kent's Hill, she greatly endeared herself to the young people of Maine. As the wife of Captain Charles Keyes, she assisted in the editorship of the Farmington Chronicle. She has a legal mind and ready pen, and has won many honors in the editorial chair. She is an active worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union and in women's clubs. She was the first president of the Monday Club, Farmington, one of the charter members of the State Federation:

"Miss Hannah Peabody, a daughter of Doctor William Peabody of Corinth, Maine, and a cousin of George Peabody, the philanthropist, had a most interesting career. For half a century or more, she was devoted to missionary work, which, in a smaller way, was closely akin to that her famous relative bestowed so many millions to advance. It is told as an incident of her girlhood and as characteristic of her executive ability, that at the age of nineteen she safely piloted a vessel through the Isles of Shoals. She was a passenger on the vessel, and at an inopportune moment the captain

fell ill. As nobody else on board knew the passage, the brave girl gave the directions in her non-nautical terms, and the vessel was run safely through.

"In 1828, Miss Peabody sailed for Chile with the purpose of teaching and doing what missionary labor she could. Zealous in the religion of her ancestors, she carried with her a joint supply of schoolbooks and Bibles. Owing to mutiny on the ship she did not reach Chile, but found herself landed, a total stranger, on the island of St. Catherine, off the coast of Brazil. Thence she made her way to Montevideo and to the countries of the River Platte. She was extremely successful as a teacher at several points in Uraguay and Buenos Ayres, and finally established herself in Gualeguaychu, a town in the Province of Entre Rios, in the Argentine Republic. During her earlier years of teaching, Miss Peabody spent all her surplus earnings in opening schools and in distributing Bibles, both in Spanish and English, among the poor people who were destitute of them. She taught much without pay, aside from her regular school duties. Her old age found her with very little of this world's goods, dependent mainly on the generous assistance of English ladies residing in Entre Rios. It is believed that

had her cousin, George Peabody, known her circumstances, he would have made ample provision for her last days. After all the vicissitudes of life, she retained her mental and physical powers to a remarkable degree, and always cherished the hope that she might live to see Yankee progressiveness introduced into the Argentine Republic, and the manufacture of cotton goods carried on as in her native New England."

Mrs. Wooster Parker of Belfast, is a representative Maine mother, well known throughout her long life for her deeds of mercy. She is to-day still active. A careful student of human nature, the younger philanthropists find in her a safe counselor.

The daughter of Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., so well and favorably known in connection with the history of the Bangor Theological Seminary, Miss Pond was well fitted by theory and practice to assume the duties of a misister's wife. She married Rev. Wooster Parker. Their first pastorate was at Foxcroft. They subsequently settled over the North Congregational church of Belfast.

Mrs. Wooster is a woman of vigorous intellect, and identifies herself with every movement for the advancement of temperance, philanthrophy and

the church. She has many of the qualities that make her a natural leader among women. Having the courage of her convictions, she is a terror to Sabbath-breakers and evil-doers. She is not afraid to rise up and condemn their evil practices. By her church and by those associated with her in the various lines of philanthropic work, Mrs. Wooster is greatly beloved. She is respected by the young, for whose entertainment and growth in true nobility of character she has always manifested a deep interest. All her life she has been a practical housekeeper of the genuine old-fashioned type. In the loving devotion of her only son, the Rev. Doctor Parker of Hartford, Connecticut, is exemplified the careful training of a wise mother.

There is no name of sweeter or more honored memory, among the mothers of Portland, than that of Mrs. Ellen Merrill Barstow. She was born in Newburyport, in 1807, and was the daughter of Colonel Paul Merrill and Eleanor Stevens. She was early married to George S. Barstow of Portland, and in taking up a residence in this city, became identified with its charities, and interested in its good works. She was one of the early managers of the Samaritan, Martha Washington and

Home for Aged Women Associations. In her public, as well as private charities, she combined with her executive ability, such rare tact, warm sympathy and gentleness of manner as to call out the expression at the time of her decease, "the poor of the city have lost their best friend."

She was a prominent member of the First Universalist society after her marriage, became a zealous worker for the church, and was for many years a devoted teacher in the Sunday-school, helping in all ways to make it a power for good for the young people of the city. Many of her literary productions were written in the interest of the Sunday-school. "The Mission of the Fairies," a charming operetta, was written by her to aid the library of the school, and has been a very popular production. Mrs. Barstow was an active worker in the Sanitary Commission at the time of the Civil War, and was most efficient in her aid to the homeless and needy, after the great fire in Portland in 1866, notwithstanding that she herself, was a sufferer, having lost her home in that terrible holocaust. Whatever the occasion, whether a public calamity, or a case of private distress, she was ever ready to respond with her sympathy, her service and her pen, for its relief. In events of the city's rejoicing, she was equally ready to share in the

enthusiasm, and to celebrate with her pen what was uppermost in all hearts. On the return of the 20th and 17th Maine Regiments, at the close of the war, she wrote a spirited poem, which was read at one of their anniversary celebrations in City Hall.

With all her domestic and home virtues, Mrs. Barstow believed that a woman's sphere should not be restricted, and could not be except by her own capacity, for whatever a woman had the ability or the gifts to do, would find expression. This was exemplified in her own life, for with all the domestic cares incident to rearing a large family of children, she found time for literary as well as for public work. The literary work she was especially fitted for by nature and culture, and as has been said of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Barstow wrote and studied while rocking the cradle. She composed stories and poems for the papers and magazines, and the readers of the Portland Transcript cordially welcomed the articles in its columns from her graceful pen. Her style was natural and easy, and besides her lighter stories for children and her charming poems, she composed much of a deeply earnest and religious nature. Her reading was extensive, and she was abreast of the times on all the important and serious questions of the day. In her domestic life, in her humanitarian interests, her

public work, her poetic and literary talent, her religious life, her well-rounded and beautiful character, we have reason to revere the memory of one of the noblest of the mothers of Maine. Her daughters worthily exemplify their mother's teaching. All are women of culture and imbued with the philanthropic spirit.

Mrs. Susan E. Bragdon was the first president of the Women's Literary Union of Portland.

Mrs. Mary E. McGregor is known in connection with the child-saving work of the state.

Mrs. Augusta M. Hunt is a graceful speaker, and is identified with various educational and philanthropic institutions. As president of the Home for Aged Women, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and of the Ladies' History Club, she has proved herself a wise and efficient leader.

Mrs. Abigail R. Prentiss, or Madam Prentiss as she is usually called, has been identified with the charities of Bangor many years. Her parents, Samuel and Polly Rawson, came from Massachusetts to Paris, where Abigail Adams Rawson was born, February 5, 1811. She was a vigorous infant, having run off on her feet when she was only nine months old.

In the pure air of her native hills, under the

guidance of a wise mother, she grew to womanhood possessed of a strong, sound mind in a sound body. She was educated in the public schools of her native town in the same classes with Hannibal Hamlin and his sisters. She had the advantages of Miss Gurley's school for young ladies in Portland, and found in her visits to Boston and New York, much to broaden and strengthen her receptive mind.

In 1836 she married Henry E. Prentiss, a young lawyer of her native town. After living a few years in Old Town and Stillwater, they settled at Bangor in 1840. Mr. Prentiss was a genial, cultured man. Educated at West Point, he was a master of mathematics and civil engineering. He was a devoted lover of literature, and interested in all that pertained to the ethical culture of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss were united in the bond of a philanthropic spirit. They believed that social rule the best which should result in the greatest happiness to the greatest number; both loved nature better than art, and simple principles better than ingenious sophistry. For twenty-five years and more, Mrs. Prentiss kept close to the demands of domestic duties, refreshing herself with an occasional lecture or opera, and always with the culti-

vation of flowers. She held herself ready to help a sick neighbor, or to send for an engine if her neighbor's house caught fire; but she would never keep a careful list of callers, nor allow herself to be appointed to any public function.

After the death of her husband she began to have time to spare.

Antislavery and temperance had perhaps been the two great causes which she had most warmly embraced. After the formation of the Ladies' Crusade against intemperance, it was but natural that she should throw herself heart and soul into the work. With this she has been identified for twenty years, a part of the time being its president. Her hand has never been withheld from any good cause, religious, benevolent or educational.

She continues to act on the board of the Children's Home, on which she has served many years, taking to her mother-heart the friendless waifs. Four of Mrs. Prentiss' children live to cheer and comfort her. Not these alone, however, call her "mother." Others still have called her so in years long gone by.

HANNAH TOBEY SHAPLEIGH

FARMER

## XXIX

## HANNAH TOBEY SHAPLEIGH FARMER

*Whichever way the wind doth blow*
*Some heart is glad to have it so.*
*Then blow it east or blow it west*
*The wind that blows, that wind is best.*

CAROLINE MASON.

HANNAH FARMER was the evolution of eight generations of worthy Maine mothers. From Dorcas Bartlett she inherited courage and self-sacrifice. This brave pioneer was a martyr to Indian treachery. She was shot while riding from church on a pillion behind her husband. Knowing that she was mortally wounded, as she fell from the horse, she urged her husband, for the sake of the children, to hasten on unmindful of her. She died heroically, pleading for the safety of her loved ones.

The grandmother of Mrs. Farmer, Hannah Shapleigh Tobey, was a representative woman of

her time, exemplifying in her beautiful life many of the domestic and civic virtues.

When a child of only eight years of age, her mother, being somewhat of an invalid and her father obliged to go from home for military service, she was entrusted with the care of fourteen cows—with the promise of a present on her father's return. The little girl faithfully tended the cows and was rewarded for all her labor with one yard of red ribbon. She assured her granddaughter years afterward that no child was ever more delighted than she, for no other little girl had such a treasure. Imported goods were not even dreamed of in those days on the Shapleigh farm. She had many thrilling experiences during her girlhood, as she journeyed alone on horseback through the forests of Eliot.

She married James Tobey, and in their sunshiny home on the banks of the Piscataqua, they found great joy in living, as one by one there came to them seven children. They were all lovers of song, and even in advanced life the mother and her three wedded daughters were all members of the village choir.

Olive Tobey, the mother of Mrs. Farmer, was born in Eliot in 1794. She married Richard

Shapleigh and lived for a short time at Blackberry Hill. Later they made their home at Great Falls, where their three daughters, Mary, Elizabeth and Hannah, were born.

Hannah Tobey Shapleigh Farmer, the daughter of Olive and Richard Shapleigh, inherited her broad nature and bright, cheerful spirit from both parents. No more fitting tribute has been offered to any Maine mother than the beautiful volume published to the memory of Hannah Farmer by her devoted daughter, Sarah Farmer, upon whom the mantles of heroic women, through eight generations, have fallen. Hannah Tobey entered upon her married life with the same spirit of devotion that characterized all her future. While the bridal party were assembling in the parlor of her home, in the chamber above it she and Moses Gerrish Farmer were kneeling in prayer for God's blessing upon the vows they were about to take upon themselves and which they so faithfully fulfilled. Only a few days after her marriage, Mrs. Farmer identified herself with the Antislavery Society. Her home at Dover, New Hampshire, soon became a way station of the underground railroad. Here the fugitive man or woman found refuge and a "Godspeed" over the Canadian line.

Hannah Farmer wrote of her married life:

> There is something so precious in the daily communion of husband and wife, I often feel that the land to which we are going can have for me, no purer joy than I have known in this sanctified relation. Woman is the presiding angel of her home. Her unseen influence there is more than all pulpits in the land.

Mrs. Farmer, through a life of almost uninterrupted invalidism, kept herself in touch with the busy world outside of her home. When the Rebellion broke out, having been bereft of her only son, she said:

> I have no son to give; I give myself. With God's help I will no longer live for myself. I consecrate all that I have been, am, or ever hope to be, to my country's service.

Mrs. Farmer identified herself with every movement for the amelioration of the condition of the brave boys in blue. The dying benediction of many a soldier was, "God bless Mrs. Farmer!"

By means of the May Day Fair which she inaugurated and superintended from her sick bed in Eden Home, Salem, Massachusetts, she was able to place twelve hundred dollars at the disposal of the committee for the relief of the suffering soldiers. Other fairs followed. She continued in her work of love to the close of the war, writing many letters to

the sick in hospitals. It was her custom from the first, when she learned that regiments from Maine were to pass through Salem, to send the children with flowers and kindly messages to distribute to them as the train waited at the crossing. The children delighted to gather the flowers and bring them to Mrs. Farmer's sick-room, where they together arranged them in suitable bouquets. It was a little thing to give to a soldier a simple flower, yet many of these were cherished as a testimony that loving hearts followed them on their perilous mission.

The story of Hannah Farmer, in the preservation of the Old South Meeting-house, should be told by every lover of that sacred shrine. Mrs. Farmer remembered that Mary Norton, the wife of Rev. John Norton, in 1699, bequeathed a part of her estate "for the erecting of a house for the assembling of the people together for the worship of God," and she added: "for no other intent, use or purpose whatsoever." And for no other purpose was Mrs. Farmer willing it should be defiled. When Mrs. Farmer learned that the parish, in 1876, gave over the property for other purposes, her soul burned within her. She determined to make an effort to save the ancient temple. Her family remonstrated, but as she mused, the fire burned.

She wrote to the committee having the matter in charge: "The Old South Meeting-house and the land on which it is built is God's." She assured her husband and friends that the Old South would be saved, and she never doubted her mission in saving it. Upon her sick-bed she received a telegram in answer to her proposition, that the women of our country become its purchaser:

Will save Old South if you can collect $50,000 within six days.

G. W. Simmons & Sons.

She wired them immediately:

Glory to God in the highest! The dear old church will be saved. The world was made in six days. Will send letter by express.

H. T. S. Farmer.

Mrs. Farmer's letters, addresses and the appeal to the women of Boston in behalf of the Old South are a matter of history. She lived to see it pass to the care of women, who now hold it in defiance of the destroyers.

In memory of her dear baby, Clarence, Mrs. Farmer built a cottage at Eliot, which was accepted as a gift by the trustees of the Boston city mission. To-day, under the superintendence of Rev. D. W. Waldron and his associates, may be

seen every two weeks during the summer, companies of tired workers on their way to the bright skies, pure air, sparkling waters and warm welcome of Rosemary Cottage.

Mrs. Farmer lived to see the beautiful charity she instituted in Rosemary Cottage an assured success. In 1891, the year she "passed over," when the records of Rosemary were made up, it was found that more than one thousand guests—mothers, little children, shop girls and tired women—had received two weeks of rest and shelter beneath the hallowed roof.

AMY MORRIS BRADLEY

## XXX

## AMY MORRIS BRADLEY

*Have love, not love alone for one,*
*But man as man the circling sun,*
*Thy charities on all.*

SCHILLER.

AMY MORRIS BRADLEY was born in Vassalboro. She was a frail, attractive child, and while yet young had acquired a practical knowledge of business. She was well educated, and engaged as teacher in the Boston schools. Failing in health, her physician prescribed the climate of Central America as her only hope of recovery. Soon after her arrival there, the only person with whom she could converse fell ill and died.

Homesick and almost in despair, Amy Bradley set herself to learn the language. This she did, thoroughly mastering the Spanish tongue. At the breaking out of the Civil War, she was occupied

in the translation of Spanish for commission merchants of Boston. She immediately went to Washington and offered her services as nurse to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Camp Convalescence had been established at Alexandria, Virginia. To this soldiers discharged from other hospitals who were supposed to be able to care for themselves were sent. General Butler had gathered up seventy-five thousand deserters and sent them here until they could be returned to their regiments.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who was detailed by the governor of Illinois to look after sick soldiers and take them home to that state, says of Camp Convalescence:

> It was one vast Golgotha, a bedlam, a besom of destruction. Soldiers were dying by the hundreds. All the powers that be were importuned to look after it, but it continued a reeking mass of foul disease, despair and destruction.

To this camp Amy Bradley was sent. When asked, "What do you propose to do?" her answer was: "Ultimately to break up the camp."

She began her work by sending the sick who were able to be moved to Washington, where they could receive care necessary to their recovery. In a short time she had established order, and greatly improved the condition of the suffering soldiers.

She persevered until the camp was abandoned. This was in 1862–63. She did not relinquish her work until the war was over. She was placed on the hospital transports for taking the soldiers North, where they could have better air and attention. It was her business to receive the men on board the transports and look after their comfort, often cooking their food with her own hands. Those who looked upon this frail woman, as she went about her work in and out of the hospitals, over the transports, among the sick and suffering, beside the dying, would not have called her handsome. But the face that looked down upon the sufferers was animated with a heavenly glow. The soldiers saw only beauty. She was to them joy and gladness. Said one: "Miss Bradley brings the biggest chunks of sunshine with her!" So kind, so helpful, she was a mother to the boys, who were comforted by her very presence.

When the war was over and her services in the Sanitary Commission no longer required, she offered to go as missionary of the Unitarian Association, wherever they might send her. She had studied the condition of the poor whites, as they were called, and expressed the wish to work for them, as everybody seemed to be working for the freedmen. "This ignorant portion of the white

inhabitants of the South was physically, mentally and morally degraded." Their condition was the outgrowth of the worst manifestation of slavery as an institution, utterly destitute of refinement and comfort.

To Amy Bradley they were children of a common Father, and to their amelioration she now devoted herself. The Soldiers' Memorial Society cooperating in her appointment, she went to Wilmington, North Carolina, January 1, 1867. She went alone and without introduction, and her entrance upon her labors was far from encouraging. She was frankly told that it was impossible for her to succeed. The papers of the city denounced her.

She went to some of the homes of the poorest people and won their confidence so far that she soon gathered a few children in a little building, and in the course of a few weeks she had sixty scholars, and before the year closed, one hundred and forty. She organized an industrial school and Sunday-school, procured supplies from the North, and distributed soup and clothing among the needy.

The feeling was very bitter against Miss Bradley, because she was a northerner and because she was a woman. It was with difficulty that she secured a building for her school, though she was aided by Mayor Martin. James Chadbourne and Mr. Kidder

were friends of her work from beginning to end. Her first school was eventually located in the poorest part of the city, known as Dry Pond. It was the bed of an ancient lake. The Misses Wesselhœft, of Boston, sent to Miss Bradley a pony and phaeton, by means of which she was enabled to go among the homes and ask the children to come to her school. At first they had to be aided in order to attend.

Miss Bradley soon had a schoolhouse, adapted to her work, and was assisted by northern teachers, but gave personal attention to every detail. The people did not understand her; tried in every way to hinder her teaching the children patriotism. They were exceedingly jealous of her. Miss Bradley determined to interest the better class of people in her work. Through the mayor, she secured the opera house for a school exhibition. She sent out special invitations, taking great pains to invite the city officials and their families. She had inspired every child with love and reverence for the flag; had trained the children to emphasize their patriotic songs with the waving of small flags. Hundreds of them were arranged on the stage, graduated according to height. They sang sweetly, and gracefully waved their flags. This stirred up the most bitter feeling, and when the children

ceased, the vast audience seemed transformed into a flock of geese, so continuous was the hissing.

All this time Miss Bradley had stood in the rear of the stage, holding the Star Spangled Banner. She now quietly moved forward to the footlights, and slowly retired. This she did three times, awakening by her impressive manner and personal magnetism, the slumbering love for the old flag, and when she at length unfurled it, sentiment for Old Glory was aroused and the audience was compelled to cheer the flag. The papers, the next morning, for the first time, spoke kindly of Amy Bradley's schools.

Long before patriotic enthusiasm had expressed itself in "a flag for every schoolhouse" in the North, the Stars and Stripes were floating from Amy Bradley's schoolhouses in the South.

At the beginning of the third year of her missionary work, Miss Bradley came North and made her report before the May Meeting in Boston. That great-hearted philanthropist, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, endorsed her work and gave to it her effective cooperation. She placed at Miss Bradley's disposal, money for the building of another schoolhouse in the opposite quarter of the city. This was supplied with modern school furniture, to the great delight of the pupils, and was dedicated the Hemenway Schoolhouse.

Gradually the schools won their way into favor in the city of Wilmington. By witnessing what Miss Bradley had done, citizens of all classes were converted into a belief in the practicability and value of public schools. Much sooner than Miss Bradley had dared to hope, her schools were adopted by the city, and were the first free public schools south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The movement became general. The entire state was aroused to the necessity of action in the line of public schools. Miss Bradley's schools became the standard; as her methods advanced, the state schools also advanced. The city of Wilmington now elected Miss Bradley supervisor of schools. She retained her northern teachers, who, like herself, were ladies of culture and refinement.

Through all this time, Miss Bradley was conducting Sunday services. In religious teaching she was never sectarian. She sought to indoctrinate the people in love to God and love to man.

In the development of the school system of the city and state, Miss Bradley saw the necessity of a training school for teachers. Assisted by Mrs. Hemenway, she secured a location in the center of the city and here was built the Tileston Institute. In this building Miss Bradley was able to effect a long cherished plan, to have an "upper

room" for her Sunday services. She had planned the entire building to this end. It was unique in its appointments. A broad stairway led up to a spacious hall, bright and sunny. The commodious stage was backed by a large bay window, in which palms, ferns and other plants were massed. The room was supplied with all modern furnishings, including an organ and a piano. It was adapted to the purposes of the school exhibitions and commencement exercises; but dearer than all else, it was the sacred shrine in which Amy Bradley sought to benefit parents and pupils by teaching them that character must be based on Christian principles, strengthened and refined by knowledge.

Never did Amy Bradley so effectively and yet unconsciously impress her strong personality as in these Sunday services. There was a stateliness in her slight figure. Her hair, tinged with gray, was parted smoothly above her forehead and knotted low at the back, with a long ringlet at either side—a style worn from her girlhood. Her voice was low and pleasantly modulated; her enunciation clear and distinct; her slender and beautifully shaped hands were most impressive in gesture, which she used freely. She was always dressed with care. There was a rare smile upon her delicate features.

At the end of twenty years, utterly worn out, Miss Bradley was induced to leave to others the work she had so successfully consummated. Mrs. Hemenway built a home for her on the same lot with the Tileston Institute, where she still lives. To help others has been the great passion of her life. Mrs. Hemenway spent a hundred thousand dollars in building up the Tileston Normal School and she gave the same sum to save the Old South Church. She did it all in love—that the children of the South and the children of the North should be taught to love their country so tenderly that it may never again be convulsed with civil strife.

Among the Maine girls associated with Miss Bradley in Wilmington, was her niece, Miss Amy Morris Bradley Homans, who partakes of the same executive ability and broad culture as her aunt. She engaged in teaching when only sixteen years of age; was preceptress of Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, at seventeen.

Mrs. Hemenway studied the work of Miss Homans in the South, marked her faithfulness to details and with her keen insight to character, saw another Amy Bradley in Miss Homans. She became the secretary of Mrs. Hemenway, and was soon placed at the head of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

Miss Homans is a constant student and ranks among the leading educators of the day. For many years she was styled the right arm of Mrs. Hemenway. It seemed but fitting that at her death Mrs. Hemenway should bequeath to Miss Homans the directorship of all her educational work, a trust Miss Homans is faithfully discharging to-day.

DOROTHEA L. DIX

# XXXI

## DOROTHEA L. DIX

*Life counts not hours by joys or pains,*
*But just by duties done.*
*And when I lie on the green kirkyard*
*With the mould upon my breast,*
*Say not that she did well or ill,*
*Only she did her best.*

THERE is no record to show that the grandmother of Dorothea L. Dix, whose name she bore, ever accompanied her husband, Doctor Elijah Dix, on any of his numerous journeys from Boston to Maine. He acquired large tracts of land, out of which the present towns of Dixmont and Dixfield were formed. The settlers obtained the titles to their farms from him. He died in 1809 and his body lies in the burial-ground near Dixmont Center. His son, Joseph Dix, acted as land agent for his father and made his home at Hampden, near Dixmont. Here Dorothea Dix, the philanthropist, was born in 1802.

Very little is known of her early home life. Only a few years were spent in Maine. She lived with her family in Worcester until a girl of twelve years. Her mother was an invalid and much of the care of the home and of her two younger brothers devolved upon her. She never knew childhood. She was educated in Boston at the home of her grandmother, Madam Dorothea L. Dix.

She began her work as teacher in Boston when only a girl of fifteen. Her grandmother owned a small house not far away from her home on Washington Street. By dint of much coaxing, Dorothea secured this for a schoolhouse, into which she gathered the children of the neighborhood. In order to impress them with the dignity of her position, she lengthened her gown, made vandykes to cover the low neck, and added long sleeves. Here the demure little maiden anticipated the methods of Frœbel, introducing the principles of the kindergarten before they were worked out in the mind of the German educator.

In order to increase her knowledge and ability, she wrote "Conversations of Common Things," her first published work. It treated of animals, minerals and flowers, purporting to be conversations between pupil and teacher. She continued a

student of nature during her life. A personal friend of Audubon, later in life she assisted him with her knowledge of birds as observed in the tropics. Miss Elizabeth Peabody was her life-long friend.

In 1821, Miss Dix was still teaching in one of her grandmother's houses, and her school had assumed the dignity of a regular day-school. In addition to this she had inaugurated a school for poor and neglected children. For this purpose she utilized the loft of the stable, having convinced Madam Dix of the necessity for such a school. This school was the beginning of the great work of child saving at the present time.

In 1824 the friends of Miss Dix were alarmed at her failing health. She was induced to give up her school. A few years after she assumed the care of the education of Doctor Channing's children. She accompanied the family to the island of St. Croix, one of the West India group. Here she found great pleasure in studying the tropical flora and fauna of the island. With the change of climate and scenes she was partially restored to health, and with it came again the dream of her girlhood, to establish a school for the higher culture of girls in Boston.

The child school of Dorothea Dix developed at

last into a boarding and day school in the Dix mansion, to which children were sent from the best families of New England. To the care of this school was added, in consequence of the failing health of her grandmother, the care of the household, which now included her two brothers.

This was a model school in many ways. Miss Dix gave to it all the ardor and devotion of her unselfish nature. To lead the children into correct habits of thought and action, that their future character-building might rest on a sure foundation, was the great ambition for which she sacrificed all personal ease and pleasure.

Mrs. Margaret T. W. Merrill, of Portland, was a pupil in this school. She exemplifies in her life the teachings of Dorothea Dix. Mrs. Merrill is identified with the philanthropies of Maine, and has also a national reputation. She keeps her heart tender and loving in her interest in the work she has superintended many years, "Homes for Homeless Children." There is an undefinable charm in the personality of Mrs. Merrill.

She kindly contributes to these pages the following reminiscences of the great philanthropist:

Dorothea Dix was often in my family as a guest for weeks at a time, making Baltimore, where we then lived, her point of departure for the South and West. Our correspondence

began in 1833, while I was at her school, and continued throughout her life. There was ever the relation of teacher and taught between us.

During her stay with us she wrote her memorial to the legislature of North Carolina, and when completed, took her way to Raleigh, and remained there some six or eight weeks.

During the morning hours she wrote without interruption, except to knock at my door and take a look at the baby — there was always one in those days — then with a smile would walk quietly back to her work again. We all lunched together. The afternoon was devoted to driving into town, sometimes to the Penitentiary, sometimes to the Reform School. She often visited the former on Sunday reading the Scripture and speaking to the convicts.

When the time came for us to leave Ivy Hills, it was to her like the removal of a "way station" in her journeys to and from the South. She came to us often in New York and Cambridge. Her last visit was in Portland. She remained three weeks, going to Augusta to the asylum while here, and visiting Rev. Dr. Nichols of Saco on leaving us.

Not long before she passed to her rest she returned a package of my earliest letters to her, which show what a complete mother-confessor she was, encouraging a searching introspection, so searching as to produce a morbidly unhealthy, mental condition, only to be relieved by a return to my mother and father and the cheerful companionship of my sisters and brothers. All of my school companions were subjected to the same condition. But I must not linger over these recollections of one who entered into my life more minutely than any one outside of my immediate family.

Affectionately yours,

MARGARET T. W. MERRILL.

The letters from which the following extracts are taken, were written by Mrs. Merrill in 1833, when a girl of only fifteen years:

My Dear Miss Dix:—You were speaking to me the other day of the exercise you required of your scholars of giving to you at intervals an account of their feelings.

. . . . . .

I thought again and again how shall I write that to another of which I am ignorant myself. It seemed impossible to do it. At last I determined to think, not of the exercise as a lesson that must be done and well done, or it would not be credited, but as something which I ought to do whether you requested it or not.

I began with the progress I had made in school.

. . . . . .

I saw that I had not tried to be diligent and improve every moment because it was right to do so, but that I might gratify my friends by it, that all my endeavors to succeed in my studies arose from no fixed principles.

. . . . . .

I began to take pleasure in writing to you and telling you what I thought and felt, and you know I did often.

I think and know that it is you whom I ought to thank for all the benefits I may have derived from looking into my thoughts and feelings.

. . . . . .

I do not think I do injustice to my father and mother in saying this, I always gave them entire confidence; as far as I knew my own heart they knew it, and I doubt not better; but I never, until I came to you, was accustomed to examine my feelings. I knew not what they were myself. I could not

define them to others. I do thank you for discovering to me how much I can do for myself, and for aiding me in doing the little I have accomplished.

MARGARET.

Mrs. Merrill adds: "Our confessions were deposited in a little post-office box provided in our parlor schoolroom."

After five years of continuous toil and care, Miss Dix's frail constitution yielded to the strain, and she found herself physically prostrated. Through the influence of Doctor Channing and others, she took a sea voyage to England. At the home of her newly-found friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone of London, she was an invalid for many months.

During her absence in England, her mother and Madam Dix died. On her return to America in the autumn of 1837, she was obliged to make her home in a less rigorous climate than New England. She chose Virginia and Washington, D. C. A bequest left her by her grandmother would now have admitted of a life of ease and study, but Miss Dix was a child of destiny — she could not loiter in her heaven-appointed mission.

The great life-work of Dorothea L. Dix, her labors for the improvement of the condition of the insane, her untiring investigations, her appeals before legislative bodies and to benevolent individ-

uals, her disappointments, her journeyings and her joys, are all faithfully told by her biographer, Francis Tiffany.

She is best known by the present generation, perhaps, through her labors in the Civil War. She was appointed superintendent of women nurses, and though sixty years of age at the time, she did not allow herself a single day's furlough through the four long years of the war. Her vow of consecration to the alleviation of human suffering, taken in early womanhood, was never broken.

Wherever the poor, wounded, insane, enslaved of any nation cried for help, her hand was uplifted for their release from suffering. Her work as nurse was only an episode. Philanthropy was her passion; her life was looking after insane paupers and convicts.

There were few asylums for the insane in the United States even, when she began her work only one under the care of the state. Through her efforts, twenty states had adopted humane methods for the care of the insane before her death, and her enthusiasm is felt to-day wherever institutions are founded for the benefit of the unfortunate.

Mrs. George C. Frye, one of Maine's younger philanthropists, well-known throughout the state as the mother of the State Federation of Women's

Clubs, and president of the board of directors of the Invalid's Home of Portland, in her early days sat at the feet of Dorothea Dix. The following letter from her pen presents a pleasing picture of the declining years of the great philanthropist:

When a girl of eighteen I visited my brother, Doctor Charles H. Nichols, superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane at Washington, D. C. Dorothea Dix was at that time the guest of the institution. The United States government, in recognition of her services in securing the location, had given her a home beneath its roof. She was then suffering from malaria contracted during the Civil War, and was obliged to keep her room for weeks.

It was my pleasure to read to her mornings. This was an inspiration to me, because she entered into the subject with such delight. If a beautiful thought moved her, she would say: "Now, dear, let us analyze that — such gems we must treasure up to strengthen us in the winter of life, as well as to assist us to-day.

Sometimes she would be reminded of her work during the war and after its close, looking up the families of fatherless children, securing situations for widows who must work as well as weep. She could speak of that part of her life only for a few minutes before her eyes would dim and her voice falter. With a smile through her tears like a rainbow made by the sunshine on the raindrops, she would kiss me and say, "Some time I will relate more, but not now; let us talk of the present."

She soon recovered so as to be able to come to the dining-room for luncheon. She was fond of flowers. The first blade

of grass always delighted her. She called it God's every-day love.

Her birthday occurring at this time we decorated the dining-room with beautiful flowers, arranging an arch of roses above her seat. Professor Henry and family of the Smithsonian Institute were invited to be present. Doctor Nichols, as was his custom, went to her room to escort her to the dining-room. As she entered the door she stopped and brushed away a tear, saying, as she looked up to Doctor Nichols with a smile, which was always that of a girl: "Let us enter this paradise together." The doctor replied, "Enter first, Miss Dix; I may not be admitted." He seated her beneath the arch. Her beautiful face, radiant with joy underneath which glowed the true nobility of her womanhood, impressed itself upon me on that occasion never to be forgotten.

On Tuesdays, one section of the lower hall of the asylum was reserved for those who appealed to her for help. I never saw less than five there, sometimes more than a dozen applicants. When she was too ill to see them they went away heavy-hearted

One day I took their appeals to her, and brought back to them all helpful words and plans. I begged the privilege of investigating these, and out of the seven applicants but one proved unworthy.

Her word to young people was, "Have all your youthful pleasure, also something of work every day, that the character-building may have discipline, and when work becomes a necessity, that necessity may be a pleasure. Love the home, and let your influence begin there, then go out to your neighbor, whoever he may be."

Said Professor Henry, her lifelong friend: "Dorothea Dix, with her fine physique and remarkable intelligence, is the most

perfectly developed woman I ever knew." There can be but one Dorothea Dix, and we may add, but one Professor Henry. A Christlike man, quiet and absorbed in scientific study, yet with a heart capable of taking in the minutest details of the great philanthropies of Dorothea Dix.

The influence of this noble woman has been to me a constant inspiration, governing many acts of my life.

Very truly yours,

EUNICE NICHOLS FRYE.

In selecting suitable granite for the monument, she had caused to be erected at Fortress Monroe, "In memory of Union soldiers, who died to maintain the laws," it was but natural Miss Dix should spend weeks among the quarries of Dix and other islands along the Maine coast. And yet very few, to-day, know that we have a right to claim this great philanthropist, in whose mother-heart there burned a love for all God's creatures, as a native of Maine.

She was buried in Mount Auburn, July, 1887. Doctor Nichols, after standing by her open grave wrote her English friend:

Thus has died and been laid to rest, in the most quiet, unostentatious way, the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced.

# WOMEN'S CLUBS FORESHADOWED

## XXXII

## WOMEN'S CLUBS FORESHADOWED

*Unity in Diversity.*

THE first organizations of women in the state were female prayer-meetings, maternal associations and sewing-circles. These were all under the special care of the minister, who felt it his duty to be present and open the meeting in an orderly manner.

So far as the writer has been able to learn, the first literary club of Maine that admitted women, was the Nucleus of Brunswick.

In 1828, females were admitted as members, free of expense, to a similar organization in Winthrop, on condition they attend regularly to some studies. It is recorded:

A female class recited in "Blair's Philosophy," and another studied "Wilkins' Astronomy."

Limerick had a "Female Cent Society," organized in 1815, with twenty-eight members. Winslow had a similar society, of which Mrs. Asa Burnham was the presiding genius. She used to ride on horseback from house to house to collect the dues. A female society was organized in Winslow, even before the church, its object being to aid in the support of the gospel. It has continued to this day, proving itself an efficient arm of the church. The "June meeting" is one of the social features of the town.

"Society for Mutual Improvement." This was a state society for the purpose of helping "mothers to a better understanding and more efficient performance of their highly responsible duties."

The women of Winthrop banded themselves together for the purpose of elevating the moral tone of society. They were much ridiculed, even by those who should have aided them, but by their meetings for prayer and consultation, by means of the literature they distributed, they were a power for good.

The present Woman's Club movement in Maine was anticipated by Mrs. Hannah Whipple Allen, of Gardiner. She is familiarly spoken of as Mrs. Squire Allen. Her husband was a lawyer of note, and their home was open, not only to the distinguished lawyers of that day, but many of the law

students found in Mrs. Allen a warm sympathizer and timely friend. Her literary and scientific tastes led her to gather about her a coterie of cultivated people. Her rare social qualities, aided by her fine presence and kindly manner, attracted alike strangers, neighbors and children. She often invited small companies to her parlor for talks upon scientific subjects or to listen to lectures. Hon. J. W. Bradbury recalls one of these entertainments. Dr. John Randall, a young lawyer studying with the famous Dr. Nourse of Hallowell, was invited to address the ladies at one of these parlor gatherings. He was a great-grandson of Samuel Adams. The children all knew and loved Mrs. Allen; they needed no urging to attend the meetings she planned for their amusement and instruction.

Mrs. Allen deserves most honorable mention in these pages. She was a woman of rare endowments of mind, and of superior culture and attainments. Her chief study and delight was the science of geology and its collaterals, mineralogy and conchology. She found many rare relics of other eras, and attracted the attention and applause of the most scientific men of the age. Mrs. Allen was author of a fine poetical work, learned and skilfully wrought, consisting of four hundred lines, and notes amounting to thirty-four pages, entitled "A Poetical Geognosy" and other poems.

HANSON'S HISTORY OF GARDINER.

Mrs. Clarinda Thompson Monroe was born in Livermore, in 1809. She was the wife of Capt. John Monroe. Although an octogenarian when the North Livermore Reading Club was formed, 1889, no one was more interested in its organization, or had a greater desire for its continuance and prosperity. She was a woman whose life savors of perennial cheerfulness and whose memory is blessed. She often said to the ladies, "Don't give up your Reading Club. It is the kind of work women ought to do, and not fritter all their time away over their housework and the fashions."

Miss Eliza A. Tabor was a teacher for many years at Vassalboro. She had a kindly heart and her name suggests only loving memories. Around her fireside she gathered many children, and here was formed one of the first children's clubs of which we have any record. Her chestnuts and her tarts were the delight of their childish appetites, but her winning ways and sweet courtesy led captive their young hearts. No greater pleasure was anticipated by the children than an afternoon and tea with Aunt Eliza. She taught them many practical lessons of self-control and charity by means of stories and little incidents. Her methods were those of the kindergarten of to-day.

Mrs. Melissa W. Nash, the wife of Stillman W. Nash, was one of the helpful mothers of the little village of Harrington. In the Baptist church, the only religious society during more than half a century, Mrs. Nash was a prominent worker. She is recalled as a faithful Sunday-school teacher. She served officially as president and on the various committees of the Martha Washington Society throughout her life. Mrs. Nash was a woman of rare culture. She gathered the young about her and greatly encouraged their literary progress. Were she living to-day, she would be a much-loved club mother. The following extract from her address before the Martha Washington Society, more than fifty years ago, is suggestive of the ethical responsibility of club members at the present time:

I have had some fears that when the novelty of the meetings should wear off—when time should have made them familiar—we should not be so prompt in our attendance; but I trust that my fears have been groundless.

Let each member feel that the welfare and prosperity of this society depends solely on her exertion and be determined, let who else be absent, her place, unless necessarily detained, shall be filled.

Let us also consider the obligation we have laid ourselves under to the society by becoming members. We have pledged ourselves to do all in our power to promote its interests, and

while we consider ourselves thus responsible, the society will not be likely to decline.

Another thing with which I have been much pleased is the union manifested: no jars; no discords. All seem to be actuated by the spirit of love, and I have thought this society might exert a beneficent influence in strengthening the bond of affection between neighbors.

Go on, then, in your labor of love; be not weary in well-doing. I know, my friends, the consciousness of having benefitted a suffering fellow creature is to all of us a sufficient reward.

I feel that I have poorly performed the duty assigned me, but I must plead as an excuse the cares of a family and the brief time allotted me. I should when nominated have declined, had I not feared others might avail themselves of a like excuse.

In these simple beginnings, gathered here and there throughout the state, it is not difficult to discover the germ of the modern woman's club.

The Chautauquan movement found many advocates among Maine women. The Society for Home Study had many readers. Stimulated by these societies, independent adult classes for literary study and home culture sprung up throughout the state. Bangor has long been famed for its classes of busy, thoughtful women. Under the leadership of Mrs. A. B. C. Keene, a woman of rare literary culture, six women inaugurated this movement. Upon the removal of Mrs. Keene

from Bangor, Mrs. Mary S. Hall became her worthy and popular successor. Her students were numbered by hundreds when she moved with her family to Rochester, New York. The Athena Club of Bangor is an outgrowth of these classes.

The woman's club movement in Portland dates back to 1874. The Woman's Literary Union was an advanced step toward a State Organization, and it is but natural that Maine should have been the first state in the Union ot unite all of its literary clubs for women into a State Federation.

# OTHER MOTHERS

# XXXIII

## OTHER MOTHERS

*All Maine mothers are brave.*
WILLIAM EDWIN FROST.

THERE were no public institutions in Maine for the insane until 1830. Maniacs were kept in their own homes, but often escaped their keepers and were a terror to the entire neighborhood.

The remarkable self-control and bravery of two Maine mothers is strikingly illustrated in the following incident:

One day a couple of friends, Mrs. Springer and Miss Pitts, were quietly sewing in their sitting-room, in which was the spare bed, after the fashion of "ye olden time," when houses were built on a small scale and barns were the large building.

The husband and children were away, and Mrs. Springer and her unmarried sister were alone, when a crazy man rushed into the room flourishing a large knife and ordered them to get into bed. They expected to be killed, but their habit of self-

control saved them. "How like a fool thee talks about going to bed in the middle of the day," said Mrs. Springer, elder of the two sisters, "if thee wants anybody to get into bed, get into bed thyself."

They were greatly alarmed, but preserved their calm exterior until the man recognized the presence of a spirit which he could not understand, and yielded. He went along to the bed, turned up the foot, and crawled in, boots and all. He covered even his head, and they could hear his incoherent mutterings, but the women remained calm and continued their sewing as if nothing had happened. The quiet demeanor of the women, and the thorough sweat to which he had subjected himself, had a soothing effect upon his excited brain. At last he peeped out from under the bed clothes and said hesitatingly, "This has n't turned out exactly as I expected."

In a trip through the Dead River region the writer learned many incidents of its early history. She was told by Caleb Stevens — the first white child born there — that his mother and father were there in advance of any other settlers. For two long years his mother did not see the face of a woman.

It was no uncommon thing for women on the Carabasset Stream to ride horseback to Hallowell — a distance of forty miles through an unbroken forest — carrying the corn to be ground. Usually the journey was taken with a baby in arms.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoar, with their four children, went into the lake region of Rangeley — in the

winter, taking their household goods on a hand-sled. The mother had relieved herself of the tiresome weight of the baby, which she had carried many miles over the rough, slippery ground, by tucking it away for a nap among the goods on the sled. Thinking it to be sleeping, they journeyed on some distance before they discovered that the baby was gone. It had slipped from the load unnoticed in the roughness of the way. Almost frantic, the entire family rushed back in search of the baby, haunted by thoughts of the wild animals that prowled through the woods

Mrs. Hoar, in the advance of the hunting party found the baby. It had fallen from the sled and rolled some distance down the hill, where it was stopped by a tree against which it rested. To her great joy the child was still sleeping.

The following story seem almost incredible but was vouched for by several reliable citizens:

Mrs. Allen put a feather bed upon a horse's back, took a pair of twins in her arms and found her way through a dense forest, thirty miles to Copelin, near the Dead River, in search of her husband, who had frozen both feet, in his efforts to procure food for his family. They must have all perished from hunger, had they not been rescued by some explorers who chanced to be in the region.

A long sorrowing mother — the mother of "poor little Jimmy Wilbur"— is all the name she bears to-day. The family lived in Letter E Plantation, Franklin County. It was in the fall of 1825. Mr. Wilbur had gone to Phillips to mill. Mrs. Wilbur was busy with her household cares, when her little girl, who had been picking up potatoes in the field near by, came rushing into the house saying, "O mama, Jimmy is carried off." He had been playing beside her when a man suddenly appeared, seized the child and hurried away.

Among those who joined the searching party for the child was Daniel Beedy. The writer recalls that he could not speak of the anguish and suffering of the bereaved father and mother, without deep emotion, though many years had elapsed since he witnessed it. The search was fruitless. Only a small piece of little Jimmy's red dress was found. Mrs. Wilbur went about her daily duties with a sad heart, never forgetting the child so cruelly torn from her. Twenty years passed away, twenty long weary years, and not a day without a thought for her lost boy. The family had moved to Rumford. A daughter, while in Saco, learned that among the company of St. Francis Indians camping near by, there was one unlike the others.

The story of her brother's capture was fresh in

her mind. She was constantly on the alert for tidings of the lost boy. She visited the camp and was convinced that the man was her brother. She arranged for a visit to their parents in Oxford County. Great was the excitement in the neighborhood. Everybody far and wide was familiar with the sad story. The scene was too pitiful for description.

Yes, it was indeed Jimmy Wilbur. A few lines from a story his mother had taught him had never slipped from his memory. Some marks upon his person his mother remembered gave additional evidence. There was no doubt in the mind of any.

What joy! what sorrow! Their son, indeed their son, but in speech and habit not theirs. One alone of all the group showed no tenderness, no sympathy with the disheartened father and mother. It was the dusky wife of Jimmy Wilbur, the forest maiden on whom he had bestowed his love. Her dark face grew darker at the thought that her husband might be won from her and the wild life of her race.

But Jimmy Wilbur was to all intents and purposes a son of the forest, and though he manifested some interest in his new-found parents, he had no affiliation with their ways of living and soon went to join his foster kindred. It is said, however, that

he made occasional visits to his parents, and always retained a degree of affection for them.

Not for years after was the mystery of his capture solved, and to-day the motive is not clear. The child was kidnapped by a trapper, who subjected him to the most inhuman treatment, from which he was rescued by a kind-hearted squaw, who adopted him as her own.

At Parsonsfield, in a wilderness home, in 1774, Sally Parsons was born. Her girlhood was spent in converse with nature. She early learned the habits of the animals and the flowers of the forest. By means of her rambles, fresh air, pure water and homely fare, she developed a fine physique. So graceful was she in her native loveliness that she became famed as the handsomest girl that entered the Parsonsfield meeting-house. She married Joseph Parsons in 1795, and together, through the woods on horseback, they took their bridal trip, without even a bridle-path, but by means of spotted trees, to Cornville, their future home. Here ten children were born to them. The family boasted its "seventh son."

Sally Parsons was expert in all the domestic arts of her time. She looked well to the ways of her household, and, like many of her descendants

to-day, was known for her fine housekeeping. She insisted upon milking the cows, urging as her reason, "Men do not know how to milk." She was a fine rider and trainer of horses. Under her skilful but gentle hand, refractory colts were soon taught to submit to the harness. One of her granddaughters remembers hearing an elderly gentleman lament that he could not get the better of Sally Parsons in a horse trade.

She lived to be seventy-seven years old, retaining the care of her home to the last. In religion she was a Universalist, expressing her faith in deeds of love. She denounced the seven mortal sins, but stretched out her hand to the deserving poor. Many are those to-day who revere her memory.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens is a descendent of this worthy Maine mother.

Dorothy Mudgitt was one of the pioneer women of Parsonsfield, York County. It must have been about 1780 when the young bride and groom made their way through the dense forest from Gilmanton, New Hampshire, guided by the spotted trees. In building their home of one room, they perched it upon four stumps, so high that the wild animals often passed under it. Here they began their new life.

When unexpected guests braved the perils of the forest path to seek them out, they received a cordial welcome. They were feasted on blackberries, corn-bread baked on the hearth of the yawning fireplace, and the indispensable tea made of checkerberry, or as they termed it "ivory leaves." They could truly say "Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

Rachel Sweetsir was born and reared in Cumberland, during the Revolutionary period. She had little opportunity for the culture of the schools, but made herself very useful in the community as a weaver. She had fitted herself for her art with great care, traveling on horseback a long distance to learn of a famous Irish weaver. For her services she received two shillings six pence per week.

In 1794, she married Paul Sanborn, and became the mother of four children. Being left a widow, she married again and made her home in Foxcroft. Her last married name was Chandler. Later she lived in Bangor, and was a communicant of the Hammond Street Church. She had very bright black eyes and grew handsome as she grew older. In advanced life her sight returned. She could read and work without glasses.

Mrs. Chandler had never seen a steamboat.

Her son-in-law and granddaughter, to give her pleasure, invited her to take a trip to Portland. They arranged to go down the Penobscot River on the Daniel Webster, a famous steamboat of that day. Mrs. Chandler was escorted with great care into the saloon of the boat and seated on one of the easy chairs. It was like a dream to her. She amused herself in watching the passengers as they came in and in admiring the furnishing of the room. The boat was some distance on the way when she said to her granddaughter: "Helen, isn't it most time we were starting?" She replied: "Why, grandma, we are six miles down the river; we are at Hampden." "Well, well," said the old lady, "I thought this was a house."

As they journeyed down the river, a long-haired musical professor sat down to the piano and attracted the attention of the passengers to himself in his efforts at operatic music. Mrs. Chandler had listened attentively, but failing to comprehend the music, she leaned over and whispered to her granddaughter, "Don't he know how to play a tune? He's been trying long enough, I should think."

The granddaugher assured the writer that as soon as she could "get up her courage," she went to the professor and asked him if he would please

play something that an old lady could understand and enjoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Vinton were married in Massachusetts. They packed their household goods on an oxsled and took their bridal trip to Monson, Maine. The journey occupied three weeks; but with love and youth and hope it was no toilsome way, and ever after these two —

> Did the duty that they saw,
> Both wrought at God's supreme designs,
> And under love's eternal law,
> Each life with equal beauty shines.

One of their guests writes:

When I used to visit them, they lived in a pretty farmhouse with orchards around it. Everything was kept with exquisite neatness. Mrs. Vinton was at that time an invalid, but did the planning for the household. She was an expert needlewoman and took great pleasure in preparing the linen for the future housekeeping of her two daughters. These were carefully laid away with roseleaves and lavender, in her bureau drawers. But when the bridal days came, the mother had passed on.

Mrs. Margaret More Belcher, the wife of Supply Belcher, of Farmington, was a woman of rare accomplishments and fine manners. They were married in Boston, May 2, 1775. Mrs. Belcher

accompanied her husband to the District of Maine. They settled on the Kennebec, at Hallowell, but after six years moved to Farmington. Mrs. Belcher had been educated in Boston. Their home was one of refinement and culture. Squire Belcher was styled the "Handel of Maine," and gathered about him the musical people of the community.

Mrs. Belcher was a charming hostess, and impressed the many strangers who visited them with her kindly hospitality. She was the mother of ten children, and, outliving her husband three years, died at the age of eighty-three.

Miss Polly Bonney married Arnold Sweet, March 9, 1789. They made their home in Winthrop. When Polly was a girl of only fifteen she attended a party at the home of a friend near Boston. A child was sleeping in the room. A young man leaning over the sleeping baby said, "I baptize you" — the rest of his words were lost in the general exclamation that followed. Polly Bonney only had heard his exact language. He was arrested for blasphemy, the punishment for which at that time was "to be branded with a hot iron and sit in the pillory."

Terrible were the denunciations against the

young man, and his case looked very doubtful; but when Polly Bonney arose to testify in his favor, all eyes were turned to her earnest, truthful face. The good judge, seeing her embarrassment, set her at ease by quietly remarking: "I see you have your mother's red cheeks, Miss Polly."

When questioned by the lawyer as to her testimony, which resulted in the shame of the accusers and the acquittal of the young man, in a clear voice she said, "I heard him say, 'I now baptize you in the name of the Continental Congress and the thirteen United States.'"

Elizabeth Hawkins Patrick, the great-grandmother of the Stevenses at Stroudwater, came from England with her husband to Stroudwater, where they purchased their land of Samuel Waldo. The house is still standing in which they lived.

Left a widow with seven children, she developed those sterling qualities which so many of the pioneer women of Maine possessed — great executive ability and a deep sense of right. She had taken great pains in educating her son Charles, sending him to England that he might become a finished workman. He had cut a stick of timber for some mechanical purpose from the forest near his home. It was reported to General Waldo that

Charles Patrick had cut a tree from his land. The Waldo patent, it will be remembered, covered a large part of Eastern Maine. Samuel Waldo and Thomas Westbrook owned fifteen thousand acres in the town of Falmouth alone, but not one stick fell to the ground without their notice.

Samuel Waldo, arrayed in his rich small clothes, with silver buckles at his knees and shoes, his three-cornered hat laced with gold, and short scarlet cloak over all, rode up to Dame Patrick's home, and not deigning to dismount, rapped with his whip at the door. The dignified English woman answered his summons. He informed her of the trespass of her son, and that according to the law, he should demand a certain number of days' work for the timber. Samuel Waldo knew when he laid the damages, there was no other workman like Charles Patrick in all the country round. Dame Patrick replied that she would talk the matter over with her son and would have an answer for him on the morrow.

Again the lordly Samuel Waldo rapped at the door of the humble cottage. The dauntless woman met him and said: "Mr. Waldo, I have decided to let you run your land out, and prove to me that my son cut the stick of timber on your premises." He looked at her in amazement, show-

ing that for once he was baffled. He shouted, "Is the devil in the woman?" She replied, "God is greater than the devil, and I do not fear you." He turned his horse's head from her door, and Dame Patrick heard from him no more.

She lived to be ninety-six years old.

The home of Rebecca Cummings Cony Howard Brooks on the east bank of the Kennebec, at Augusta, is remembered for its genuine old-time hospitality.

It was the children's paradise. No greater pleasure could come to them than a day with grandma. Thanksgiving Day was anticipated as a festal season for young and old, children and grandchildren.

Mrs. Brooks was famed for her domestic virtues. Her dark flowing blue, and other rare china, with her rich inheritance of family silver, and linen of her own manufacture, made her table very attractive.

Mrs. Brooks was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. She married Samuel Cony and they came to the Kennebec, in company with Judge Cony. At Augusta they built a fine colonial mansion, still standing. Left a widow, Mrs. Cony married Judge James Howard. William A. Brooks was

her third husband. She was the mother of seven children and took to her home two grandchildren, all of whom were religiously trained. Mrs. Brooks was a cultured woman, naturally inclined to study. The worthy governor of Maine, Samuel Cony, was one of her descendants.

In the year 1787, Henry Small and his wife, Elizabeth, went to Limington from Scarborough, and made a farm on the land bought of the Indians in 1668 by his great-great-grandfather, Francis Small. Elizabeth and the four little ones, were sheltered in an old hunting-camp near his lot, while Henry felled the trees and put up the walls of a log house. The supplies gave out and he was obliged to go to Portland on foot, more than twenty miles, to renew them. On his return, three days afterwards, late at night, what was his consternation and terror to find the camp empty, and no trace of wife or children. He rushed frantically through the woods and fortunately directed his steps to his new house where he found them quietly sleeping. During his absence Elizabeth had roofed over a part of the cabin with bark, and moved her household goods to their new quarters, and there, a few days later, on a bed of boughs, their son, Humphrey, was born.

Hannah Delano Small was the wife of a sea captain. Their home was at Cape Elizabeth.

> A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep,
> Where the scattered waters rave,
> And the winds their revels keep,

had no facination for her. The very sight of the ocean was a reminder of lonely vigils and sad forebodings. As she waited the return of her husband from long voyages, she would clasp her boys more closely to herself and resolve that they should never become sailors. Her presages became so real, and, fearing the effect upon her sons of living within sight and sound of old ocean, in the absence of her husband, on one of his voyages, she moved her family to the wilderness of Limington. With her own hands she assisted in felling the trees and in building the log cabin.

She looked well to the education of her boys In teaching them writing and arithmetic, she traced the figures and letters upon birch bark by means of a charred stick. "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well," not far from the scenes of her heroic struggles. Her boys grew to a noble, stalwart manhood and her descendants have filled many positions of honor and trust.

Marcia Stebbens and William Augustus Hyde were married in Brimfield, Massachusetts, at the home of the bride, and took their wedding-trip on a sailing vessel from Boston to Bangor. Mrs. Hyde had been brought up with a family of twelve children in a home of refinement, but gladly shared the fortune of her brave young husband who, with two other young men had taken up farms on the Educational Lands offered by Massachusetts to induce settlement in Maine.

From Bangor they were able to find conveyance to Foxcroft. Beyond this all was an unbroken wilderness. They were obliged to leave their goods in Bangor until the way could be opened for them. With a gun in one hand and an ax in the other, Marcia Hyde followed in the footsteps of her husband the entire distance from Foxcroft to the present town of Monson. Mr. Hyde named the settlement in honor of his native place, Monson, Massachusetts.

They were joined by the wives of the two other young men, and for a short time the three families lived together in a log cabin. Mr. and Mrs. Hyde the following spring penetrated three miles farther into the woods, cleared the land and built a frame house. It was a pretty home, in after years painted red with white trimmings. Those who see

it to-day can hardly realize the struggle of these two youthful pioneers as they wrought nearly everything that entered into its construction out of the raw material. Swedish mothers are not the only ones that have manufactured shingles by hand in the Maine forests. Mr. Hyde was often obliged to leave his wife alone with her little children while he went for the family supplies. Indians were all about her; bears and other animals often came to the brook to drink; but Mrs. Hyde was fearless. Her grandchildren recall her experience with the extreme cold of the Maine winters. She was obliged to wrap herself and her baby in her cloak and hood before getting into bed when alone, for fear of freezing before morning.

One of the most striking pictures by Millet at the World's Fair was "Peasants Carrying a New-born Calf." The calf is laid upon a stretcher borne by two peasants; the cow is following, licking her young, which she regards with motherly eyes. What might the artist have given us, could he have followed William Hyde as he made his way through the woods bearing on his shoulder the new-born calf and the cow closely following. He had purchased the cow at Foxcroft thinking to drive her to Monson before the calf was born.

The family now had an abundance of milk and

eggs, and Mrs. Hyde by digging about the stumps had planted some pumpkin seeds in anticipation of her favorite pies in the fall; but she had not a single pie-plate. During the summer her husband managed to procure for her the much coveted blue-edged plates, bringing them through the woods strapped upon his back. With great care he built for her an oven of stones on the top of a large stump. It was made with two stories in order that she might bake as many pies as she had plates.

The happy day arrived; Mrs. Hyde was thoroughly hungry for pumpkin pies. She could hardly wait for them to bake. The oven was heated, the pies were placed in position — when lo! there came a terrible crash. The oven had caved in and every pie-plate was smashed!

Mrs. Hyde, in narrating the incident to her friend, said she had been threatened by Indians, surrounded by howling wolves and prowling bears; she had been exposed to many dangers, but her courage had never failed her till then. She went to bed and cried.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyde were very patriotic. They gave their son to their country's defense, and followed the First Maine Regiment, in which he enlisted, with their prayers. They were advanced thinkers upon the temperance question and both

advocated equal suffrage for man and woman. Mrs. Hyde never lost her undaunted courage. In later life she was alone with her children when her house was burglarized. She put on her boy's boots and tramped so heavily the burglar was glad to make his escape through the cellar door. Mother Hyde was fast upon him and closed the door in a manner to convince him there was power behind it. Mrs. Hyde possessed great sweetness as well as strength of character. Her last days were spent in Portland.

Love Coffin was born in Nantucket in 1756. She belonged to a family distinguished for their intelligence and industrious habits. She was a beautiful and brilliant girl, quick in bodily and mental action; she had a keen perception and a retentive memory, which she bequeathed to her descendants.

At the age of twenty-three she married William Allen of Martha's Vineyard. They were regarded the handsomest couple on the island. During the dark days of our Revolutionary struggle they suffered great loss of property. With a little patrimony in her own right and by her untiring industry as a tailoress, she succeeded in tiding the family over the troublous times until even darker

days came. They then resolved to seek a home in the wilds of Maine. Their family at this time comprised five children.

Coming to Farmington, they made a poor selection in the location of their farm, and for years struggled on in extreme poverty. While enduring the privations of the most worthy pioneers, she trained up a family of ten children of whom Camp-meeting John Allen was one.

All of her children attained to successful positions in life. The lack of school privileges was made up by intelligent and broad culture at home. In the long winter evenings around the blaze of the pitch-knots on the kitchen hearth the mother would rehearse to them the contents of books she had read in her girlhood. They were too poor to purchase books and libraries were unknown. She recited to them Paradise Lost and quoted the most impressive passages of Milton which she had retained in memory. The principal events of modern and ancient history were then presented and many recitations of classic English literature were made. She thus imbued all her children with such love of learning that they made the best use of their limited privileges in the schools, and in after life they improved the advantages afforded by prosperous circumstances.

Nearly all her children in youth were teachers. Her eldest son, who never had been to school after he was twelve years of age, attended Hallowell Academy for eight weeks, and was then appointed assistant teacher in the academy. How much her children owed to their intelligent mother! Her jewels were polished by maternal skill and cheerful perseverance. From the deep furrows of a well cultivated mind sprung up seeds of intelligence that nourished her children and beautified her life.

Love Coffin Allen has been greatly honored in her worthy grandsons — Rev. Stephen Allen and Rev. Charles F. Allen. Madam Nordica is the great-granddaughter of this worthy Maine mother.

Among the women who gave character to the social, educational and religious life of Franklin County was Mrs. Phebe Abbott of Temple. She was the daughter of Lydia and Jacob Abbott, who moved from Concord, New Hampshire to Brunswick in 1802. The family had previously lived in Andover, Massachusetts.

Mr. Abbott was one of the trustees of Phillips Academy which offered its educational advantages to boys only, but Lydia Abbott mused, and as she mused the fire burned. One day the trustees were astonished by the appearance before them of

Lydia Abbott with her three daughters. She asked that her girls might be admitted to the classes with their brothers. The trustees assured her that such a thing was unprecedented — that no girls had ever entered that sacred precinct. They argued with great dignity that it was contrary to law. Mrs. Abbott replied that she had no desire to violate law, but failed to be convinced that there was any reason why her girls should not stand side by side, intellectually, with their brothers. The trustees promised to consider the matter. In the meantime the first ladies of the place waited upon Mrs. Abbott, begging her to desist from her purpose. They feared her daughters would be ostracised from society by such a course — that the girls themselves would become bold. But Mrs. Abbott persisted. The girls entered the academy, were educated and brought to the wilds of Maine cultured, intelligent minds which have been transmitted to their descendants, who have not only honored Maine, but America and foreign lands.

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